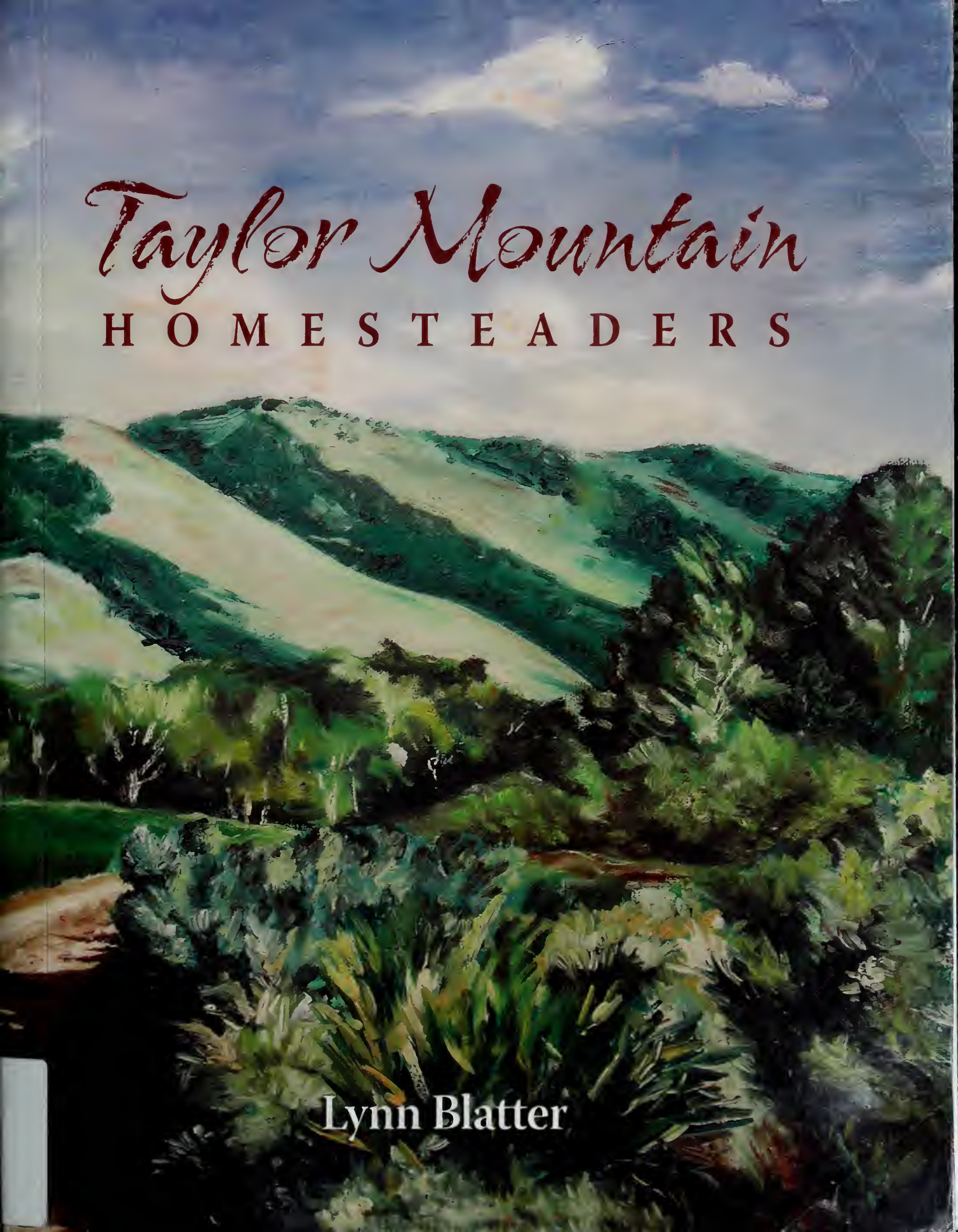
Taylor Mountain
HOMESTEADERS



Lynn Blatter

DATE DUE

JUN 10 2011			
SEP 02 2011			

Demco

DAVID O. MCKAY LIBRARY
3 1404 00867 8705

Taylor Mountain
HOMESTEADERS

The Compiled Histories of the Settlers of
Bingham & Bonneville Counties of Southwest Idaho

by

Lynn Blatter

©2008 Lynn Blatter

Printed in the United States of America
Published by emCole Design, LLC, Bountiful, Utah

No part of this book may be reproduced in any form whatsoever
without prior written permission of the publisher.

Lynn Blatter
2212 North Red Cedar Circle
Cedar City, Utah 84720

Acknowledgments

This is not a literary work. It is simply a compilation of histories of the twenty five homesteaders that I have been able to identify who settled in the Taylor Mountain area in the 1910 – 1920 eras. They built a school house and established a Branch of the Church called Owendale, on July 1, 1917. Twenty four of the twenty five were members of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

I am deeply indebted to all the descendants of the homesteaders who so generously sent me copies of their histories so this book could become a reality. I grew up on the dry farm these homesteaders once owned and I have always had an interest in who they were. This was my motivation to embark upon this project when I retired and had time.

A discovery of the original minutes of the Owendale Branch in the church archives two years ago was the break through to get me started in this project. From the names recorded in the minutes I was able to start my search of their descendants and asking them for their histories and their permission to publish the histories in a book to which they so graciously consented. I am so grateful to Ardis Parshall for typing the minutes so they could be included in the book.

I was at a terrible disadvantage two years ago in attempting such a project. The only thing I knew about a computer was how to turn it on and read E-mails. I didn't know how to send an E-mail. I had two challenges; learn the computer and learn how to organize the research and keep track of the many descendants of the homesteaders. It has been an exciting and rewarding challenge.

Gratitude is extended to Mary Jane Fritzen for furnishing material and suggesting places to look for needed information I wanted, thus saving me much time and effort. My family gave me invaluable help. My sister, Marilyn Crawford, typed some of the histories along with my daughter Suzette Manning, so I could get them into a computer format. My sister, Vicki Harward, was instrumental in getting the plaque for the monument made. I wanted to honor these valiant pioneers with a lasting reminder so I decided to build a monument with their names on a plaque.

My brother, Glenn Blatter and his wife Sharlene have given me great help with their knowledge of some of the original homesteaders, access to DUP histories, deeds, maps, and sources of information. His ownership of the dry farm has enabled us to locate the original homestead sites and remaining foundations. His permission to place the monu-

ment near the school site in a lovely setting that he keeps watered and maintained and many groups use for outings will give it great visibility. His generosity to honor those who originally owned the land, struggled so hard to make a living, and were finally forced to leave because of drought and economic conditions, will long be remembered by all who view the monument.

I must thank LaDean Harmston and Judy House at The Museum of Idaho for making available to me the file of William Zimmerman which contained glass plate photographs of buildings, crops, and farming operations on the Taylor Mountain homesteads. The photographs in the book are used by permission of the Museum of Idaho. They lend a great visual perspective of the conditions, farming practices, crops and lives of those living there in the 1913 era. It is especially meaningful to me to see what the land looked like 27 years before I spent countless hours on a tractor on that same ground while growing up.

The real credit for the Zimmerman file which also contains a great history and many documents all pertaining to the land my grand father, John Blatter, bought from him, goes to Barbara E. Jones who was heir to this valuable treasure and saw fit to give it to the Idaho Museum a few years ago. In the file was correspondence from my Father, Reed Blatter, to Zimmerman for the purchase. My father was farming with his father, John, at the time and in the 1940's purchased John's interests in the dry farm. This was a most valuable find.

—Lynn A. Blatter
March 2008

Table of Contents

Introduction vii

Homestead Act xii

Travel & Related Facts xiii

Homesteader Histories:

1. George & Etta Adams 1
2. Axel Edwin Anderson 9
3. Bill Bingham 19
4. Andors Blatter 23
5. Gottlieb Blatter 25
6. William Christensen 37
7. Fowler & Sara Colby 39
8. Junius Clarence Condie 47
9. James Shadrack Empey 51
10. Elmer Clark Ferguson 57
11. James Ira Hardy 61
12. Arnold Oscar Harris 67
13. John William Jones 79
14. Joseph Charles Lord 91
15. George Albert Millard 103
16. Horace Edwin Owen 109
17. William Franklin Owen 113
18. Magnus Ray Peterson 121
19. Albert Henry Quinton 125
20. Charles Reynold Silcock 131
21. Abiah Wadsworth 135
22. John Wadsworth 141
23. Gilbert Oscar Weaver 145
24. William David Zimmerman 157

Appendices:

A. Owendale Branch Minutes 163

B. Blatter History 187

C. Ernest Empey Kidnapping 195

D. Taylor Mountain Area Map 201

E. Owendale Monument Plaque 205

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from
Brigham Young University-Idaho

http://www.archive.org/details/taylormountainho00blat

Introduction

In an attempt to understand what conditions were like for the Homesteaders I will give a history of the development of the Snake River Valley gleaned from many published sources including The Post Register newspaper, Mary Jane Fritzen, Captain Bonneville's County, and Ammon's history.

It was the discovery of gold in 1863 – 1864 in Helena, Butte, and Virginia City Montana that brought freighters from Utah to supply goods to those mining towns. The trail ran through Taylor, Idaho next to the foothills where there was water from Taylor and Henry creek, then to Willow Creek and to a place where they could ford the Snake River 9 miles north of Eagle Rock (Idaho Falls). On June 20, 1863 the Eagle Rock Ferry started with 250 persons crossing that day. In 1864 the Last Chance gold field (Helena Montana), added 16 million to the freighter and passenger lines the first year. In the spring of 1864 Ben Holladay founded the Western Pony Express system and opened two stage lines. One connected Salt Lake City and The Dalles, Oregon. The other ran from the Utah metropolis to Helena, Montana. He entered into the transportation competition with 290 mules, 30 stages and 10 lumber wagons for the routes. He secured a 4 year mail contract to run tri weekly service between Fort Hall, Idaho and Virginia City, Montana for $13,271 yearly. He sold his stage line to Wells Fargo in December 1866.

In 1864 Matt Taylor had made several trips to the mines of Montana shipping wagonloads of high-priced supplies. He always camped at a spot on the Snake River where the water raced through a narrow channel called Black Rock Canyon at what is now Idaho Falls. He liked this place as the rushing water didn't give the mosquitoes a chance to breed. Matt threw a stone across the chasm. It was a surprising short distance. Pulling a string out of his pocket he carefully tied it to a jagged rock. Tossing the makeshift measure across, he marked the string and pulled it back. Exactly 83 feet.

An idea began to form. One of the most perilous parts of the journey to Montana was crossing the Snake River. The best place to ford was several miles upstream where Richards and Hickman had built a ferry. The Eagle Rock Ferry, as it was called, nearly had more business than it could handle. It would save time and effort if there were a bridge across the mighty Snake. "And if there was ever a perfect place to build a bridge, it was here," Matt thought.

That fall Taylor got to work on his bridge. It would take at least twelve 45-foot beams to build

the basic frame. And here on the desert there wasn't even a sagebrush over 3 feet high. After a short scouting trip, Taylor found some good sized trees in Beaver Canyon, 80 miles away. Several partners joined in Taylor's bridge-building scheme and helped with the construction. The trees were cut and dragged the 80 miles to Black Rock Canyon. The men waited for cold weather to freeze the river. This would allow them to safely set the first beams in place.

In January 1865, the Queen-truss frame was completed, but unusually deep snow fell followed by intensely cold temperatures. All travel stopped. Freighters trying to carry food to starving Virginia City became bogged down in the snow near the bridge..Years later the town of Idaho Falls would grow up on this spot. Taylor and his partners purchased the Eagle Rock ferry and in May they were open for business. That same wooden bridge served Eagle Rock for nearly 25 years. Eagle Rock was named for some eagles that nested a few miles north on a tall tree on an island in the river.

The only woman at Eagle Rock the winter of 1866-67 was Emma Thompson Bennett. She and her husband were employed at the stage station. They later divorced. She married Nels Just, a freighter on November 9, 1870. They settled on the Blackfoot river where she baked 35 loaves of bread each day for the workers at Fort Hall. In 1874 she bought a Singer sewing machine for $72 and had it shipped by ox team from Corrine to Eagle Rock. She made and sold buckskin gloves for 75¢ a pair to the Anderson store.

Matt Taylor bought 1,000 head of beef heifers in Missouri and his cousin Sam Taylor and Ike Taylor drove them overland to Eagle Rock in the summer of 1871. Sam and Ike bought 1,000 head of cattle in 1872 and drove them to the Snake River Valley. They wintered them near the forks of the Snake River and the high valleys of Willow Creek was their summer range. In 1870 gold was discovered at Cariboo about 15 miles east and south of Taylor Mountain. The miners lived on "whiskey and hope." There were 500 white miners and 400 Chinese. Sam Taylor claimed land at the mouth of Taylor creek by "Squatters Rights" and gave his name to the mountain and the creek. He was awarded a Land Patent on 480 acres on 23 July 1890 and on adjacent land of 120 acres June 17, 1898. He built a cabin there and sold the wild grass that grew to the freighters. A one room cabin (possibly the same one) was rented to my grandfather John Blatter in April 1897. John and Bertha Blatter had just arrived from Illinois and her diary states; "Got to Idaho April 16, 1897 and rented a farm from Sam Taylor April 20 and moved in on the 21st. Bot 5 pigs from Taylor for $7.00."

In 1871 Dr. Ferdinand Vandiveer Hayden, a veteran naturalist, headed a Geological survey to Yellowstone. At Eagle Rock he reported the soil "a rich sandy loam that needs but the addition of water to make excellent farming land." At that time the area was very inhospitable. The sagebrush was as tall as a man on a horse in many places with only a few trails through it. The mosquitoes were so bad that later settlers reported they left their homesteads in the summer for the hills to obtain relief. The men would return periodically to tend to the farm then return to the hills.

There were few inhabitants in the area in 1870 and no farms in cultivation. In 1873 the first actual farmer moved to Idaho Falls. His name was Orville Buck and in 1874 he filed on a homestead on Willow Creek. The water was used for irrigation and it was here that the first alfalfa and grain in the area was raised.

The growth and development of Idaho Falls, originally known as Eagle Rock, was greatly influenced by the construction of the Utah and Northern Railway. The narrow gauge line, built north from Ogden, Utah, to the mining areas in Montana, was constructed through Eagle Rock in 1879. The first train went over the new bridge across the Snake River on July 1, 1879, and construction of the line continued north to Butte Montana, which was reached on December 26, 1881, and Garrison, 454 miles from Ogden, where construction of the line ended in 1884.

The Utah & Northern Railway established their main railroad shops in Eagle Rock in 1880, so the town grew and prospered. These shops included the depot, a ten stall roundhouse, offices, and numerous buildings needed to build and repair the engines and cars. At 2:20 in the afternoon of May 22, 1886 a tremendous wind swept over Eagle Rock. The roundhouse had every stall filled with engines for repairs. Quite a number of firemen and engineers were involved with the repairs. The wind was whistling outside in the warm afternoon, but these men had become used to the constant wind at Eagle Rock. A tremendous gust shook the building. But the noise of the engines drowned out the sound of the creaking roof, so the men hardly had a moment's warning when the whole building started collapsing all around them. The very fact that the stalls were full was the main reason no one was hurt badly. The iron steam engines took the force of the collapsing building and protected the workmen from the heavy debris.

Hysterical women ran from their homes to the scene of the disaster. They expected to find their husbands and fathers horribly hurt or dead. Instead they found the men bewildered, but unhurt beside the pile of rubble. But the real damage came later when the Utah & Northern decided not to rebuild the repair shops in Eagle Rock. Instead they intended to move the company houses and shops to the new railroad town of Pocatello. The workers had been housed in company houses that lined the east bank of the Snake River to where the Temple now stands. On August 21, 1887 men lifted the houses off the foundations and loaded them onto railroad cars bound for Pocatello. Some of the buildings were too large to move in one piece, so they were cut in sections, moved, then reassembled on their new site in Pocatello where they were known as Eagle Rock Row.

This move nearly destroyed Eagle Rock. In the next year the population dropped from a prosperous 2,000 to less than 400. Without the railroad people, the businesses had to close their doors and move also. But Eagle Rock bounced back from this set back. In 1872 Yellowstone Park had opened and this was the jumping off point for tourists going to the park. Settlers started coming in to claim homesteads and organize farms. Eagle Rock became the agriculture center while Pocatello grew up centered around the railroad.

Farming was the primary purpose of coming to settle in the Snake River Valley. There were a few farmers in the valley earlier, but not until 1883 did the valley see much activity in farming for a living. While the land came free to the early settlers, much labor was required. There were neither roads nor bridges, only the tall sage brush. To clear the land, horses were hitched to large chains and these were pulled through the sage. Then hand hoeing was required. The ground had to be plowed twice to prepare the soil for planting. The grain was broadcast by hand and harrowed in with harrows made from poles.

As fast as the land was cleared, canals and ditches were dug to bring water to the land. Wheat, barley, oats and corn were the first small grain crops planted. Every farm needed these grains at home for food for themselves and their livestock, from 1865, but in 1887, larger crops were reported and farmers started marketing them. Until the mechanical binders that were pulled by 3 horses which cut the ripened grain and bound it into bundles ready for the thresher was available, the grain was cut by hand. A Scythe was swung in a half circle and the stalks of grain fell in a pattern on the ground. It was then gathered up by hand and with a handful of stalks as a tie, a bundle was made. About 5 to 10 of these bundles were stood up with heads of grain upright so they could finish ripening. They leaned against each other for stability and this was called a shock. They would later be hauled to a place where the grain could be knocked out. This was called the threshing floor. Shocking grain was one of my jobs while growing up. I hated to shock barley as it was so itchy as you had to hold 2 bundles together while you stood a third one next to them so the shock would stand while you placed other bundles around.

One of the first threshing machines was driven by horse power. Six teams of horses were hitched to an upright shaft. As the teams walked in a circle, they turned a shaft which led to the separator, into which men threw bundles of grain. Two other men held sacs to catch the wheat. The straw was taken out on a long belt and dragged away by two horses hooked to a straw fork. One horse pulled the fork loaded with straw away from the separator while the other horse pulled the fork back into position.

Because threshing machines were costly, farmers joined together to acquire them. A number of farmers united their teams and equipment, going from farm to farm in sufficient numbers to complete each harvesting job in one operation. This group became known as the "threshers," and their annual coming was a big occasion. The women put on large feasts for these men, supplying all three meals plus treats throughout the day, as they started early and worked long after dark.

In 1892 the first steam thresher engine arrived in Idaho Falls. This soon replaced horsepower in operating the separator and was used to pull the thresher from place to place. While growing up we could hear the thresh machine blocks away as the big iron wheels of the steam engine crunched the gravel in the road and the puff puff of the engine roaring. The engine was hooked to the thresher with a long belt over pulleys on each to turn the mechanism of the thresher. Men would pitch the bundles of grain into the hopper of the machine and all would go well if the bundles went in strait, but if a bundle or two was thrown in cross wise it could plug up the machine and the belt would fly off the pulleys. There was usually a few words said over this and someone would crawl in the thresher and pull the straw out by hand to unplug it. The engine had to be moved forward, so the belt could be put back on the pulleys, then backed up to tighten the belt and the gear engaged to start the belt while hoping it would not fly off again as there was a lot of straw in parts of the thresher. This would take 15 to 30 minutes and time lost while threshing was very valuable during harvesting season. As a kid I would watch this and was glad I was not part of the problem. I could drive the team and wagon filled with bundles of grain in from the field to the thresher, but was not big enough to pitch the bundles into the thresher from the wagon. Threshing was done around Ammon into the 1940's as the straw was needed for the livestock corrals, barns and sheds. How nice it was when the grain could be harvested with a combine and we didn't need to shock anymore.

In 1884 there was tremendous growth in the valley east of Eagle Rock. Homesteaders were starting to build log homes and clear the land of the overgrown sage brush. Some 25 families had arrived in the Sand Creek area, which was a stream from Willow Creek. It had two branches called big sand creek, which wound its way southward in the valley and at Ammon was one mile west of the village. A smaller branch called little Sand Creek ran through the village of Ammon.

It was June 17, 1884, and John Norton was on the lookout for two General Authorities who were visiting somewhere northward where several branches of the faith were in operation. It was the mission of Brother Norton this day to seek out the two officials and invite them to establish a unit of faith in the area where he was homesteading. He had ridden 10 miles to the Menan Buttes ford of the Snake River and as he sat on his horse watching he noticed an outfit approaching from a distance on the opposite side. In the two-seated surrey which crossed over to the south side was Apostles Wilford Woodruff, then President of the Council of the Twelve, in his 77th year; and Heber J. Grant, age 27, a recently appointed General Authority. Accompanying the two Apostles were President Thomas E. Ricks and Bishop Richard Jardine.

Brother Norton made himself acquainted and explained the purpose of his mission. Yes, the brethren in the carriage told him, they had received the word of the need of the Saints in the Sand Creek area and they were on their way to meet with the LDS people there. There was no building in which to meet, as the log home of the Norton's was under

construction, but as yet without a roof. A wagon box had been set on the ground---its running gears made ready to haul logs from the mountains. The box would have to serve as an improvised rostrum. The visitors took their places in it, with boards across the box to sit on. The Saints who were present made themselves as comfortable as possible, or as circumstances allowed.

Elders Woodruff and Grant did not have to be told of the critical circumstances of the pioneering Saints. They had come without reserves of food or money and must produce to survive. The growth of huge sage indicated a productive and fertile soil, but much of the land had to be cleared by hand with a grub hoe before it could be tilled---the brush piled and burned. To get water canals and ditches, some of them running for miles; must be dug by team and scraper. Livestock would face an icy winter, mostly on their own, foraging until fodder could be grown. In the daytime, men labored on the canals with horses having to forage on whatever feed they could find. In the evening the fire of piled brush could be seen burning as it lighted the skies.

Toil and discouragement were plainly visible on the faces of the Saints gathered. They were not on a Church-called settlement mission, so they were free to return if they wished. Would the gophers and insects continue to destroy half the planted grain? Perhaps it would be years before they could construct a comfortable home, a church or school building.

It was the day of the wagon box prophecy. This sunny day in June 1884 Wilford arose and said. Be not discouraged because God's blessing is upon this land. It will only be a little time before there will be prosperous and happy settlements of Latter-day Saints here. God will bless and multiply the land. The spirit of the Lord rests mightily on me, and I feel to bless you in the name of Jesus Christ. I promise you that the climate will be moderate for your good. I can see these great sagebrush prairies as far as eye can reach turned into fertile fields. I bless the land that it shall yield forth in its strength. Flowers and trees and fine homes shall grace the valley from one end to the other. I see churches and meeting houses dotting the landscape. Yes, as I look into the future of this great valley, I can see Temples.

After the meeting adjourned, hearts were lighter; a prophet had spoken a great promise and encouraging words. S.C. Owens had other things on his mind. He had just been chosen president of the newly-formed Iona Branch of the Church. As other Saints and relatives heard of the free land to be homesteaded they headed north from Utah to the Snake River Valley.

In 1885 James Owen and his 5 sons came to the Ammon area and each took up homesteads extending almost to Iona. Canals had to be dug to bring water to the Owen homesteads and some neighbors. A detailed description of building the canal is written in the Owen history. In May 1889 400 teams and wagons with house hold goods are on the road from southern Utah to the Snake River Valley. 4000 acres were filed on in a single day.

The valley was filling up as fast as canals could be built. Between 1881 and 1885, twenty-eight major canals were started in the upper Snake River plain. As the Saints in Ammon increased they attended church in Iona, 6miles away. In 1889 the South Iona Branch was established in Ammon. In 1891 there were enough people in Ammon to establish a ward with Arthur Rawson as Bishop.

As more settlers came and their children were growing up to adulthood, more land was needed to sustain them. 25 families looked south from Ammon to Taylor Mountain where they could still Homestead. Of the 25 Homesteaders at Taylor Mountain I have identified, 14 came from Ammon and 4 from Taylor.

—Lynn A. Blatter

Homestead Act May 20, 1862

An ACT to secure homesteads to actual settlers on the public domain.

Be it enacted, that any person who is head of a family, or who has arrived at the age of twenty-one years, and is a citizen of the United States, or who has filed his declaration to become such, and who has never borne arms against the United States Government or given aid and comfort to its enemies, shall be entitled to enter one quarter-section or a less quantity of unappropriated public lands.

That the person applying for the benefit of this act shall, upon application to the register of the land office, make affidavit of the above, and on payment of ten dollars, he or she shall be permitted to enter the quantity of land specified: Provided, however, That no certificate shall be given or patent issued therefore until the expiration of five years from the date of such entry; and if, at the expiration of such time, or any time within two years thereafter, the person making such entry – shall prove by two credible witnesses that he, she, or they have resided upon or cultivated the same for the term of five years immediately succeeding the time of filing the affidavit shall be entitled to a patent upon payment of office fees.

— — — — —

Some provisions of the act specified a home to be at least 12 x 14 feet. Other provisions stated if the property was abandoned for 6 months it would revert to the Government. No provisions were made for government inspection or enforcement so the common practice was to have two of the neighbors sign an affidavit stating compliance with the law.

24 of the 25 Homesteaders secured Land Patents (deeds) to the land they settled on at Taylor Mountain.

For internet access to a copy and description of the Land Patent for a homesteader, follow these steps: In your internet browser, enter the following URL:

www.glorecords.blm.gov/

1) CLICK "Search Land Patents" button

2) Choose "IDAHO" from the pull-down menu and then enter the first and last name of the homesteader/patentee/warrantee.

3) CLICK "Search" button.

4) A list of items matching the criteria of your search will be displayed.

5) CLICK on the NAME to view the full land patent information.

Travel & Related Facts

There is no record of any Homesteader having an automobile at Taylor Mountain in the 1910 to 1920 era. Ford Motor Company started in 1903. By the end of 1913 Ford was producing half the cars in the United States. The automobile first appeared in Idaho Falls in spring 1905. In 1909 Dad Clay built a small auto shop and in 1910 opened the first service garage, and soon thereafter began selling Buick and Ford. In 1914 S.S. Blair and Park Blair established the Dodge auto agency. In 1915 automobiles were first admitted to Yellowstone Park. The state of Idaho issued its first license plates in 1913, with the price determined by the value of the vehicle. There were only 2,083 plates issued that year. In 1913 many different makes of vehicles could be purchased in the city of Boise, including Fords, Overlands, Saxons, Oldsmobiles, Stanley Steamers, Buicks, Knights, Metz's, and even Marion Bobcats.

The homesteaders used wagons, Buggies and horses for their transportation. It was 15 miles to Idaho Falls to buy supplies and trade produce and cream for groceries. The Consolidated Wagon and Machine Company opened a branch in Idaho Falls in 1889. It sold everything from farm machinery to buggies, seed and other farm supplies, saddles and lap robes. It became the first chain store in the country with branches all over Utah and Idaho. I remember my father sending me in there to buy parts for our machinery as a kid.

There is no mention of who made the roads, or trails would be a better description, to Taylor Mountain. There was a road up Taylor Creek, one up Henry Creek, one that came over the large bench north of the school house, and one that went to a saw mill located just east of the school house which continued south over the mountain toward Wolverine. The road by the school house continued south to Wolverine. In about 1944 my brother Glenn and I could ride our horses on the road south from the school house through the grove on a well marked trail but the brush has now grown over it.

There were large trees on the north side of Taylor Mountain that was logged off for lumber for homes. The original home of John Wadsworth was made from lumber from that sawmill. There were several Lime Kiln's in the area. William Franklin Owen had a very productive one. There is one on Taylor Creek about a mile from the valley. I remember stopping there with my dad about 1939 when it was in operation. Limestone was heated to drive off the carbon dioxide producing reactive Lime that was used in mortar for cement and

bricks and was used heavily in the processing of Sugar beets at the Lincoln factory. It was a good source of cash.

Merl Park records that in 1921 or 1922 Nelson Cox built a swimming pool and dance hall in Wolverine Basin. There was a hamburger stand that sold candy, gum and other treats. He said Dad, Bob and I built the road up Wolverine Canyon above the resort from the sawmill. We used an old rooter plow, shovel and axe. It was a lot of work. We made it up to the flat where Henry Creek road came over into the canyon. This was 1914 – 1915. The main road was built by the county in 1918 – 1919.

—Lynn A. Blatter

1 George & Etta Adams

Author's Note — *There is no mention in the history furnished me of when George was farming at Taylor Mountain but there are records of church attendance at Owendale. Some of the ordinances that took place while there were, George was ordained an Elder in 1917, Emma Eliza was baptized 4 August 1917 and confirmed 5 August 1917 by Axel Anderson, Branch President, Eva Adams was blessed 7 January 1918 by Axel Anderson.*

George was granted a land patent on 31 May 1916 for 160 acres. A patent was issued five years after filing so he would have had to start in about 1911 to prove up.

In Loving Memory of George and Etta Adams

We have been inspired to write of our memories of George and Etta Adams. We want to thank all who contributed their memories and photos to help us make this book possible. We hope you will get as much pleasure reading it as we have from putting it together. It has proved to be most interesting. Their love for al of us was unwavering.

They worked hard all of their lives to support us and give us what we needed. George worked the farm he rented to put food on the table and clothes on our backs. They faced many hard times and came through with hope and a smile for the future. Etta cooked, washed, made and mended the clothes and kept the home clean doing all this while trying to keep up with a bunch of kids.

George and Etta first met when George was driving a stagecoach from Bear Lake, Idaho to Randolph, Utah. He learned at that time that many stagecoaches in that area were being held up and robbed. So when a group of men on horseback came toward him, he was truly shook up. He stopped, expecting the worst. It turned out to be Joseph Charles Lords and his family asking for directions to Idaho. While he was giving them the directions the rest of their party arrived. It was there he first laid eyes on the young maiden he was later to make his wife. George continued on his way to Randolph, Utah while the Lords family went on their way to Idaho.

Sometime later George's father Samuel Adams sold his ranch in Randolph and moved to Roberts, Idaho, where the Lords family had also settled. Again the beautiful young lady caught is eye. He was 22 years old and she was 18 when they married at Eagle Rock, which is now part of Idaho Falls. I

George & Etta Adams' wedding picture, November 8, 1906

get the feeling it was love at first sight for them. They were married November 8, 1906. They had 64 years together when George passed away in 1970. Etta followed in 1979.

They had 11 children: Eliza, Laverle (who died at the age of 3), Waneta, Lester, Eva, Orvil, a stillborn son, Theola, Reoma, Alene, and Lula. In 1923 they moved to the Lost River Valley where they lived out the remainder of their lives, enjoying and loving their family.

Bits and Pieces of Family History

Picked from the memory of
Alene Adams Bowden

Emma Wood and her father James Wood came to America from England some time between 1860 and 1864. Emma Wood had been married before and had a small son named James Edward, who died and was buried at sea. There was no mention of her mother Elizabeth Farrar Wood coming with them. Emma Wood married Samuel Adams under her maiden name with no mention of her married name.

Samuel Adams traveled to the United States with his father Samuel Adams and his mother Elizabeth (Bessy or Betsy Mountford) Adams. They lived in New York and worked for a while to get enough money to travel to Utah to join the Saints there. Both families had been baptized into THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS before coming to America. This was the reason for the long hard trips and sacrifice they made.

After Samuel Adams and his family got to the Salt Lake Valley, with the Hyrum Young wagon train, the son, Samuel went back with some of the men to help bring another group of saints to Utah. It was on this trip that he met Emma Wood who later became his wife.

Samuel and Emma had 6 children. When the youngest son George William (my father) was a small lad, not quite 12 years, his mother, Emma left this life. George rode a horse for several miles to take the news to his brother, Sam, of the death of their mother in Randolph, Utah.

Grandpa Samuel Adams remarried after the death of Emma Wood. The new wife was also known as Emma (last name) Oliver.

After this marriage, life was anything but pleasant for the young son, George. A wicked step-mother type of story, so to speak. How sad Emma must have been in Heaven watching the way her little boy was mistreated.

When young George was away from home one day, maybe for a few days, the new wife talked Samuel into moving away without telling his son. What a mean thing for a human being to do to a young child. George was so mistreated, that when he grew up and had children of his own, they were loved by a very gentle man. He was whipped with a belt any time the wicked step-mother felt he needed it.

When the second wife got all the money and Samuel was old and sick, he was put in a Poor

Back row: Etta, Theola (baby), Eliza, George Front row: Eva, Orvil, Lester, and Waneta Adams

House, where he stayed until George was told of his whereabouts. Being the kind and gently man that he was, George found a way to bring him to live in his home with his wife, Mary Francetta Lords, and their family.

Stories told of that time couldn't have been very pleasant for George and his family. When my Dad, George, went to the Poor House Grandpa said, "George, is that you, George? They told me you were dead."

Who told him that George was dead? What happened to his personal things? Was there a picture of out Grandmother, Emma Wood Adams? Or was there a little bit of history on James Wood and his family? Was it all destroyed by the woman who got what she could from this old man and left him without even his dignity? These questions and more come to my mind. Even a small lead would be such a treasure.

But back to the story. After Grandpa Sam came to the home of his son, he was impossible to live with. They would have to lock him in his room or he would wander away. One time dad caught him as he got to the river just before he stepped in. He said, "If Jesus could walk on water, so can I." He would have tried if Dad hadn't stopped him. If he had a quilt while he was awake, he would rip it to shreds. One time, when Dad was sitting at the table with his back turned, Grandpa came behind him with his cane raised to strike Dad, when Mom called out, "Look out, George!" Dad turned just in time to catch the cane as it came down. My older sisters and brothers remembered this old man. What a mean old man he was.

Eliza Adams Lawson

When dad was a small boy, Grandpa James Wood, who was a shoemaker by trade, came to live in their home. He made shoes with hard toes for the children. This was an English family, so a cup of tea was often enjoyed. On one occasion, Grandpa gave all the older children a cup of tea. When dad asked or one, Grandpa wouldn't give him one, because he was too young. So dad kicked him on the shins with those hard-toed shoes. I have to smile when I think of my dad as a little boy, walking up to a big man and kicking him. Can't you just picture it?

Lawson Family's Memories

LaVerl

LaVerl says his biggest memories are when he went with Grandpa on a summer cattle round-up that lasted 2 weeks.

George, Lester & Orvil Adams in the 1930s herding cattle near Leslie, Idaho

Jim

The one thing I remember most about Grandma Adams is that if she said she was going to do something she did it. One time mother and us kids were visiting Grandma and Grandpa, and she was making bread. Grandma was forming a loaf of bread dough for a pan and Orvil started pestering her, so she told him to quit it or she would throw it at him. Well, I can still remember that big glob of bread dough sticking to the wall by the bedroom door.

The one thing I remember most about Grandpa Adams is that whenever we got together as a family he always wanted to go up to Alder Creek. After lunch was over and everyone was tired of fishing and about ready to go home, he would go to the reek and get a bucket of water and throw

it on whoever he came to first. Then the water would fly, but no one would put water on Grandma. So, Grandpa would send of the younger kids for some water, And he would throw it on Grandma. Then we all would clean up our gear and go home.

Gerald

One time is family was spending the night with Grandma and Grandpa up at the sheep camp trailer at the cow camp. They were sitting around visiting and grandpa got out his automatic gun and started to killing mice as they ran across the crack at the bottom of the door.

Steele Family's Memories

Waneta Adams Steele

Randy- (his fondest, or favorite memory of Grandpa and Grandma Adams)

Grandma: No matter what time of day or night you dropped in, she insisted on feeding you, and anyone with you.

Grandpa: Teaching me how to pop a bullwhip. The bullwhip popped me in the ear. I wanted to run to Mom because I was crying and hurt, but Grandpa wouldn't let me. He made me pop that whip until I got it right. It made me mad at the time, but I think it helped me in life. He proved to me that I could do it.

Jack

He remembers going many times to the ranch by Mackay and up to the cow camp. He was amazed that every time they came to see Grandpa and Grandma that most of the rest of the family came.

He remembers going to the cow camp, and Grandpa would get out his lariat rope and would rope all of his cousins that were there.He remembers spending some time at the ranch when Grandpa had him digging post holes and string wire.

What he remembers of Grandma was that she was always cooking. He says her food was the best.

George, Lester & Orvil Adams in the 1930s herding cattle near Leslie, Idaho

Lester Adams' Memories

Lester Adams

Lester told of how when Dad was riding the range, there was an old prospector turned hermit that lived in an old cabin in Mammoth canyon. Dad would stop and visit with him for awhile. The man only went to town in the fall of the year to stock up on his winter food and other necessities.

He told of when Mother, Dad, Orvil and him (Lester was up Stewart Canyon getting out wood for the winter. They had a wagon load and Mother and Dad was ready to take down to the home place. Lester and Orvil were to stay in the cabin there for a few more days, they asked mother for her baking powder biscuits, no one had any paper so Mother wrote it on one of the walls. We don't know how many years it stayed there, they said it was a long time.

Lambert Family's Memories

Eva

Eva has memories of when they lived at Robert's before coming to the Lost River Valley. She said times were hard there, so they decided to move to Lost River. Dad had to leave a cellar full of potatoes he wasn't able to sell, and he just had to walk away. She said Dad never would grow potatoes again, except in the garden with other vegetables.

Eva Adams Lambert

Dad, Grandpa Lords, his sons, and a cousin Floyd Lords all left with teams and wagons full of furniture and other personal items and headed for Lost River. This was spring of 1923. It was a very long trip going across the desert, and probably kind of damp and cold. They stopped at Hy Jensen's place and left their things there and went out to get wood for their fires. Then, they went back and loaded Grandpa Lord's furniture and things, and they took them to the houses they arranged for. They put them in the larger one, where all of them would live until the other two houses were ready to move into. Mom, Dad, Uncle Alvie, and Aunt Bertha were to have the other ones to live in. Grandma Lords, Great Grandma Lords, Mom and the women and children took the train out to Leslie where the men met them and took them to Grandma and Grandpa's house. Eva tells that when they got off the train it was snowing and, the wind was blowing hard, and it was very cold. When they got to the house, there was a fire going in the cook stove. They opened the oven door and set all the children around it to get warm. She wondered how they all managed to stay in that house until they got the others ready. It was hard for her to visualize how the women were able to cook with so many living there.

Later on, Dad leased a place where he built a log house for his family. It was a 2 room house Later on he added another building close by for another bedroom.

She remembers when Great Grandma Mary Ann Lords passed away. She remembers at the funeral everyone was crying except her and Cousin Rula. They decided to put spit in their eyes so it looked like they were crying.

She remembers when they used carbide lights to see by. That was before the coal, oil lamps.

Maureen

I remember one summer when I was just a little girl, Mom and I spent some of the summer during haying time up at the cow camp with Grandma and Grandpa so I could be away from the hay dust. John and I used to spend an occasional night at Grandma and Grandpa's. Oh, I still remember the delicious breakfasts the next morning: oatmeal, pancakes, ham, and eggs. To this day, when I smell ham frying, I think of Grandma. Often when I look at my mother now, I see Grandma.

George Adams

I remember how Grandpa used to love cheese and how he always shared it with any of the little grandchildren that came around. He loved to tease the little ones. I can also remember Grandpa sitting in his chair in the living room with his rolled up Levi's and high top tennis shoes.

I used to take Grandpa homemade cupcakes from time to time. He seemed to really enjoy my cupcakes, at least he pretended to. Even now when I bake cupcakes, I think of Grandpa.

Orvil Adams' Memories

Orvil told of when he disobeyed Mother and she picked up a rubber hose to spank him. He decided he could out run her, so he took of out through he field as fast as he could run. Feeling safe, he turned to look and Mother was right behind him. It seems he wasn't as fast as he thought he was.

Jensen Family Memories

Theola

Theola Adams Jensen

She remembers how we would have one of Mother's (no good) Cakes every Sunday, there was only enough for each of us to have a piece. She remembers how she would set her frosting aside to eat last. She found Orvil was eating her frosting and she threw a fork at him and it stuck in his heel.

She tells one time she wasn't doing what she was told to do, so Dad picked her up and told her if she didn't behave he would dunk her in the water.

She remembers her, Eva, and Neta went up to the cow camp to spend a few days with Mother and Dad. Theola got a blister on her foot and it hurt to wear so she put on Dad's shoes so she could climb a hill with Eva and Neta. She was having a hard time walking even in Dad's. Neta slipped on some rocks and rolled down the hill and took Theola with her.

Smith Family's Memories

Reoma

Reoma Adams Smith

I have many memories of my father and mother. I can barely remember one night when we lived in Leslie. Dad was turning the milk separator (a machine made to separate the cream from the milk). There was a severe thunder storm, and a bolt of lightning came through the window where Dad was standing. It hit the separator and knocked dad down. He wasn't seriously hurt, just weakened a little bit. I would say it was quite a shock.

I remember getting up at 5:00 in the morning to help Mother cook breakfast for the thrashers. Dad always wanted her to make baking powder biscuits. In those days, we used to serve the whole crew 3 meals.

One time, Lester and Orvil were wrestling in the middle of the kitchen floor, and mother told them to stop of she would throw the bread she was making in their faces. They just laughed at her and kept on wrestling. So, they both ended up with bread dough on their faces. It stopped the fight.

Every summer, dad would hook up the horse to a wagon loaded with hay, our tent, and blankets. Mother loaded boxes of food, utensils, plates, cups, and ice, and Dad would put them on the wagon. Mom, Dad, Theola, Alene, Lula, and I got on, and we would go up Alder Creek to camp for a week. Dad would check on our cattle that were on the range for the summer. Dad and Mom would let Theola and I take turns riding the saddle horse when we traveled around the river toad to Alder Creek.

I remember one night when Mom, Dad, and 4 of us little girls were camping. We went for a walk after supper and came across a herd of cattle. They ran in front of us, and Dad reached out and grabbed hold of a steer's tail and flipped the steer head over heels. I really don't know who was the most surprised, Dad, the steer, or the rest of us. It sure did add a bit of excitement to our walk.

Mother was known for her sour cream baking powder biscuits. Whenever we had company, Dad always wanted Mother to make them. She was a master at cooking on the camp fire. She would make biscuits from scratch and bake them in the Dutch oven. She also made pies in the Dutch oven.

Quite often, the family would gather for Sunday dinner at Mom and Dad's. Mother would send Dad out to kill the old red rooster, usually 2, and Mother would boil them with lots of onions. When they were done, she would add homemade

noodles, a meal everybody really enjoyed. There wasn't any left over.

Denny insisted on asking Dad for my hand in marriage. Dad told him, "It is her choice. She makes the bed, she has to lie in it and not come to me if things go wrong." Dad laughed.

The old outhouse, it stood proud but smelled bad. Inside was a great selection of Montgomery Ward, Sears, and even some Spiegel's catalogs. People didn't have any toilet paper in those days. Also, beware of the honey bees that came out of the holes.

My Grandma Adams died of cancer when dad was 12 years old. My Grandpa Adams was ornery, and even got mean sometimes. One time he beat Dad, so Dad ran away from home. All he took with him was his horse and saddle, some crackers, and water. He stayed away for 3 to 4 days and then went home again. He said things were better because he kept his distance from his dad.

The one memory that stands out the most is when we took grandma and Grandpa to Yellowstone Park. In those days we used a tent and the back of the station wagon for sleeping in.

The bears roam in camp all night, but the most fun was in the neighbor's camp. Grandpa couldn't sleep for watching the bears knocking the neighbor's pans about. Grandma and Grandpa were sleeping in the back of the station wagon.

I remember Dad telling how great his eyesight was by showing us. We would stand at the old cow camp on Alder Creek and Dad would point to the highest mountain, the farthest distance away, to the southeast of the camp and say that he could see a deer up on that mountain and could even see a fly on it. We knew that it was just another one of Dad's wild stories, slightly exaggerated.

Harvesting with horse-drawn combine

2 *Axel Edwin Anderson*

Dad was a good man. All his life he tried to do right and in his weaknesses and faults, he was humble and tried to overcome them. He was to me an outstanding man, in strong determination and will power. And I have had men who knew Dad tell me what a fine man he was in their estimation. He never had much formal schooling. His mother died when he was 10 years old and his Father was away as a salesman much of the time, and he was pretty much on his own. He told me a few weeks before he died, as we were talking and he was reminiscing, how he had spent many winter days in the salons as a boy watching that element play cards, and heard the course language. He was permitted to go in those places and he knew better, but it was a place to keep warm. He and his brother, John, just younger than he, was gone on sales trips, so he didn't have an easy boyhood but he weathered it well, although he acquired the habit of smoking and I guess drinking some because Mother said the first time she saw him he was drunk at a dance and she went home and told her mother she had just seen the worlds most disgusting person. She said if someone had told her she would marry him, then, she would have thought them completely crazy. But she did marry him and he quit smoking and drinking for her and he was a good and faithful husband to her for nearly fifty-one years. They celebrated their Golden Wedding Anniversary in July, 1954.

He was a self-made man. He was of studious nature, he read much of the time and had a good understanding of things. He was what I would term, well educated, though he never had more than the 8th grade schooling.

Dad was a very determined man. He decided to be a musician and he learned the clarinet and played in the Sugar City Band, also many orchestras. He did not neglect his kids in that respect. He thought music was very important and he taught me music, how to read and interpret it and also he taught my brother Herb. Although Mart and Elmer and the girls didn't get much in that way, but Dad gave us his best. He lived for his family, he provided well for us, although we knew much adversity and hard times. Always Dad was out in front doing all he could to give us his best. He worked hard all his life, was a skilled mechanic in every sense. He farmed much of his life. He had homesteaded a dry farm up southeast of Idaho Falls and he worked his head off trying to make it pay. It was there that he had a few neighbors in that scattered community organized a school district and a ward and Dad was the one chosen as Bishop also he headed the school board and was the outstanding man of the community. We were

always proud of our wonderful Dad.

In later years, he moved to Burley, Idaho. There he farmed and worked at the Sugar Factory. Then we moved to Logan and bought a home there. That was in 1928. He quit farming then and from then on he worked as a blacksmith, mechanic and welder the balance of his life. He was diligent and honest in all things. He treated his fellowmen as he would be treated and I think of him as a great man. Here is my tribute to my beloved Dad.

I follow a famous father,
His honor is mine to wear.
He gave me a name, that's free from shame,
And a name he was proud to bear.
He stood in the morning sunlight,
And marched in the ranks of the right.
He was always true to the best he knew,
And the shield he wore was bright.
Yes, I follow a famous Father
And never a day goes by,
But I feel that he looks down on me,
To carry his standards high.
He stood to the sternest trials,
As only a brave man can.
Though the way be long, I must never
be wrong,
Then name of so good a man.

I follow a famous Father
Not known to the printed page,
Nor written down in the world renown
As a prince of his little age.
But never a stain attached to him,
And never he stooped to shame,
He was hold and brave and to me he gave,

I follow a famous Father
And him I must keep in mind
Though his form is gone, I must carry on,
The name he left behind.
It was mine on the day he gave it
It shown as a Monarch's Crown
And is fair to see, as it came to me,
It must be when I put it down.

I loved and honored my wonderful Dad, I will ever revere his memory. I will live up to the heritage he gave me. He was aware of his responsibility, to leave some record but had precious little at his disposal to leave. I have 2 or 3 books (records) which he used to start records and he has given when he knew. It is enough so I can start and complete them.

From Some Later Records I Find the Following:

He received his schooling (what he did get) in Franklin, Idaho. The same man who baptized him taught him in school, one Joseph Stone. He left Franklin in 1897, wandering a bit, I heard him speak of going to Omaha Nebraska with a train loaded of sheep. He probably found whatever jobs he could for in those days, there just wasn't much to find. I think he may have been to Lorenzo with his Uncle John Anderson part of this time till the Fall of 1907. (I was 6 months old) when the family moved to Lorenzo, Jefferson County, Idaho. There he built a house (2 room log house) on seven acres of ground which he somehow managed to buy. Here he lived with his family for about 8 years, farming his ground and working at various jobs. Two more sons were born to my parents there, making four of us boys and a daughter also. Reginald Herbert, the oldest son, I, Harold Fisher, the 2nd son, Martin Victor the 3rd son and Elmer Wesley 4th son, then the sister Bertha Evelyn was born. When I was eight years old, my sister (one year old) the folks moved to a dry farm in the Wolverine Basin Country, southeast of Idaho Falls. There Dad worked hard and diligently trying to make it pay, while here my baby sister was born, Jennie Irene was her name.

I have already touched lightly on this place, later named Owendale when it was organized into a school district and ward of the Shelley Stake of Zion. Dad was instrumental, in fact he was the community leader and through his efforts, largely, this was accomplished and as before stated, he was chosen Bishop, Head of the School Board and carried the responsibilities of the growth and devel-

opment of the community. His talents were many and varied. He was a capable and self-reliant man who was of a very independent nature, loved and revered his freedom, was adventurous, loved and accepted challenges whenever he met with them and always made his presence and ability felt. He was a musician and accomplished it be a dogged determination. He taught himself music and became very proficient on the clarinet also the violin to some extent. He knew it well enough to teach his sons. I was the only one, however, who stayed with it to an extent and recall many pleasant evenings playing the trumpet (which Dad taught me) with him on the clarinet. We dreamed together of a family orchestra, but it never materialized.

I recall very vividly and with a longing, some of the (dear to my memory) long winter evenings during the winter time on the dry farm. Supper dishes and all the chores were done, we gathered around the old wood heater in the living room and played games, popped corn, told riddles, but highlight of it all was the stories Dad and Mother read to us. I can yet remember two of these stories in detail as we lived through them while they were being read (I was 10 to 12 years). They were "A Girl of the Limberlost" and "The Light in the Clearing." I remember the characters and their actions. It left deep impressions on my childish mind. I have many wonderful memories of home and family and I cherish them.

Not withstanding Dad's rough life or rather hard and unsheltered boyhood, he weathered it well and proved himself one of God's valiant and humble and choice spirits. My heart is filled and I treasure up the great heritage he and all my noble progenitors left me. I'm thankful they had to pass through these trials and deprivations for it made them truer, better and nobler and they passed on at least the appreciation of it to we the children and we love and honor them for it. It was a greater bequest than any amount of monetary wealth and I'm sure we inherited part of that self-reliance and confidence. I'm grateful for all the wonderful things, gifts and talents that have been given me through Dad's wise, faithful and example teachings.

I use to dream of an Artist, who could paint the picture of Dad
Who could paint on his face that manly look, and the wonderful smile he had.
Well one day I found that Artist, but the picture made me sad.
He painted well the dear old face, but couldn't paint the soul of Dad.
But that's what makes him Dear Old Dad, The Pal of my work and play.
He shared success and strife with me, the pal whom I miss today;
The sunlight is gone and the shadows have crept over land and sea;
And the picture the Artist painted, in darkness cannot see.
But at tight I see dear old Dad, just like he used to be.
And I did not need a painters brush to paint his face for me,
For memory had painted that picture in the heart of a little lad
Who prayed each night at his mother's knee, that someday he'd be just like Dad.

This was a creed he lived by:

Oh God give me the serenity to accept what cannot be changed.
Give me the courage to change what can be changed,
And the wisdom to know the one from the other.

Yes Dad, you lived a good, honorable and faithful life, you were a choice spirit in the pre-existent state. Valiant and trusted, you were held back in that spirit realm while countless others journeyed earthward, for yours was a special mission, to come forth and serve your mortal probation when and where you could do the greatest good. You grew to the stature of manhood (having been born of noble parents) I love and honor that, and you weathered the storms of life and by the graciousness and goodness of God, you were given many tests which you passed with flying colors. When you were led to meet another choice spirit of our Father in Heaven, My dear Mother, who measured up admirably in every respect to you and you fell in love with her. (who wouldn't) She was lovely, spiritual, virtuous dark-eyed girl who recognized in you her chosen mate and you wooed and won her and you married her as God intended you should, the only way acceptable to him, in his Holy Temple and there great blessings were pronounced upon your heads. And great promises if you would be true and faithful to your covenants and Dad you didn't forget it. You never lost sight of the majesty of your calling of your goal. You strived against great odds to succeed and you did. You were co-creators (you and Mom) with God in creating and bringing into mortality 4 sons and 2 daughters, who love and cherish your memory. You literally gave your mortal life for them, blessing them and shielding them from the storm with all your heart-and soul, with your very life, and Dad we shall never forget your unselfish, kind and tender watchful care.

Well the years caught up with you and how I treasure up those sweet and happy visits I enjoyed with you as often as I could come to see you in your last declining days of mortal life. I recall with a glow of pride how you told me on my last visit home before you left, that you were enjoying the spirit of the Lord in such rich abundance. And you wouldn't have needed to have ever told me, for it was written in the glow of your eyes. I could see you had that place in your heart that passeth understanding as you told me you were ready to go now, and I'm sure you knew it was close but I rejoice that you were prepared and ready and I know you were worthy of a glorious resurrection.

Yes, you died as you had lived, peaceful, trusting and beautiful. How do I know? Well, because I stood by your bedside and held your hand as your spirit passed from your body. You reported home to our Heavenly Father and you did not even struggle, and with a sweet look of peace and a smile you left us Dad. And we did not resent your going, we were thankful you did not have to stay and suffer more. We rejoiced that you had made it well and endured to the end. And while we miss your fine and gentle counsel, your wonderful companionship and that empty chair of yours makes me sad when I go home now, yet I look ahead to that day when I can come to join you as a great experience. I do not fear it, I only hope and pray with all of my heart that we (all your children) can order our lives to merit coming where you are and (enjoy your great spirit forever). Mother will not be long before she comes to you. Bless her dear heart, she is lonely for you and patiently awaits her call and it will be good for she is suffering with this stroke which has paralyzed her and she wants to come to you. We pledge to you with all our hearts to live worthy to join you and I know you will be there to meet us when we leave here to come home too.

by Harold Anderson

Author's Note — *Axel Anderson moved his family to the dry farm at Taylor Mountain in 1915 and commenced to build a home with a large cement foundation which is about 3 feet high on the creek side. The foundation still stands today, the only one left with cement walls. The school house foundation is a very short distance across the creek. Their daughter Jennie Irene was born there on June 19, 1917 in a tent as the house was not yet finished.*

On January 27, 1917 a land patent for 320 acres was issued. The land was 2 miles strait North of where their home was located on Taylor Creek.

Excerpts from the Life of Bertha Evelyn Anderson Willes

I will start back sixty years ago for that is when I began my earthly sojourn. I was born of "goodly parents," to one of the very best! Axel Edwin Anderson and Jane Elizabeth Fisher. The date September 21, 1914 at Lorenzo, Idaho near Rexburg or Idaho Falls. It was on the snake river. I was 5th in line of their 6 children. Even though my mother was never near a doctor until labor was upon her, she gave birth to six healthy children, the first four were boys and then two girls.

To go back in memory to my early years, I think rather than me remembering the actual events, I remember through hearing them discussed by my parents or older brothers. To talk to my children now of these things would seem to them like weird dreams or fairy stories but I must go back to the ways things really were.

My early life was spent on the place my parents called the "dry farm." About 16 miles out of Idaho Falls, Idaho. Can my children or others in their age range picture life without a telephone, or radio, or television? Without MIA or other places of fun and good times? Our whole life was there on the dry farm.

My mother's day began after my father had started the fire in the kitchen stove (range) and gone out to the barn to milk cows and do morning chores. My mother washed herself and combed her hair after fully dressing herself. In those days I am sure she never owned a robe or house coat. She always wore her corset and hosiery. Never did she dress herself without her corset and stockings and shoes. She always combed and put up her hair in a bun at the back of her head. If she was going to town she used a curling iron heated on the coal-oil lamp or the stove... no electricity for our home!

Our breakfast would consist of hot biscuits (buttermilk kind), eggs, potatoes and oatmeal with all the milk and cream needed to make things good. This was my father's biggest meal of the day before he went into the fields to work. There was always wood to be chopped and fires to be kept going except in the heat of the summer when a new fire was started to prepare the noon meal. My mother usually fixed supper (if it was rice pudding or something of a cooked type of food) while the fire. was going in the morning.

Next came the dishes to be washed but not in a dishwasher or a sink. There was a dish pan filled with water from the tea kettle on the stove or the reservoir attached to the end of the range. This was kept filled with water from the creek... a beautiful mountain stream that ran fairly near the house. The water from the stream filled all our needs and was carried by water pail or bucket to do the washing of the clothes, for baths, and for dishes and scrubbing floors and all else. The lamp chimneys then had to be cleaned, washed and shined and the lamps refilled with coal oil for the coming of night time. Pans of milk from the previous day had to be skimmed and the cream put into a large crock to make butter. The unused milk from the family was put into a swill barrel to feed the pigs or set to turn to cottage cheese for the chickens.

My grandfather built for my mother a milk house across the aforementioned creek with a round hole where the cream was kept cool in the churn. Once or twice a week she churned butter and molded it into one pound blocks wrapped in butter wrap with her name printed on it. She would take as much as 16 to 20 pounds per week to Idaho Falls to sell. After these chores were done the kitchen floor which was just bare boards, had to be scrubbed. This she did on her hands and knees with a brush3 a mop cloth and hot soapy water. Years later my sister met a man that had spent a lot of time at our home. He told her that my mother kept her floor so clean he could have eaten off it at any time.

At noon time my father and anyone who happened to be with him came to the house for dinner which was our noon meal. Our supper or light meal was at night.

I think if anyone had any business with my father any day he would have timed it so he was there at noon because my father always invited people to

come and "eat a bite" and mother was an excellent cook. There were always plenty of potatoes and gravy (milk gravy that we loved) and all vegetables prepared with cream and butter for flavor.

If Mom had had the time to fish (she loved to fish) there might even be a fish for dinner from that lovely cool mountain stream. We had eggs but I don't suppose much meat because. It would be hard to keep except in cold weather. My father built a smoke house where he could cure the ham and shoulders of the pig or pigs killed in the cold weather and through smoking or salting the like the "sow belly" to cook with dry beans. We only had fresh meat during the cold weather unless mother bought fresh meat for a roast on Sunday when she sold her butter on Saturday.

After the dinner dishes were washed and the kitchen in order, Mother had time to do her sewing or mending and/or work on a quilt. She pieced many beautiful quilt tops from her sewing scraps. She did a beautiful rug from scraps of woolen material with blanket stitch around each piece before sewing it to a backing of heavier material. I always thought that a beautiful rug and it always went by the side of her bed.

On wash day, this day usually began very early, the wash boiler, a longish shaped tub, was usually put on the stove the night before and filled with water carried in buckets from the creek. Mother's own homemade soap was cut up and put into this boiler full of water for the next morning. After the fire was going and breakfast over, part of this water was put into a tub for scrubbing the clothes in. Scrubbed on a ridged metal hoard and wrung by hand. Later she had a washing machine that had to be turned by a wheel by hand, still later my father hooked it up with a belt and a gasoline motor when such a thing could he had. This made Wash Day a little easier but still my mother kept her old system of putting a "batch" of the clothes very carefully sorted as to the whites and light and less dirty to the more heavily soiled pieces into the wash tub (a round tub). The washboard stood in this tub and one article of clothing brought to the board one at a time, and scrubbed across the ridges on the board until it was clean. Then batch by batch was emptied into the boiler on the stove and boiled and stirred in the clean hot suds, removed once again to the clean suds tub and onto the lines to dry. With the washing machine the clothes went into it first, then scrubbed on the board and then into the boil, but the same method was followed.

What a beautiful smell in the air does a line of fresh clean clothes make. At least in my memory, this smell along with a few others like fresh baked bread or one of Mother's cakes or pies... how I'd love to go back for at least a visit to those days: All her cooking was so good and always smelled so good.

A mark of the kind of housekeeper a woman was, was often told by the clothesline. My mother's wash was always the whitest, or ranked with the whitest washes ever hung, all her housekeeping days. This was one of her greatest prides. She had worked hard and she was proud to show it by hanging a lovely fresh line of clothes. They were always hung just so, the sheets being of one size and the size and the dish towels, each had its own place and way of being placed on the line.

Ironing day came next. Her irons had to be heated on the stove. There were three to five irons on the stove. When one was hot it was lifted off by a removable handle and ironed with until it cooled, then it was placed back onto the stove and another took its place on the ironing board. All the sheets and pillow slips and towels and even each dish towel was carefully ironed and all this time the fire had to be well tended.

Kristine likes John Denver's song about sleeping on grandmother's feather bed. My mother's feather bed wasn't quite as big as the one he sings about but it was made of feathers and fitted over the clean straw ticks that, was made fresh each fall when the new straw was available. The tick would be opened and the old straw emptied the tick washed and refilled with the new straw.

Our beds, were always comfortable and clean. I have good memories of being raised in a good, well

provided home due to the hard work and effort and planning of the most wonderful parents any one could be blessed with. It has taken me long enough to realize what a wonderful heritage I have.

Going back to mention my mother's soap she made. This was made with the pre-used lard and other fat and lye. If lye wasn't available she used the water from wood ashes. Wood ashes was always available for it was the only fuel we had to burn. We didn't run to town for all necessities as we do today. Town was 16 miles away and a trip was made about once a week if the times could be spared, either by wagon and team of horses, or if my mother was driving, she used the "white top," a buggy but I think it had 4 wheels instead of two. Sometimes she had a two wheeled buggy drawn by one horse. If the snow was bad or deep, the trip would be made with my father along and sometimes without my mother. Using a sleigh, he would scoff at having the hot rocks along that my mother heated in the oven or on the stove and wrapped in burlap sacks, then placed on the hay to keep us warm if we went along. While business was being done in town, the horses would he unhitched and tied to the wagon box to eat the hay placed there for them-and for us to ride out the bumps on. I suppose enough was taken along for the return trip for us kids to ride back on to ease the bumps because the roads were very rutted in wet, cold weather and very muddy. In the spring of the year, the ruts would he very deep and frozen and if another vehicle was met and we had to pull over the hump of getting out of one set of ruts and dropping into another could be quite a jarring experience, especially if not cushioned some by the hay and quilts we rode on.

The social life usually consisted of visits from neighbors about 5 miles away or so. The entertainment was usually talk of scary things (superstitions and happenings). I know I heard some very upsetting things that it took me years to outgrow. I believe people in those days had contact or thought they did with evil spirits and supernatural beings because those things were what they seemed to discuss or talk about. Probably it was my faulty memory that they talked so much of these things. Likely it was that I was kept reminded through my brothers telling me things of this nature for the fun they got from scaring me. It took me years to even begin to outgrow my fears and to realize that through prayer I could keep all evil in abeyance. I know that my prayers are heard and answered and even trivial things that seem important to me at the moment, so much so that I pray for assistance constantly, that I receive the aid I need by the time I need it.

Like today, I was called and asked to take the nine year old boys at Primary. I know on this short notice that I can do it and all will go well. I expect to enjoy it.

Now, back to my story.

When I was about 4 years old my parents moved to a place they called the Lox Place. I guess same people by that name had lived there. I think this must have been 1919 or there abouts and my own memory now sort of takes over on some of the events I will now relate. I have a memory of this place being rather a come down from the house we had on the dry farm. My father built that house new when my mother was pregnant with my younger sister. This house wasn't finished so my sister was born in a tent on the dry farm, It seems to me now that I write it, that the name of the place the dry farm was located was called Owendale. I don't know where the Lox place was but suppose it was still in the same area. We had an old Ram sheep. I remember when I went out to play in the back yard that old sheep delighted in chasing me and if I didn't keep a jump ahead, it really could butt with its head. It didn't have horns so no harm was done and I think now if I hadn't been a coward but stood my ground with a club or big stick of some kind, that sheep wouldn't have enjoyed himself nearly so much.

We lived on the Lox place the year of the "terrible flue" that took so many lives. Our family was spared any deaths. My mother and baby sister had it and I believe the rest of the family had it to some

extent, but I remember my mother telling that the only way she knew I had it at all was that I said I couldn't shut my hands tightly. She figured I had a very light case that made me feel somewhat weakened than my usual self. My father went to sit up with the sick and if they died he helped bury them. There were no funerals held at that time because of the contagion.

While we lived here my brothers were old enough to get into some mischief while our parents went to town. I remember my brothers telling about taking the gun out into the yard, not knowing it was loaded, Harold aimed it at Elmer and said "I'm going to shoot you." A pig ran by just then and he turned the gun on the pig and pulled the trigger. The pig dropped dead! What a fright it gave them to realize how close they had come to tragedy.

I don't think we lived here long but I think this is where my father acquired his first automobile. The roads were rutted and very rough and I remember a little about a trip to town in the car. The top wasn't padded as cars are now, just heavy wooden bows across the top with a covering over them and no springs in the crazy contraption, anymore than in an old wagon box. My father never did take things slow and easy, he drove to reach his destination in the quickest time possible. He hit a rut! The granddaddy of all ruts! The jolt threw my mother into one of the bows across the top of the car. Her face was black and blue from her hair line to her mouth for awhile until she cleared up from the jolt.

In my early childhood, nearly all through my early life, we didn't have plumbing in the house. We used an outhouse in back, away from the house. This was constructed like a tall square box with a roof on it and some little moon shaped holes cut high enough for privacy when the door was closed. Inside a bench was carved with two holes, one for the grown ups and one for little people.

This was another chore that had to be done. This little outhouse was scrubbed until the boards were white with the good strong suds left over from wash day. A bucket of ashes kept in the corner so ashes could be put over the excrement to keep down the smell and the flies. When I was old enough this was one of my jobs, to scrub out the outhouse. I never minded it at all. It was just taken for granted.

In the summer my mother would take any of her children available and go pick the fruit that grew wild around us. Service berries, choke cherries and red currents. Sometimes neighbors had more than they wanted to pick so they would offer my mother a chance to pick on shares. She kept about 1/3 of what she picked of gooseberries and bed bug (dark) currents as they were called. A black current that had a strong odor as it was picked, this made wonderful jam and jelly or preserves.

My parents always kept cows. We had all the milk and butter and cream we could use plus milk to feed to pigs and chickens. I'm sure my mother missed the lovely milk house she had on the dry farm and the lovely stream of water for I remember they had to haul water by the barrel for use on this place.

By the time I was six we moved to Burley, Idaho. We lived in my grandfather's house and here is where I started school. Cold, cruel world: I had to leave my comfortable home each morning and go out into a world of unknowns, teachers and other kids chiefly, that I didn't like. I preferred to stay home, so to see that I went, I always had to be sent with my brothers. They had to go several blocks further than I did. Because I was such a bore and a pain to all my brothers, the older ones made my youngest brother, Elmer, about 4 years older than myself, stay behind and walk the half block to my school to literally shove me in the schoolhouse door, then he was free to run and catch up with them. They never waited for him.

I hated school. Everything I imagined someone did to me I cried. Finally the teacher would turn me over the desk and spank me with the ruler and send me home. I would get home and refuse to return to school so I got another lacing with a willow and locked into a clothes closet. I'd kick the

Grain harvest on Taylor Mountain

door so my mother would fix that by removing my shoes. If I kicked long enough it hurt my toes so I was eventually ready to come out to he driven half way to school by my mother with a stick in her hand. This was a continued story through my first year. I'm sure I never learned anything, but the teacher sent me to the 2nd grade up to Miller School to get me out of her way. By this time Spring had come so we moved to a rented farm in Stars Fairy. (I don't know how it was spelled.)

The house here I think was more like a shed. I guess it really had been a house, but my brother slept outside in a tent, There weren't glass windows or I suppose there had been but my mother covered them with clean flour sacks. These flour sacks played a big part, my mother dyed them and made shirts for my brothers and dresses for my sister and me. We also had bloomers made from them. (under pants for the benefit of my children who wouldn't know what bloomers were.)

Because of the hordes of mosquitoes, my father used to build smudge fires around outside so we could get out of the hot house and enjoy an evening in the cool air.

Coyotes used to set up quite a chorus about sundown and into the late evening. I don't know how late this was kept up because I think it never kept me awake. I think I always felt safe when my mother was within calling distance.

When school started I had that grim prospect before me only this time I took the bus and went to the school my brothers went to. I still didn't like school, sometimes my mother would tell me to go with my cousin in town and she would catch the School Bus and come back into town. I remember once the bridge was out or for some reason she couldn't come. I never spent such a long 24 hours until I could get home. I always liked my home. I think I was like Kristine a lot.

She always wants to have kids come here, not go so much even the babies she tends, she wants them brought here and even spent $10.00 buying

a baby crib for her room so she can have them here. She also attends garage and salvation army sales and buys baby clothes and washes them all up and has two drawers full. She will use them on the kids she has here but she changes them back into their own things so hers don't get away. She is saving them in hopes of marriage and motherhood someday, even if she is only 14 now.

I am going to do a sketch on each of my nine later so I'll get on with this of my own now.

I don 't know how long we stayed on this place but because it wasn't much of a house I believe my father rented a farm in Dods, still in Idaho.

This was a very large farm and a big orchard owned by two brothers. It had a lovely roomy house. Large and lots of shade and a deep well of cold water. We stayed here until the Berg Brothers and their wives came home to take it over. Then we moved to another farm in Declo. I don't believe this house compared at all with the Berg home but my father fixed it up and life went on much the same. I was getting older. About 14 years when my mother finally got her wishes to move to Logan. This was 1927 and I began 8th grade at Logan Jr. High School. Here I had Seminary and I could go to MIA to join in other things, activities and I had friends I really liked in the neighborhood. My mother always kept a close check on us though if we were out for an evenings play... like Run Sheep Run or to just huddle on someone's front porch and tell ghost stories.

3 William Alma Bingham

Bill, as he was called throughout his life, was born 15 September 1889 in Giles, Wayne, Utah, the eldest of 13 children to parents Erastus Alma Bingham and Susan Annie Lords. In 1903 the family was in Tucson, Arizona and in 1909 were located in Ammon, Idaho. Bill was a builder and built several homes in his lifetime. He married Lovina May Owen, daughter of James Albert Owen and Rosa Ellingford on 22 November 1911 in the Salt Lake Temple. They had no children.

He homesteaded in the Taylor Mountain area and was granted a land patent in 1918 on his 240 acres. He built a cabin there on a fork of Taylor Creek. He was an owner in a thresh machine and spent every fall in the valley threshing for the farmers. Lovina was not happy living alone in the hills with Bill gone so much. On March 7, 1925 he sold his homestead to John Blatter after having mortgaged it several times. The cabin was later moved by the old house on Taylor creek below the Wadsworth homestead that John Blatter bought from Bertie Wadsworth in 1927. It was used as a harness barn for the horses used to farm with in those days.

The 1920 census lists them as living in Ucon, Idaho. In 1971 he built a home on Rich Lane in Ammon. With no children there was no history and the only thing that is known about Bill and Lovina is an account of a good neighbor to them, Merlin and Bonnie Weeks. Bonnie wrote the following account of their association with them.

We lived in Ammon, Idaho, a little town on the edge of Idaho Falls. It was a wonderful country atmosphere. Our house was in the middle of a block and the only house on our side of the street. We had a big lot on one side which was first a horse corral and then a huge garden later. It was all pasture on the other side. Across the street there were no houses, just a big, open field. We, and our seven children loved the side open spaces.

Our four older boys were all teenagers when we returned from a trip to discover a big hole had been excavated across the street for a house. They were upset to see the much-loved open field would soon be occupied by a new house. All four boys had motorcycles they frequently rode in the field. The first time they rode their motorcycles over the mounds of dirt they came home grumbling about the future neighbor, Mr. McGregor, saying what a grouch he was. He had shaken his shovel at them, called them names, and told them never to come back!

They still had the freedom to ride on the lots on either side of his house and a large field behind his house but if he happened to come when they were riding he'd wait for them and curse them as

they returned home. After the house was completed the situation became more tense.

His wife of 60 years was as hard and cold as he was. She was tiny and bent, her face was very wrinkled with no sign of smile wrinkles. She looked worn, tired and unhappy. She had worked at Woolworth's for 50 years. They had not been blessed with children and neither one had any tolerance for children or noise.

Having seven children, our yard always seemed to be the gathering place for at least 10 or more as we had two horses, a trampoline, a huge willow tree with a tree house and a tire swing and we all seemed to thrive on activity! Not to mention four motorcycles racing off together.

One day, visiting with our neighbor, Valeria Blatter, I mentioned our problem with "Mr. McGregor." Valeria said, "His name is Bill Bingham and you should also tell the old goat you lived here first and if he doesn't like your kids, he can move." I asked the boys that evening why they thought his name was McGregor. They explained that he had lived next door to a friend who had a pet rabbit that got out and got in his garden. He had killed the rabbit so all the kids nick-named him.

As time went by I would often see Bill come out in the street shaking a rake or shovel at the boys and swearing at them as they as they rode by on their motorcycles. It got to the point where every time I saw Bill walk out to the street, I saw trouble coming. He would complain to Merlin about the noise. I wanted to wish him away, but Merlin was determined to kill him with kindness. He asked the boys to push their bikes to the corner before starting them. The boys resentfully complied.

In the fall Bill's wife became very ill. She was diagnosed with colon cancer and was hospitalized. Since Merlin was in the bishopric we made frequent visits to the hospital. Inasmuch as we were going to the hospital to see someone else, I cut a bouquet of roses from my garden, put them in a pretty vase and took them to Lovina. I'll never forget how sad and lonely she appeared to be. She was so thrilled with the roses I felt guilty that I hadn't brought something nicer. Bill came while we were there and he was very meek.

The next day he appeared at my door and thanked me for taking Lovina the flowers. He had a tear in his eye as he told me no one had ever done anything like that for her and how much he appreciated it.

When Lovina came home from the hospital I took dinner over and had a nice visit with her. She told me they had been married in the temple and became inactive because Bill was a workaholic and worked on Sunday. She wished she had stayed active. I told her when she got well I'd take her to Relief Society and she expressed that she would like that.

She was in and out of the hospital all fall. We would take a plate of food to Bill quite often or a loaf of bread when I baked. Winter had come and often Bill would return from the hospital to find that our boys had shoveled his driveway and walk. He came over one afternoon and said, "No one has ever treated us so nice, we really do appreciate it," as he shed a few tears.

Lovina died December 5, 1971. I went to his house to ask if he'd like the Singing Mothers to sing for her funeral, and he said he'd be honored. He gave me a hug and said, "I appreciate you being good neighbors and I don't even mind your boy's motorcycles." We had won a forever friend. It was a sad funeral with no children or family to speak of and we had such a blizzard the hearse couldn't make it to the cemetery.

Christmas was close and Bill was mourning for the only person he had ever loved and who was gone. He had so many regrets for not taking more time for Lovina. Bill had worked hard and never taken any time for fun. He had refused to go to church and he'd also refused to adopt children when he learned they could not have children of their own. The youth in the ward took him a Christmas tree and he said it was the first tree in 50 years. He was now 87.

Christmas Eve we had our family dinner with 18 of us. We invited Bill and he came in his shirt,

tie and a pin-striped suit. I had never seen him so radiant. Everyone made a fuss over him and he responded. When saying goodnight, he held my hand, patted it and said, "I've never had such a marvelous time." We asked if he'd like to come Christmas morning and watch the children open their gifts and he said he'd be delighted. We had bought him a small gift. We told him we'd send the kids for him in the morning. At 7:00 am we sent Mindy to get Bill. As I watched him clutching Mindy's hand coming across the icy street dressed in his best blue sit my heart was touched. Bill was smiling! That morning he moved around the room as each child opened their gifts. It was as though he had become a child again. He told us he had set his alarm for 5:00 because he remembered how early they woke when he was a kid and he didn't want to miss us. He'd sat in his front window and waited two hours for Mindy to come. He was precious. As he left that day he hugged me and Mindy and said, "I've never had such a good time"! Our hearts were full as we realized we had made a precious friend and he loved us.

We began inviting Bill for Sunday dinner. Soon we invited him to go to church with us. He obliged and loved sitting with our family. It wasn't long until he fit right into the ward and everyone was making a fuss over Bill. He would frequently get up on fast Sunday and bear his testimony. He would always expound upon the great love of Christ and how love was the greatest gift. Our children had another adopted Grandpa.

In the summer Bill had a beautiful garden. He loved taking vegetables and strawberries to the neighbors. It was a joy to watch him grow.

Bishop Peterson called him in and challenged him to go back and renew his temple covenants. He accepted and loved going to the temple. The bishop then challenged him to do six endowments every week. Bill fulfilled this challenge as long as he could drive. He never missed a priesthood meeting. He always came prepared, having read

Steam driven tractor and thresher on Taylor Mountain

every reference.

On his 90th birthday we had a surprise birthday party for him. Our back yard was full of friends and neighbors and he was delighted.

We were planning a move to Colorado and one of the hardest things was to leave Bill. Our 5 year old son, Brandon, cried and wanted to know why Bill couldn't move with us. The day we were loading the moving truck Bill came across the street carrying a 16-inch picture of him in a brass antique frame with a dome glass. He told me he wanted me to have it because no one loved him as much as I did. We shed tears as we drove away watching him wave good-bye. That was 28 years ago and his picture is still proudly displayed in our home. It reminds us how powerful love can be in changing someone's life.

Sharlene and Glenn Blatter took over the watchful care of Bill and when his driving was dangerous to everyone on the road they had to put him in Lincoln Court, an assisted living facility. It was a sad day for him and he only lived a few years. Bill died in April, 1984. He and Lovina are buried in the Ammon cemetery.

4 Andors Casper Blatter

Andors was born 8 April 1870 in Duquoin, Perry, Illinois the third of eleven children born to John Rudolf and Elizabeth Weber Blatter. He was baptized 30 April 1888 along with other family members by missionaries from Ammon Idaho. Elder Empey from Ammon convinced the family if they came to Ammon where there was available land he would help them get started. The three oldest brothers John, Andors, and Frank left for Idaho a short time after that. He married Margaret Rebecca Hiatt on 21 January 1903. His younger brother Gottlieb married Margaret Hiatt's sister Dora May Hiatt four years later in 1907.

Both Andors and Gottlieb filed on homesteads in the Taylor Mountain area. Andors was granted a Land Patent (deed) on 235 acres on November 19, 1915 just one month after their first child Inez was born. Three other children were born to them, Wanetta on 3 December 1917, Velma on 4 November 1919 and Elmer on 3 August 1921. Andors had a home in Ammon where his children could go to school. On March 17, 1917 he bought 42 acres from Erastus A Bingham and sold it on February 20, 1935 to Perry Bingham who was a son of Erastus Bingham. Perry Bingham had married Clara Blatter who was a daughter of John and Bertha Blatter.

Andors was a stern demanding man. He was always on time and even ahead of time as he would be standing at the doors of stores waiting for them to open in the mornings so he could shop. Idaho Falls was 5 miles away to go shopping and he would be coming home from shopping as his neighbors were just going to town. There was always a comment as they passed him on the road. There were many stories about his eccentric ways. He called his wife "Mag," I guess short for Margaret.

None of Andors's descendants could be located for a history and I was born 9 years before he died so I knew him briefly as we lived two blocks away from each other in Ammon. One trait the Blatter's have is that they always speak their mind so everyone knows just where they stand on things. I will relate one story about Elmer, Andor's son as an example of this trait. Elmer worked for John Blatter one summer on John's dry farm. John was Andor's two year older brother. Elmer had his eye on a pair of expensive boots, so when he got paid in the fall he bought the boots, spending his summer's wages on them. He couldn't wait to show them off to John. John looked at them and said to Elmer, "well you had better take good care of your feet as your head will never do you any good."

Andors died 4 August 1941 in Ammon and his wife Margaret died 25 years later 10 January 1966 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They are both buried in the Ammon Cemetery.

Four horse team pulling two-bottom plow

5 Gottlieb Blatter

Author's Note — *Gottlieb homesteaded in the foothills of Taylor Mountain. On September 13, 1917 he was granted a Land Patent for 316.81 acres. The following is his life story he wrote.*

Biography of Gottlieb Blatter

Born, August 23, 1881, at Dubois, Washington County, Illinois

I am the tenth child of my father and mother. My father is John Rudolph Blatter. He is the thirteenth child in his father's family. He was born in the little village of Tenneken, Kanton Basel Landschaft, Switzerland. Tenneken is near the city of Basel. He was born May 22, 1836. He emigrated from Switzerland to avoid the compulsory military training of six years. My mother's name is Elizabeth Weber, born March 15, 1843, at Red Bud, Randolph County, Illinois. She was married once before she married my father to a man by the name of Meinrad von Euw. He was born 1824, also, in Switzerland. Both men enlisted in the Civil War and having been "old-country" men they became fast friends and buddies. Both were captured by the South and were in the Andersonville-Libby prison together. Meinrad von Euw died November 1, 1864, a day or so before he would have been released. After his death my father sent my mother word of the death of her first husband. She went to Georgia and following the burial, she became acquainted with my father.

My father learned the blacksmith trade in the army so when the war ended he returned to Monroe County in Illinois and worked at his trade and farmed a little. Then on the 30 March, 1866, my father and mother were married. My mother had a little girl by her first husband named Josephine. A few years later they moved to Duzuoin, Illinois. Then they moved again to Perry County, Illinois, where they engaged in farming and stock raising. My parents were very poor, even though my father was a good farmer. He tilled his soil well and if there was rain enough for any crops to grow he raised a crop, but there were many lean years when nothing grew. My parents told me that one time they lived for three years in succession with nothing to eat except corn bread and molasses.

They bought 160 acres of timberland in Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This land was covered with big, heavy timber. We all had to work very hard to clean a patch large enough to build a house, barn and other out buildings on. We sawed lumber, we split rails, we split fence posts and

made railroad ties. Eventually, the last acre of this 160 acres was cleared and under cultivation. Times were hard. Prices were low. My older brothers had to work for wages in order to get a few dollars to buy what we had to have. Fifty cents a day was the going wage for a good hand. We sold railroad ties for twenty cents a piece and hardwood lumber sold for five or six dollars per thousand feet. The only chance I had to go to school was in the winter when it was too cold and stormy to shuck corn or clear land. Then father would say,"Well, we can't work today so you all had better go to school." The fourth reader was as high as I ever went in school. We studied American history and world geography. I learned to read, write, spell a little and I learned to multiply, subtract, add, and divide, but I never did learn to do fractions.

My father and mother belonged to the Lutheran Church. They had us children sprinkled in that church. During the spring, summer and fall of the year there were preachers and ministers going about holding revival meetings trying to make converts. We used to go more for the fun of it than anything else. The preachers and converts would shout, holler, yell, jump and throw themselves on the floor and moan and groan. It was this excitement that large crowds went to see.When I was about eight years old, my married sister, Rosy Volmer, lived in Jackson County, about twenty miles south of Murphysboro. This was about sixty miles south of our home in Round Prairie. My parents decided to drive down there to visit for a week. We owned a small span of mules which we hitched to a wagon and my father, mother, Josephine, my younger brother, William L, and I started to visit my sister. We had a very pleasant visit then started home. On our way we had to ford a large stream:there was no bridge. It had been raining and this stream was out of its banks. We wondered what to do, but there was no way to get around it. A man came down to the crossing and told us another man and his wife had tried to ford the stream and were drowned. We hesitated a long time, finally my father said, "I believe we can make it over." So he drove into the swift stream. All went well until the mules couldn't wade any longer. They started to swim, but it was so swift instead of going straight across the stream we missed the road. Our wagon box was floating. Only the front end of the wagon box was left between the standards. My father stood with one foot in the front of the wagon box and the other foot he had hooked under the hounds of the front running gear. The mules jumped up onto a steep bank. The front wheels were up on the bank, but the wagon box was only kept from floating away by my father who was holding it with his feet. We all scrambled and crawled out to safety, then I tied a rope around the wagon tongue. We started the mules and by our helping with all our might the team pulled the wagon box up on the bank. Some of our belongings went down stream, but our lives were spared and we were soon on our way thanking our maker for our deliverance.

The first Mormon Elders came to our home in the early spring 1888. Elder Charles A.Terry and Elder Ernest Penrose came and asked for food and a night's lodging. I was seven years old when these Elders came. I remember I had a bad toothache that night. I cried and cried it ached to hard. Elder Terry woke up when I was walking the floor with pain. He asked my mother what was wrong with me. She told him I had a toothache. He took me on his lap and rubbed and stroked my cheek. I saw his lips move, but he said not a word loud enough that I could hear. Immediately pain left me and I went to sleep on his lap. I have never had a toothache again. Although I was only a young boy, it was a testimony to me that the true servants of God have power to heal the sick.

The Elders kept coming to our home. They would hold meetings in our home and in the homes of our neighbors. They would also hold meetings in the school house when they could get permission to do so. The people were very prejudiced against the Mormons.My father and mother and some of the neighbors were baptized 1 April, 1888, in a stock pond which belonged to Thomas

Rice. This man was very bitter against the mormons and when he found out that the mormons had been baptized in his stock pond he filled it up declaring the water would poison his stock. This Thomas Rice was a Baptist. He was also a director of the Round Prairie School. He saw to it that the mormons were not allowed to hold any more meetings in the school house.

At this time there were four Elders laboring in Perry County. My father and the other members held a council meeting and decided to build a Mormon Church on one corner of my father's farm. It was an intersection of two county roads. My father donated the building lot, my brother, Frank, and my brother-in-law owned a saw mill, and they sawed all the lumber free of charge. We piled it up to air out and dry. When it was dry, the four Elders and the members started to build the church. In a few weeks we had the little church completed. The Elders organized a Sunday School. I was chosen to be the secretary of the Sunday School. The Elders held a meeting each Wednesday night. On Sunday morning, Sunday School was held at 10 o'clock, a meeting at 2 p.m., and another meeting at 8 p.m. This was the first Mormon meeting house built in all of the southern part of Illinois.

In the year of 1896, on the 16th day of August, my brother, William Lincoln, and I were baptized in what is known as Big Beacoup Creek. We were baptized by Elder Joseph Empey from Idaho Falls, Idaho. After we were emersed in the water we sat on a large stump of a tree and Elder German Buchanan from Johnson, Kane County, Utah, confirmed me a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Elder Joseph Empey confirmed by brother, Bill. While we were seated on this large stump to be confirmed, someone in the crowd shouted, "They will now confer the devil on them."

In the fall of 1898, my father and his family and the family of John Krupp who married my sister, Elizabeth Mary, all emigrated to Idaho Falls, Idaho. My three older brothers, John, Andors, and Frank and their families were already there in Idaho. They had gone west several months before. My father soon became very dissatisfied because of the actions of some of the Elders who had filled missions in Illinois. They had stayed in our home. My parents had fed them, and many times bought them shirts, shoes and gave them money. When we saw those same Elders swearing, smoking, chewing tobacco and seldom going to church it was discouraging to my father. There were 160 acres of virgin land covered with sage brush joining Elder Joseph Empey's land. He told my father he could buy this tract of land very cheap and promised my father faithfully that if he would emigrate to Idaho he would help him get this land. He said he would like to have us as neighbors. But when we arrived in Idaho, Elder Joseph Empey had already purchased the 160 acres of land for himself and had several six-horse teams plowing it up to plant the next spring. All this caused my father to became discouraged, dissatisfied, not only with men, but he said, "If that is the fruits of mormonism, thin I want nothing to do with it." So my father and mother moved back to Illinois. Later they came back to Idaho and again became active in the church. Before he left, he gave me and my brother Bill each a dollar and told us from now on we would have to make our own way. I was eighteen and my brother was sixteen. We both got a job from Elder Joseph Empey shoveling ditch from daylight 'till dark for fifty cents a day. Joseph Empey made some money for a few years, but soon started to drinking. All of his boys started to drink except one. They all died young from the effects of alcohol. I was asked to preach Elder Joseph Empey's funeral sermon. He was a good missionary, but when he returned home he listened to Satan, neglected his church,and before he realized it he had kicked himself out of the church. He had lost his most priceless possession: his membership in the true church.

I started herding sheep for Bishop Anderson in the early spring of 1900. Bishop Anderson was the Bishop of Ammon Ward near Idaho Falls. He asked me if I would go on a mission. I told him I

would like to go on a mission, but I had no money and all the prospects I had of getting money was what I could earn from him herding his sheep. He promised me if I would go on this mission that some way I would get money to fill a mission. So he sent my name in to the First Presidency and in a month or so I received a call to go to Germany on a mission.

On the first of October, 1900, I went to Brigham Young College at Logan, Utah. I took a missionary course there before leaving for my mission. I took an interest in this missionary course. I learned much that I did not know about the Gospel, for it had only been four years since I became a member of the church. My education was very meager; I had much to learn.

I went to the Salt Lake Temple and took out my Endowments on the 18th day of January, 1901, just before leaving. Elder J.Golden Kimball set me apart for my mission. I left Salt Lake City, January 20, for Chicago; and I sailed from Boston, Massachusetts on Wednesday, January 30, 1901, on the S.S. New England. Destination, Liverpool, England. From there I went to Berlin, Germany. I was assigned to labor in East Prussia in the city of Konigsberg. I labored in East Prussia for two years, then I was sent to labor in Saxony in the city of Dresdan for one year and was released to go home.

I had many valuable experiences. All missionaries are counseled and advised not to go bathing or swimming in river, oceans, or lakes; however, one fourth of July, six of us Elders decided we would take a plunge in the river. One of the Elders couldn't swim so we cautioned him to stay on a raft and not go where the water was deep. We were all enjoying our swim when something possessed Elder Lichty to dive off the raft. When we first saw him he was in a drowning condition. Several of us rushed to him and finally pulled him back on the raft. He was lifeless. We formed a circle around him and prayed to the Lord to restore him to life. We knew very little of first aid, but soon after we had prayed to our Heavenly Father he started to breathe and we dressed and we all resolved to stay out of the rivers, oceans, and lakes and obey the counsel that all missionaries receive.

Another experience I value very much happened in Königsberg. This city was surrounded with a rock wall. This wall served as a fortification in time of war. The wall had large doors in it which were closed and locked every night at a certain hour. Mormon Elders had no freedom in Germany. All our meetings had to be registered before they could be held. Then while the meeting was being held a policeman would take every word down in shorthand and report back to headquarters.

At one time, we had several converts who desired to be baptized, but we had to do all our baptizing on the sly unbeknownst to the authorities. If we had been caught we would have been banished from Germany. This particular time we fasted and prayed that the way might be opened for us to perform this ordinance without being caught. So at two o'clock one night we all walked out through one of the gates. The cop or guard asked us where we wanted to go. We told him we were going home. He thought we lived on a farm in the country. My companion and I and this little group of people walked about a mile until we came to a large river. On each side of the river there were large log rafts that had been floated down from Russia. It was a very clear night. The moon was full and bright and we could see men working with these logs and they could see us. It was not a very good place to do baptizing under restricted conditions. So we formed a circle and holding hands we kneeled in prayer and asked the Lord to help us perform this ordinance without being seen. To our delight we were soon surrounded by a very dense fog. We could hear the men talking across the river, but we couldn't see them. We led these sixteen converts into the water and baptized them. Then we seated them on the logs and confirmed them members of the church. All this we did unmolested by anyone. We then went home, but we entered the city through a different gate in order to avoid suspicion. Again the statement of Nephi was verified when he said, "For I know that the Lord giveth no

commandments unto the children of men, save he shall prepare a way for them that they may accomplish the thing which he commandeth them."

In the city of Königsberg in East Prussia lived a family by the name of Plavee. They lived on the third floor of an old house. They were very poor. Sister Plavee became very ill. At that time there was a conference. She wanted very much to go, but she was to ill. During her illness the Elders took turns going to see her, and each day we would carry a supply of water up three flights of stairs for her. While she was in this rundown condition she gave birth to twin girls. After the birth of the twins she became very ill and went into a coma. She laid on her bed for three days as though she was lifeless and didn't move at all. Her husband asked us if we would fast and pray for her. This we did for three days. We prayed and asked the Lord to bring her back to life and he did. In sealing the anointing the Elder promised them that they would emigrate to Zion. This was fulfilled to the very letter. Years later I saw this good women at a conference for German speaking people in Salt Lake City and those twin girls were grown and some of her children had filled missions.

I had many, many more wonderful experiences while on this mission. I labored for thirty-six months at an expense of less than $1000. I arrived in Idaho in 1903. I stayed there until 1905. Then my brother, William, and I went to Oregon to visit an older brother, Andors. While I was there I met Dora May Hiatt and on April 10, 1907, we went to the Salt Lake Temple and were married. I had to borrow the money for us to go to Salt Lake and back to Oregon. We were poor and had very little money so I went on a dry farm and bought a chicken house and we fixed it up and lived in it for two years. I worked for the Amalgamated Sugar Company, but was fired because I would not work on Sunday.

Arvilla, our first child, was born 31 July 1908, in the town of Union, Oregon. Being in a financial predicament, I took a job with my team and worked on a canal at Nampa, Idaho, for a man by name of Jesse Smith. I worked there for six months and was cheated out of everything I made. During the time I was working on this canal, Arvilla, our five and one-half month old baby, took diphtheria and died. I received word to this effect from my wife who was quarantined in. I had no money for train fare so I walked fifteen miles at night to Nampa and caught a freight train. The next day the officers came and carried the body of our little girl to the cemetery where she was buried. We were not permitted to go. I stayed at home one day and tried to comfort my wife. Then I took another freight train back to Nampa. When I arrived there I took my team of horses and started to Idaho Falls. All the way to Idaho Falls I had to beg food for me and my horses. As soon as I arrived in Idaho Falls my father wanted me to rent his 80 acre farm, which I did. On April 5, 1910 our second child was born. We named him Eldon. He only lived a few hours and died the same day he was born.

In July of 1910, Apostle C. Byron Whitney was assigned to hold conference with the saints in Idaho Falls. In his talk he said he wanted to get all the men he could possible get, who had been on missions before, to go on a mission to South Africa. I volunteered. I received notice form the First Presidency to be ready to leave in November of 1910. This was the year of Haley's Comet. I remember how bright it was in the sky from the east to the west. I went on this mission after losing our first two children. I made a sale and sold everything I owned except my wife. She went to Rupert, Idaho, and lived with her folks while I was gone.

On October 23, 1910, Patriarch R. L. Bybee gave me a blessing prior to my departure in November and he promised me the Lord would reveal to me his mind and His Spirit would guide me in all my thoughts and sayings and my enemies would not confound me. He also said I would be the means of bringing many souls into the church and many would rise up and call me blessed because of the sacrifice I was making in leaving my family and home to carry the Gospel to people in a foreign land.

Wagon load of wheat bundles across Taylor Creek

After six weeks of travel I arrived in Capetown, South Africa. We were on the ocean eleven days from New York to Liverpool. I was unable to eat a meal during that time. I was so seasick that when we finally arrived in Liverpool they had to carry me on a stretcher from the boat to the mission office. President Rudger Clawson was presiding over the European mission at that time. When they brought me in on a stretcher he said, "Well, you are a pretty looking sight to be going to South Africa. President Clawson tried to get me to stay in London for two weeks and if after that time I was well enough I could go on to South Africa. After two weeks I was well again and we embarked at South Hampton, England, for Capetown, South Africa. The first three days through the Bay of Biscay were very rough, but the rest of the way it was just like riding on a pond. I made up for lost time at the dining table.

I was assigned to labor in Capetown. I labored there for six months after which I was transferred to preside over the Transval Conference with headquarters in Johannesburg. This conference took in the following cities: Kimberly, Bloomfontine, Pretoria, and Joburg. While I was laboring in Capetown, six moths after I had left home, I received a letter from my wife telling me that a baby boy had been born to us and he had been named Cleo Lavon. This boy was two and one-half years old when I returned home from my mission.

The blessing that was given me before I went on this mission was fulfilled. I did have words put into my mouth by the promptings of His holy spirit and my enemies did not confound me.

One night we were holding a street meeting and a large crowd had gathered around us to listen. There was one man in the crowd who kept yelling out some remarks that were not very complimentary. While I was speaking to the people he yelled at me, "Yeah, Mormon! How many wives do you have back in America?" I said to him, "I have enough so that I can leave yours alone." He shut up and was quiet respectful while I finished speaking. After the meeting we had many questions to

answer and made friends with several people who later joined the church.

Another experience I had was after we had held a conference we always asked if there were questions anyone wanted to ask. After I had borne my testimony and had said I knew that God lived and heard and answered prayers, a man asked, "How do you know that God lives and hears and answers our prayers?" Have you seen him?" I said to him, "Do you believe there is a city in America called New York City?" He said,"Yes. I know there is." I then asked him how he knew, had he ever been there, had he ever seen it? He said no, but he had a sister who had been there. I then went on to explain to him how I knew that God lives and His Son Jesus Christ. I told him about Jesus asking Peter who He was and Peter answered, "Thou art the Christ, the Son of the living God." And Jesus said, "Blessed art thou Simon Barjona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my father which is in heaven." The only way we can truly know that there is a God is by the Holy Ghost bearing testimony to our spirit that He lives and hears our prayers and if we are humble and faithful rules and over rules everything for our best good and blessing. Our Father in heaven has always done this for me. I was always prompted what to say to my enemies as well as to my friends and I bear testimony to this.

I received my release on June 11, 1913. On our way home the boat stopped for five hours at the Madeira Islands. We spent the time seeing the sights. The vehicle I rode in was a sled pulled over cobblestone streets by a large bullock. One thing of interest I noticed was a dairyman leading a cow and a goat. He had many cups and dippers fastened to his belt which he used for measuring out the amount of milk wanted by the people he met. If someone wanted a cup of milk or more he would stop and milk the amount wanted and go on until he met someone else who wanted milk. I said to another American, "This is one time that the dairymen can't water the milk." But the dairyman understood English and he said,"Oh, yeah?" And he raised his arm and under his shirt he had a water bottle and as he milked he squeezed the bottle with his arm and the water went into the cup also.

When I arrived in London, I met my brother, William L. Blatter, who had filled a mission in Switzerland and was on his way home. We traveled together from there home. When we were out in mid ocean we were awakened from our slumber by the sound of the fog horn. It seemed like every minute the fog horn would blow. We were anxious to find out what the trouble was, so we dressed and went on deck. The captain pointed out several large icebergs. The larger one was to our left. In size it looked like one of our mountains at home. The captain told us he would have to be very careful until we passed by these bergs. It took several hours before the ship could proceed at full speed.

Instead of going into the harbor at New York we sailed into the mouth of St.Lawrence River and landed at Montreal, Canada. When we left Europe, I was placed in charge of sixty-five emigrant saints. I instructed these saints as to what they should say when the officers questioned them at Montreal. But we had one "know-it-all" who couldn't be told anything, an emigrant from England who when he was asked if he believed in polygamy answered, "Yes." He was placed in the detention home until the next boat came, then they sent him back to England.

When I arrived home I found I had been put in the bishopric as first counselor to Bishop Ball two weeks before. I worked with Bishop Ball in this position for fifteen years. I also started farming again. I filed on a homestead, built a house on it and proved up on it in three years. After I received the title to the land, I sold the 150 acres for $1,500 cash. I then bought an irrigated farm of sixty-five acres from C. A. Holum which was located about two miles east of Ammon, Idaho. This land was very fertile and produced well, but it was very hilly and hard to irrigate. During this time I lived on this farm Denver was born 17 May 1914; Ila on 8 May 1916; Leland 7 April 1918; Rula 9 December

1919; Natella 6 June 1926. Natella only lived a few hours and died and same day she was born. Itha 25 October, 1928.

In July of 1918 my wife and I decided to take the children, four in number at that time, Cleo, Denver, Ila and Leland, and go to visit my sister in Lorenzo, Idaho. I had a T model Ford. The weather was very hot and sultry when we decided to go home about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. On our way home there was an electric storm. We were just north of Rigby and around a big curve there was a bridge across a canal. As I was making the turn to get on the bridge a bolt of lighting knocked me unconscious and instead of hitting the bridge squarely the car hit the bridge with only one side. The car fell over the bridge and landed in the canal upside down. The cold water revived me and I got busy pulling my wife, who was holding Leland, a little over two months old, out from under the car. I helped her and the baby onto the bank and then I went back into the water and pulled out the children one by one. Ila, our only little girl at that time, was missing. I lifted and I pushed and pulled on the car trying to push the car over because I thought she might be pinned underneath, but I couldn't find her. So I ran along the bank and quite a distance down the canal. I finally saw one of the car cushions bobbing up and down over the waves. I thought that if the cushion had floated this far down the stream perhaps the child had too. So I went on further running along the bank. My little boy, Cleo Lavon, followed me and lo and behold we saw her bobbing over the waves. I went in and got her on the bank. She was dead, lifeless. Twice I prayed to the Lord that she might be restored to life. The little boy said, "Daddy, we must pray harder" Not until then did it occur to me that I held the Priesthood of God and had the power to even restore her to life. So, the third time I prayed, I said these words. "In the name of Jesus Christ and by the authority of the Holy Melchizedek priesthood, I command the spirit of this little girl to come back and enter her body." When I had said these words, she opened her eyes and said, "Daddy, you got me out of the water, didn't you?" Then I carried her back to where her mother and the other children were. With the help of some of the neighbors we pulled the car out of the canal. I finally got it started and we went limping along the road until we reached Rigby where I put it in a garage to have it reappeared. We stayed in a hotel that night while the car was being repaired. The next morning we went home to Ammon.

In the spring of 1928 I made a auction sale and sold my farm and moved to Chinook, Montana. By this time our family had increased until we now had nine children and I needed more land to make a living. I bought a farm from Rudolph Hermes of 347 acres. I loaded a freight car with farm machinery and stock and shipped them to Chinook. The morning that we started loading the car to get ready to go, Denver, the second oldest boy, had a bad attack of appendicitis. I took him to a hospital in Idaho Falls where Dr. Miller operated on him. Two weeks later Bishop Ball brought him to Chinook. Bishop Ball was working for the Great Northern Railroad at that time.

This farm that I bought was very foul with wild oats. It was heavy gumbo and hard to plough. The first crop we planted in 1928 froze when the wheat was about half ripe. The frost came on the 23 August. It froze everything, the oats, barley, wheat and sugar beets. That was a hard year. What I mean hard. We had nothing to sell, nothing that I could make a dollar with. The next spring in 1929 the irrigation company shut my head gate down with a notice on it to pay my water taxes and they would unlock the gate. I was determined to make a go of it so I went to Havre, Montana and met with the officials of the Federal Land Bank. They held a mortgage on my farm. I told them that the canal company had shut my water off and without water it was useless to plant a crop. Finally, after a lot of talking, I persuaded the Federal Land Bank to pay all my debts and cancel back taxes that had accumulated in the years before I bought the farm and furnish me with enough money to operate the farm. In all, there was more than $8,000 cut off.

So I started anew and from then on things went much better. On 28 May,1930, Rayola was born and 31 May, 1933, Shirley Deloy was born.

My wife had been bothered with gall stones and finally had to be operated on. I took her to a Havre Hospital and Dr. Jestrab operated on her. Four days later on April 1, 1934, she passed away. Shirley, our baby, was only ten months old. We had fourteen children, eleven living and three died in infancy. I felt really blue to be left alone with a big family to raise.

In July that same year, 1934, Elder Melvin J Ballard, one of the twelve apostles, visited the North Central States Mission. I was well acquainted with Elder Ballard. He had been in our home many times in Illinois where he filled his first mission. I invited Brother Ballard to eat dinner with us on Sunday after the first session of conference. I invited some of the neighbors, too, and after dinner we were in the living room and Brother Ballard was playing the piano and singing for us. All at once he turned to me and asked me to go on another mission. I said to him, "If you think the Lord wants me to go on anther mission under my circumstances, then I am willing to go. He asked me if I was able financially to keep myself and my son both on missions. Denver at that time was on a mission in the Central States. I told him I was. Then he told me that the Lord didn't want me to live alone. He said that somewhere he has another wife for you who is able and capable to step into the shoes of your former wife to be a mother to your children and a helpmate to you. He said if I would go on this mission I would meet this wife either on my road going or in the mission field, or on my way home. I said to Elder Ballard, "I will meet hundreds of women while I am on a mission. How will I know when I meet the one the Lord wants me to have?" He told me the Lord would reveal to me and make it known and I would know when I saw her. I was called on a six months mission to the Northern States Mission. In November of 1934, I left Salt Lake City for Chicago. When I arrived in Chicago, President Romney sent me to Fort Wayne, Indiana, where I labored all my mission. President Romney asked me to go with him through the state of Indiana to hold conferences in the different cities. He suddenly became ill and had to go back to Chicago. He instructed me to go on to the different cities and hold conferences in his stead. It was only a few weeks after that I was released and advised to go to Arkansas to visit my son before returning home, which I did. Shortly after I was released I received word that President Romney had died while he was holding a meeting. I enjoyed my mission very much and I want to express my thanks and gratitude to Cleo and his wife, Beryl, and Ila and her husband, Ralph Todd. If they hadn't taken over at home I couldn't have gone on this mission. It was their willingness to do the work and care for the younger members of the family that made it possible.

When I was released the first of March, I visited Denver who was laboring in the Arkansas District. Denver and his companion met me at Little Rock. They had a Ford car and were just starting to visit all the branches in the state. The first night we held a meeting in a large Mormon Church building made of pine logs in the Barney Branch. We had a very large meeting. Where the people came from I couldn't tell, but they came from every direction until all the seats were taken and some of the men were standing. The next day we went to Rose Bud in White County where a family by the name of Maddox lived. The mother and four children were members of the church, but the father wasn't. We held a cottage meeting in their home that night. They were the only members in this town. This is where I met the wife Elder Ballard had said I would meet. I was convinced that she was the one the Lord had intended for me when I first saw her. She was the oldest daughter of Stewart Carlile Maddox and Delia Fielding. Her name was Lorene Arabella Maddox. There were three Elders traveling in the car besides my son, Denver and I. We drove up to their home and all the Elders got out of the car and went to the back door. I then got out of the car and as I went around the back of the car I looked at

the front door and there stood a girl in the doorway. A voice beside me said, "There is your wife. The one Elder Ballard promised you would meet." I thought, "No, it couldn't be that young girl. It must be some older woman. But when I was introduced to her and I shook hands with her I knew for sure she was the one.

The next day it rained all day as we traveled to Eldorado, Arkansas, the oil fields of the state. There was a large church in Eldorado and we held three big meetings. I can't remember when I ever spoke to an audience when I felt the spirit of the Lord so much as I did when I spoke to those people. It seemed to me that my feet were not touching the floor and words came out of my mouth with no effort as though someone else was telling me what to say. I talked for forty-five minutes or an hour and the people never moved. It seemed like five minutes to me. I will never forget the wonderful feeling I had while I explained the Gospel to those good people. From Eldorado we went to the western part of the state. From there we separated. I went home to Chinook, Montana, and the Elders went back to Little Rock.

I arrived home the middle of March and started farming. I wrote several letters to Lorene telling her what the Lord had made known to me, but each time I would tear them up. But finally I realized the Lord had done his part now it was up to me. So I sat down on a stump while I was out in the field irrigating and wrote her another letter and this time I got in the car and went to the post office and mailed it. We wrote several letters and finally decided that she should come to Chinook and meet the family. Then on the 11 September 1935, we were married in the Logan Temple and sealed for time and for all eternity. I am so thankful that Lorene decided in my favor. I don't know what my life would have been without her. Ila an Ralph Todd went with us and were sealed as husband and wife not for just this life, but for eternity.

Lorene and I were blessed with five children. Gailya Dee, born 11 December 1936; Layne Farrell, born 2 October 1939; Mahlon Dale, born 11 May 1941; Steven Quayle, born 15 January 1945, and Clothele, born 25 August 1948. Gailya, Layne, Mahlon and Quayle were all born in Montana. I always liked the name Quayle for a boy's name and finally I got my desire and named my eighth son Quayle. I had a missionary companion in Germany by that name and I thought a lot of him.

During the second world war hired help that was dependable was almost impossible to get and all the children that were left home were girls at that time. We all worked too hard to take care of the crops. I saw the time when I didn't have my irrigating boots off for three days and nights. I would lie down on the ditch bank and catch forty winks. Then I would have to change the water again.

Leland had filled a mission in Germany, all except a few months and the war broke out and the church called all the missionaries out of Germany and he finished his mission in Minnesota among the German speaking people there. He wanted to learn airplane mechanics and decided to join the Air force and learn it there. But he was disappointed he never got to go to school as he thought he would when he joined. He was going to be sent to England to carry out bombing assignments over Germany when he suddenly became ill and passed away in the Fort Douglas Hospital in Salt Lake City, 12 September, 1941. When Bishop Ball talked at his funeral he said Leland had been called on another mission to preach to the spirits in the spirit world who hadn't had a chance to hear the true gospel while they lived on earth, and he wasn't required to bomb the people in Germany that he had labored with while on his mission.

A few months before Quayle was born I had my first heart attack and I was advised by the doctor to stop working so hard. So I decided to rent my irrigated farm and buy a dry farm. I bought a home in Chinook and a 3,000 acre dry farm, twenty miles north of Havre. But after two years I could see even a dry farm was too much work. The doctors advised a warm climate. They thought it would be better for me so we decided to move to St. George so I could keep busy doing temple work. In 1946,

we sold our irrigated farm to Eldon Seamons and in 1947 sold our dry farm and moved to St George. I enjoyed living there and especially did I enjoy going to the temple. I was soon called to be an ordinance worker and they seemed to like me to work at the baptismal font because I could pronounce the foreign names. The only bad thing about living in St. George was there wasn't any work for growing boys. About the only money we made during the four years we lived there was by building a two-bedroom home and selling it. My wife and children helped me haul the adobe dirt in a trailer behind a car and make all the adobes for this home. After it was finished we stuccoed the outside of the adobes. We built it at a cost of $3,500 and sold it for $7,000 to a G.I. After we sold this home we took some of the money and in August of 1951 took our family and went back east to the Hill Cummorah Pageant. We also visited Carthage jail, Nauvoo, and many other interesting places in our church history. We also visited our farm in Illinois where I grew up as a boy. Everything was changed 'till it didn't look natural. New roads were built through our farm and the house had been torn down. The only place that looked the same was the creek where I was baptized.

During the time we lived in St.George our baby was born. Clothele, born August 25, 1948. She was my nineteenth child and I was just as thrilled and happy with her as I was with my first one.

In February of 1952 we moved to Centerville, Utah, where our boys could get jobs and learn to work and I was able to work at Hill field for a few years. Then when the government began to lay off men I was one of them because I didn't have a permanent rating. Then I got a job at Porter Walton Nursery for two years. I sprinkled the shrubs, plants, and flowers. Then finally it was too much for me. It was hard for me to walk and I had trouble with my knees. They wouldn't hold my weight. But I have had much to be thankful for all the days of my life. The Lord has been good to me. I have had much joy in his service. While I lived in Montana I was in the Branch Presidency and then when the North Montana District was organized I was on the high council and I had to drive 140 miles to Great Falls to high council meetings. Later I was chosen to be District President of the North Montana District. In all the places I have lived I have helped build thirteen meeting houses. I have given both money and labor and I feel and know it is the best investment I have ever made. To help build up the kingdom of God here on earth is the greatest work we can do. My membership in the church and my family mean everything to me and there is where I find true joy and happiness.

—Gottlieb Blatter

Steam tractor powering thresher on Taylor Mountain

6 William C. Christensen

William was born 12 July 1877 the 8th of 10 children born to Danish parents Christian and Karen Christensen. He was the first of the children born in the United States at St. Francois (Stone Run) Missouri. His parents emigrated west and settled in Brigham City, Utah. His mother Karen Kirstin Nielson Christensen died 4 July 1883 just 6 days after giving birth to the 10th child Joseph Christensen on 28 June 1883. Christian remarried Sophia Hansen who arrived in Brigham City in 1886. Exact date of marriage unknown. Of Christian and Karens' 10 children only William and his sister Maren Sophia lived to marry.

William was just 6 years old when he lost his mother. What happened to him until he married Ella Lucinda Short on April 10, 1900 is unknown. The marriage license lists Ella's age as 18 and living in Idaho Falls, Idaho though her family was living in Ucon, Idaho. Residence for William was listed as Brigham City, Utah age 23. Perhaps he had relatives in the Idaho Falls area and was working there in order to meet Ella. 6 children were born to them.

Lavon Christensen	Born 28 December 1900	Ucon
William Allen Christensen	Born 28 March 1904	Ucon
Darrell S Christensen	Born 24 March 1907	Ucon
Fern Christensen	Born 7 January 1911	Ucon
Nona Beth	Born 13 August 1918	Jamestown
Donald Cleon Christensen	Born 8 November 1922	Jamestown

The 1910 census lists him as a farmer living in Fairview Idaho which was a few miles from Ucon. William was active in the church and while homesteading in the Taylor Mountain area he served as a Sunday School Teacher and as 2nd Counselor in the Owendale branch presidency. He was ordained a High Priest from a Seventy on 19 August 1917 by W.J. Mallory of the Shelley Stake Presidency at Owendale.

The 1920 census lists him as living in Jamestown, Idaho which is about 8 miles west of Taylor Mountain and owning his home. Homesteaded land of 292 acres was deeded him by a land patent from the President of the United States on April 16, 1920 under the 1862 homestead act. A deed of 341 acres under the homestead entry stock raising act of December 29, 1916 was given him on February 23, 1922. Homesteaders close to the valley

often had homes in the valley where they lived in the winter time so the children could go to school then kept a shack in the hills where they lived summers to farm and look after their land.

When William left Idaho and returned to Utah is not known. He died 10 February 1931 at 51 years of age. His death certificate lists him as living at 324 Peterson Place for the last 7 years. He was a Yard Foreman at Utah Gas and Coke Co. Cause of death was chronic myocarditis with cerebral embolism. He died in Salt Lake General Hospital. Ella, his widow married William Henry Todd 15 June 1934.

—Susan Petrie
—Lynn Blatter

7 George Franklin Colby

History of George Franklin Colby (18 November 1876 - 15 June 1949)
and
Sarah Elizabeth Fowler (25 December 1882 - 17 January 1959)
Sister of Mary Margaret Fowler

by Mary Simpson, wife of James Alfred Simpson, Firth Idaho
Compiled by Murland Packer

George Franklin Colby was born 18 November 1876 in Annabell, Sevier, Utah. His parents were Isaac Ransford Colby and Catherine Elizabeth Killian. They were married 12 October 1872. Lydia Ann Colby was born 27 December 1874 in Annabell, Sevier, Utah.

His parents divorced and his father married Mary Elizabeth Hoops, 21 October 1877 in Annabell. His mother married Joseph Heber Thurston about 1876, probably in Utah.

He was raised by his mother and stepfather. When he was about ten years old, he was accidentally kicked in the knee, by his step father. He was unable to straighten his knee the rest of his life.

He was working in Escalante Utah when he met Sarah Elizabeth Fowler. Their marriage licence was issued in Panquich, the Garfield county seat but they were married in Escalante, Garfield, Utah.

The marriage licence gives his age as twenty-three and hers as seventeen. They were married on the 19 October 1900. This marriage licence tells much about this time in history. Two people had obviously written all six signatures on the certificate. Many people were unable to read and write because of the hardships and poverty of pioneering. The word Territory had been crossed out and State hand written in.The date 189- had been crossed out and 1900 written in.

Sarah Elizabeth Fowler had been born 25 December 1882 at Escalante, Garfield, Utah. Her parents were Hyrum Fowler and Mary Ann Davies. Mary Ann had been born six months after her father John Reese Davies had died. Her mother was Patience Sibyl Groves. Llewellyn Harris became her step father. He was a good father to all the family.

The book, "The Escalante Story" says Hyrum Fowler brought the second herd of cattle into Escalante in 1876. He plastered some of the early brick homes in Escalante.

Photo about 1917. L to R back row: Dot (14), Mary Ann (16), Katherine (12) Front row: Isaac (5), George, George (7), Aldon (3), Sarah Elizabeth, Lydia (1), Sarah (9)

George and Sarah Colby had moved to Coyote, Piute, Utah when their first child, a daughter, Mary Ann Colby was born 1 July 1901. Later this town was renamed Antimony. It was the home of the Marion LDS Ward.

They moved north, to the town of Kingston, Piute, Utah when their daughter was born 9 July 1903. She was very tiny and not expected to live. Someone commented she was as tiny as a dot so they named her Dot. She surprised every one and lived.

They moved north again and were in the town of Siguard, Sevier, Utah when another daughter, Kathrine Elizabeth was born on 24 July 1905.

During the next summer the family decided to move north to Idaho. They sold everything they could spare and bought a team of horses, a wagon and supplies. The horses had been previously owned and mistreated by Indians. The man they purchased them from said the horses could smell Indians and were afraid of them. It was wise to watch out for Indians for an occasional band of renegade Indians would attack isolated ranches and steal whatever they could carry away, including children. They were hoping a move to the Snake River Valley in Idaho would bring a better life.

As they traveled, they camped near farms where they could get water and buy hay for their horses.

Kind people admired the courage of this man who would have stood tall except for his crippled knee. People often refused to accept pay for the hay and other provisions the family needed.

After six weeks of rough travel the family reached Brigham City, Utah. It was now fall. They were out of money and supplies so they decided to camp and rest while George found work harvesting tomatoes. Sarah was five months pregnant and not feeling well especially after being bounced around in the wagon day after day.

One evening as the family gathered for supper tiny Kathrine was missing. They looked everywhere for her. Had she fallen in the ditch? Mary looked one more time in the wagon and saw a foot sticking out from under the bed. Kathrine had been taking a nap while every one looked for her. Sarah fainted dead away at the good news. A grateful family thanked their Heavenly Father for the safety of their little one.

They journeyed on. It was hot and they were all tired of living and traveling in a wagon. When they reached the Fort Hall Indian Reservation, they were happy to be near the end of their journey. They had been assured the Indians were friendly. The family was still nervous as they saw many tepees in the nearby hills. One day Mary and Dot decided to walk along behind the wagon. They watched as the wagon wheels kicked up little puffs of dirt as they turned. The dry, powdery dust felt good on their bare feet as they plodded along.

The girls heard a sound behind them and looked back to see two of the largest Indians they had ever seen, riding on Pinto ponies. The Indian's long legs almost touched the ground. The girls remembered all the stories of children being carried off by Indians and ran as fast as their little legs would carry them. The team smelled the Indians and ran away in terror. The frightened children were left far behind. Sarah was leaning out of the wagon screaming as she saw the Indians pick up her children.

The largest Indian was holding on to the children and telling them "Me no hurtum papoose. Me takeum to wagon." The team ran till they dropped in their tracks from exhaustion. When the Indians reached the wagon they gave the children to their mother.

As the family recovered from the fright, the Indians helped untangle the harnesses and get the horses back on their feet. The Chief introduced himself as "Big Jim." The Indians accompanied the family on their journey. This was the beginning of a friendship enjoyed for many years.

It was late October or early November when the family reached the end of their journey, the little town of Goshen, Bingham, Idaho. Mr. Criss Peterson let the weary travelers fix up a granary to live in. It was warm and comfortable after they had whitewashed it and put down a carpet. George worked for Mr. Peters all winter. He fed cattle and did other chores. The Peterson place was near the Blackfoot River or canal. Three months after arriving in Goshen, Sarah Isabel was born there on 11 January 1907.

During the following years, life was never easy for the Colby family but George worked hard and was respected by those who knew him.

Their first son, George Franklin Jr. was born 19 February 1910 followed by twins two years later. On 5 May 1912 Isaac Ransford and Ida May were born. Tiny Ida passed away the next day. They were living in Taylor but she was buried in the Goshen cemetery.

The children had to walk to school. Sometimes the snow and cold kept them at home. Their education was very limited.

Aldon Delos was born 1 July 1914 and Lydia Jane was born 8 July 1916 at Taylor. Mary Ann married Albert Henry Quinton 13 November 1916 at Dillon, Beaverhead, Montana.

About that time there was a lot of illness. The State of Idaho thought it a service to this large poor family to take Katherine age ten and Dot age twelve and put them in the Nampa, Idaho State Mental Institution. They were supposedly to give them a better life and education. There was no contact between the girls and their family for many years.

Lucy was born 12 Nov 1918 while the family lived in Taylor or Taylorville as it was sometimes called.

Mary and her husband Albert Quinton were living in Taylor, Bingham, Idaho when their twin daughters, Wanda Sarah and Zonda Mary were born 17 August 1918. Wanda died 6 April 1921 at Woodville.

The Colby family had moved to Woodville when the next daughter, Louise Melda was born 15 November 1921. Beulah was also born at Woodville 19 July 1923. The younger children did not know they had two more sisters. Having their children taken from them had hurt the parents so much they did not even mention them.

Mary and Albert Quinton had a daughter, Uteave, born 9 February 1921 and another daughter, Marjorie, was born May 30 May 1923. These girls were also born in Woodville.

The mother, Sarah had a goiter and sometimes fainted from lack of air. She was doing her washing one day when she fainted and somehow the hot water from the washer burned her terribly. Liddy ran to her sister Mary's home for help. The burns were severe. The water was scalding hot and had lye soap. The Dr. cut off her clothes and poured olive oil all over her. He instructed the family to repeat this procedure every two days. She eventually healed without scarring.

Melda remembers her father built a beautiful log home at Woodville across from Huntsman's little county store. They raised chickens and had a garden. Sarah and her family canned and preserved the food for their winter use. George would go to the lavas west of Woodville and gather cedar wood. This was used for fire wood for the family and sold to purchase supplies and clothing. Sarah and her daughter Mary usually made the dresses and shirts but other clothing was purchased from Mallory's store in Shelley, Idaho. Sometimes the wood was traded for what they needed. They acquired honey this way in five gallon cans. This was from bees kept by a nearby neighbor. Bees sometimes leave the hive to form a new colony. A hollow log in the Colby corral provided a suitable place. Melda, then four or five years old was interested in watching the bees come and go. She decided to poke a stick into the hole. The angry bees swarmed out and stung her. She remembered mud was supposed to help so she ran to a ditch nearby and covered herself with mud which probably saved her life. When the family found her by the ditch covered with mud she was unconscious.

Getting the family away from the bees and the need for a larger place were some of the reasons the town lot was traded to Mr. Huntsman for ten acres near Woodville in the area called Taysom. The family planted potatoes, berries and fruit trees. Now they could also raise more animals for food.

Sarah Isabell married Arvel Murphy about 1924. They had a daughter, Wilma, born 14 October 1925 and were later divorced.

Mary had a daughter Idella 4 July 1925. Twins, Laura Irene and their first son Laurell Albert were born 5 December 1927. Laura died 28 November 1928. Another son, Darold Leon was born 2 May 1933.

Melda started school when she was seven years old. They had to walk two miles to school. Sometimes they had shoes but not boots so they would wrap their feet in burlap sacks and carry their shoes. They had to cross a canal. Luceal fell in and was soaked to the waist. She almost froze before they walked half a mile to the nearest house where she was warmed and her clothes dried.

About 1928 Luceal (about ten years old) was playing baseball with her family and was hit in the head with a bat. No one realized it had taken her hearing in one ear. Later she was often in trouble for not doing what she was told. She was punished severely as were many children at that time.

When Sarah got angry at her children she would sometimes take off her shoe and hit the children in the head with it. She sometimes kicked them. Luceal sometimes did not do what she was told because she did not hear. Liddy was retarded and often displeased her mother. One day when the mother was hitting and kicking one of the girls,

Melda ran to her father. When he came, he was very upset with his wife and told her not to do that any more. He did not want the children mistreated. He was especially upset about kicking because he had been crippled by a kick. What kind of treatment Sarah received as a child is not known.

Sarah crocheted, knitted and embroidered to make pretty things for the home. She worked very hard to raise her family.

She really enjoyed visiting with extended family. Since her birthday was on Christmas it was a tradition for family to gather there for Christmas dinner. Sometimes her husband George helped with the cooking. At some time her shoulder was injured or became stiff and she could not do much with her arm. George mixed and baked bread for the family for many years.

Sarah had married Benjamin Theodore Hines, 22 October 1927. They had a son Frank and a daughter Madaline.

Contact had somehow been established between Kathrine and her family and she was allowed to come home and be with Sarah when she had one of her babies. Sarah was living in a tent at this time. Katherine had been away about fourteen years and was twenty four years old. She had to go back to the Institution after a two week leave.

A Dr. at the Nampa Institution recognized what a special person Kathrine was and had her placed in his home where his wife taught her many basic skills like telling time and writing her name. She cared for the children and helped with the house work. She was already skilled in taking care of sick and disabled people for she had been working at the institution from morning till night all those years and had not been given any schooling. She was a sweet natured person and always wanted to please, so she had been treated kindly although deprived of basic opportunities. The next four years with the Dr's. family were quite happy but she longed for her own family. Dot had a different personality and did not get along well with people. She suffered when being punished by being put in a cold shower and being beaten with a rubber hose.

Finally Kathrine was allowed another two weeks leave to visit her family. She had been home three days when her sister Sarah introduced her to Alfred Simpson, a thirty five year old white haired bachelor. Katherine was 28 years old. A week later he asked her to marry him in a couple of months. She said yes but they would have to be married immediately. They were married 19 August 1933 in Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho. A few days later when the State people came to take her back they could not because her husband could and did say no!.

When Kathrine told her family how Dot was being treated they were determined to get her out. At some later time a family acquaintance, Harold Smith was a guard at Nampa and knew Dot and was upset about the bad treatment she was receiving. He and George Colby decided to kidnap her out of there. Exactly how they accomplished it is not known but somehow they got her into a wagon and hid her away till they could get her home.

At some time the State people came to the Colby home to take Lydia to the Nampa institution. George Colby chased them off with a shot gun. Lydia could have benefited from special help but the people at Nampa probably did not know how to help her at that time. The family did not want to see another daughter taken away from them and mistreated.

About 1939 George and Sarah Colby moved to Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho. He built a frame house for his family on Elmore Street in the northern part of Idaho Falls. Often as their children had married they had lived in temporary housing by their parents home until they were able to get their own place.

During the second world war both Ike and Al were called. Ike passed the physical and served but Aldon did not. Aldon had natural mechanical skills and enjoyed working on cars so his help was important in providing family transportation in this modern time of auto travel.

Eventually all the children but Liddy married. She continued to live in the family home and helped with some of the house work as her moth-

er got older and was less able.

After the move to Idaho Falls, George still got some cedar wood from the lavas with the help of his sons. As years passed he was no longer able to support his family and they got welfare help.

During his life George had done his best to support not only his family but others. He at times supported his widowed mother, Karine Elizabeth Killon Colby Thurston Locks. She died in 1939 in Idaho Falls.

Samuel Fowler, a brother to Sarah came to live near by. He had a sheep camp in their yard. He had never married. He helped gather cedar wood. This was hard work and could be dangerous. One time a piece of wood hit him in the face with such force it knocked out two teeth and injured his tongue and throat. He later got mouth cancer which was blamed on this injury. People thought cancer was contagious so he was kept quarantined in his sheep camp. After he ate the food the family brought him his dished were sterilized. The children that he had always been kind and friendly to were told to stay away from him. Fortunately sometimes they ignored this warning. Their visits helped his lonely suffering. After a storm George went out to check on him and found him dead June 5, 1940. He was buried beside little Ida Mae in the Goshen, Bingham, Idaho cemetery.

George Franklin Colby had always enjoyed growing things. He still took care of his yard and a garden when he was elderly. He came in to rest after working in the yard. He laid down and went to sleep and did not wake up. He had a stroke. This was 15 June 1949. He died in Idaho Falls but was buried in the Goshen, Bingham, Idaho cemetery.

His wife Sarah Elizabeth and daughter Liddy, continued living in the family home and were often assisted by children and grandchildren. The family still gathered there for Christmas dinner.

Sarah Elizabeth was ill for sometime and eventually the Drs. said she had cancer. During her illness she was cared for by daughters and grandchildren. She was being cared for in the home of her youngest daughter Beaula Colby Caughie, next door to her own home when she died. This was 17 January 1959 in Idaho Falls, Bonneville, Idaho. She was buried next to her husband in the Goshen, Bingham, Idaho cemetery on 20 January 1959.

Mary Margaret Fowler Harris with her sister, Sarah Elizabeth, shortly before Sarah's death

There were forty four grandchildren and eighteen great grandchildren at this time.

Sarah always said she never had a birthday because it fell on 25 December. Many who attended her Christmas dinners still think of her on that special day. This granddaughter-in-law certainly does.

Mary Colby Quinton was very involved in family history and genealogical research for her ancestors. In 1971 she told me and I wrote down her memories of her family moving from Utah to Idaho when she was a child of five. She thought they came all the way from Escalante that year. In 1995 we visited Escalante, then traveled the route they would have taken. The birth of their daughters, Mary at Coyote, Dot at Kingston, and Katherine at Siguard 24 July 1905 were along the route coming further north with each move. We found nothing that indicated they had gone back to Escalante so we feel their move was started from Siguard.

Mary concluded her part when the family lived in Goshen. I have added information from other family members and the memories of my husband, James Alfred Simpson, son of Katherine

Colby Simpson. Luceal had told me of some of the incidents including the damage to her hearing and resulting punishment from not being able to hear. Melda told me of the time in Woodville, Taysom and the earlier years in Idaho Falls. James memories of his grandparents were after they moved to Idaho Falls.

I had the privilege of attending the Christmas dinner of 1954. The family enjoyed each other and the food. The family thought of their father, they missed him and the bread he used to bake.

The following is a note written to Murland Packer, February 2000 by Idella Quinton Wilson (daughter of Mary Ann Colby), which accompanied this history:

As I remember Grandma Colby, she was kind. I never heard bad words from her. She never complained about what she had. My sister, Zonda, said she didn't remember her ever hitting her children. Her children all loved their parents. She had red hair and brown eyes. She said I had hair and eyes just like her pa. I only wish I had asked her more about her parents. When you're young you don't think of this. I loved my grandparents. They were special to me.

Your cousin,
Idella (Quinton) Wilson

Merrel Hatton and Vera Zimmerman in potato field on Taylor Mountain ranch, 1913

8 Junius Clarence Condie

Junius Clarence Condie was born 22June 1880 in Salt Lake City, Utah to parents Robert Clarence Condie and Emily Jane Seddon. He was the last of 5 children born. His father was from Scotland and his mother from St. Louis, Missouri. They married in 1872 in St. Louis and migrated west to Salt Lake City where their 5 children were born.

Junius married Katherine Lavinnie Day on 1 September 1899 in Salt Lake City, Utah. She went by the name of Vinnie. They left for Idaho in 1912 with their 6 children who had been born in Salt Lake City. Many settlers heard there was free land to be homesteaded around the Idaho Falls, Idaho area and that drew the adventurous farmers there. Much of the valley land had been claimed by then so Junius homesteaded 320 acres 2 miles due east of the Owendale settlement at Taylor Mountain on Henry creek. Some times in early days the general area was called Wolverine basin until the branch of the church was established in 1917 and given the name OWENDALE.

The Condie family was active in the church there as they initially settled in Ammon where Robert was baptized by Leonard Ball and confirmed by Gottlieb Blatter. Their homestead was 10 miles south of Ammon and they attended the Owendale branch then. At Owendale the following church activity took place. Robert Junius was married to Mabel Yandell 27 September 1917. Junius Clarence was ordained an Elder from a Deacon on 29 July 1917 by James Balmford and was made 1st Assistant in the Sunday School Presidency. Vinnie was the Sunday School Chorister. George was ordained a Deacon 22 July 1917 by Winfield Hurst Dorthy was baptized 1 September 1917.

Junius and Vinnies' children:

Clarence Sidney, born 7 April 1896,
Salt Lake City
Robert Junius, born 27 May 1900,
Salt Lake City
George Leroy, born 13 January 1902,
Salt Lake City
Katherine Lavinnie, born 7 October 1904,
Salt Lake City
Dorthy, born 23 December 1907,
Salt Lake City
James Fredrick, born 2 January 1910,
Salt Lake City
Ethylin, born 30 April 1916, Ucon Idaho
Beatrice, born 17 October 1919,
Downey , Idaho

In 1919 the flu epidemic was widespread and George contracted the flu along with pneumonia so Junius sold the homestead and moved George into the Idaho Falls hospital and the family lived

in Ammon again until spring when they moved to Downey, Idaho and bought a pool hall with Sid Day. James Fredrick's history tells all that is known of their later life.

James Frederick Condie

I was born in Salt Lake City on January 2, 1910 on 2nd West and 5th South. My father was Junius Clarence Condie, my mother was Katherine LaVinnia Day Condie. We lived in Salt Lake until I was about 2 1/2 years old. When I was a year-and-a-half I contracted spinal meningitis, which I almost lost my life according to my mother and father and my older sisters and brothers.

I got over it some and then in 1912 my father moved to Idaho Falls and homesteaded a ranch 20 miles east of Shelley up in what they call Wolverine basin on Henry Creek. He proved upon the ranch and then in 1919 he sold the place on account of my brother, George, had pneumonia and the flu along with it and was pretty sick and they was so far from a Doctor why he sold the ranch and moved George down into the hospital in Idaho Falls and we lived in Ammon the rest of the winter.

Then in spring of 1919 Dad went to Downey and bought a pool hall with my grandfather, Sid Day. In which time Sid stayed there a couple of years and then he sold out his interest to dad and left and went back to Idaho Falls.

Finally Dad bought a building next to the pool hall and started into the café business along with the pool hall. And my mother run the café. A couple of years later he bought the Oxford Hotel, and we had the hotel and the restaurant and he sold the pool hall to Dutch Coffin.

I spent my school years in Downey. I started to school in 1919 which I was 9 years old when I started to school on account of the spinal meningitis I had I wasn't able to start to school until then.

We spent my school years in Downey and then in 1929, when the Stock Market crashed, Dad went broke on account he had money owing out to farmers. He'd give them groceries and things and he couldn't get his bills in and so he couldn't pay his so they foreclosed on him and he went broke and we moved to Pocatello in 1929 at which place I have lived ever since.

I met Phoebe Jones in 1930 and we started to go together and in 1932 on June 16 we got married. We moved down to Malad at which time I worked in the hay. And then that fall I worked on the road over in Holbrook building road for the county. Then that winter in February I had a job with Lawrence Jones and Bill Howard a-lambin' sheep which time I got 50 cents a day. Times was hard then.

On February 10 our first child, Colleen, was born. I had froze my ears and they was all black and swollen about twice as thick as they should be and water drippin' out onto my shoulders the night she was born. It was about 20 below zero and we had to go after the Doctor in a sleigh and bring him out to her mother's place to deliver the child.

We spent that winter and then the next spring I walked over to Downey, over the divide, caught a freight train into Pocatello and finally got a job on the RFC down where the Mountain View Cemetary is. We was digging trenches. They used to have a garbage dump down there, and we piled the garbage in the trench we dug, and then that's where the roads are now and where we cleaned the garbage off is where they put the graves.

I and Phoebe lived in Pocatello about six months before we seen 1 cent of money. We used to have to take my work out in script, and then we'd have to buy groceries with it at the commissary they had on Holiday Street, and we used to trade sugar and coffee and stuff like that to pay our rent.

Then, in 1933 on September 3 I finally got a job out to the PFE for 311/2 cents an hour, and I held that job until 1975 at which time I retired I was 65 years old then.

We had a lot of hard times, but we had a lot of enjoyable times. Jimmy was born to us in 1934 and I was quite proud to have my first boy, and Colleen we really enjoyed. A couple of years later we had Marilyn and she was a live little wire, always

had a smile on her face and full of old-nick all the time. We really enjoyed our kids. Robert was born over in the St. Anthony hospital and then we had Richard at which time Phoebe had seven convulsions on account of the albumin poison she had before Richard was born. They took him caesarian to save Phoebe's life. He only weighed 2 lbs. and 7 oz. when he was born and he was in the hospital about 6 days after Phoebe came home. Finally the Dr. Told us to take him home and love him, that would be all that would save his life. There wasn't much chance for him. Phoebe used to spend quite a bit of time just feeding him. You could only get about an ounce down him at a time and they had to do it at first with an eye dropper, because he didn't have enough strength at first to nurse.

We had a lot of hard times in our married life, but we had enjoyable times too.

I can remember up on the farm when I was little, they used to take me into Idaho Falls and they'd put me in a show, Dad and mother, while they done their shoppin'. I'd see a cowboy show, William S. Hart or Hoot Gibson, and they used to get off their horses on the run and on the run and I thought that was just great. We had a bowery onto the house where mother used to cook in the summer time, and we used to eat in the bowery where it was cool. I got through eatin' and got on my horse and I went up above there always and whipped her up and got on the run and came down apast there, and I was going to show the folks what a cowboy I was, I got off the run and I just went head-over-heels a rollin'. I never tried that again. I didn't make much of a show as a cowboy then.

In 1918, I was eight years old, we was down at Bishop Anderson's to a 4th of July celebration, and mother and dad went into town for some reason. It was getting late and my brother George asked me to go over Mrs. Anderson's and see if I could get a lard bucket. They used to buy their lard in buckets then, 3lb. buckets, and 5 lb. buckets. I went over there, I and Jessie Anderson used to play together, and asked Mrs. Anderson if she had a bucket so we could take some ice cream home for the folks and as she was getting the bucket she looked out of the window and said, "There comes your folks now." And I was like any other kid, I broke out of the house I and Jessie arunnin' to meet them and I ran into a barbed wire fence where they had stretched on wire around the place where they had a celebration to keep the horses out. It was just dusk, and I didn't see the fence or remember it was there, and I hit into it and cut my face and my mouth on the left side clear through to about my ear, and my upper lip and my nose and cut my two front teeth about out. At that time mother and them had got there and they got told what happened and they come a runnin' and they took me over to Mrs. Anderson's and I remember Mr. Anderson and Dad held me on the kitchen table while mother sewed up my lip and my mouth without any ether or anything, that was sure an ordeal. I can still remember it. But the next day my mouth was so stiff I couldn't hardly open it.

When we moved to Downey I was baptized a member of the Church down at Marshall's Hot Springs. That's where Downata is now. But the bathin' place was further to the south than where Downata Hot springs is now. It used to be over on Marshall's property. I was confirmed a member of the Church by Lorin Criddle. S, I became a member of the LDS Church, and I didn't know much about the church until I got married to Phoebe, my wife.

As the years went along why she took the children to Primary and Sunday School, all the times, and I stayed home. But finally, I got started to Church and got interested, and I smoked and so I didn't want to go to Church because I was always cravin' a cigaret when I was in Church. Another thing, I didn't feel right at home with me smokin' and other people not. But I kept a goin' and kept a goin', and I advanced up in the Priest hood. I quit smokin' finally and that and straightened up my life and we went to the temple.

Then, like a fool, I started smokin' again and that time I really had a real hard time quittin'. But I finally quit in the early fifties. I am sure glad that I did.

My wife passed aaway on July 1, 1985 and I am here now a tapin' this and I'm telling you about. I sure miss her. It's sure lonesome to be here alone without her. I just miss her company so bad, and you don't know until it comes home to you how bad that can be after you have lived with somebody for fifty-three years. She was a wonderful wife and a wonderful mother to her children. If I had looked the world over I couldn't have found a girl that would have been any better for me than Phoebe was. I ask the Lord to bless her wherever she is at, that she will be happy where she's at. I pray that I will do nothing to mar my right to having her in the eternities cause I loved her here and I will love her always I pray that I can be with her soon.

I love my children, everyone of them, with all my heart. I ask the Lord to be with them in all their endeavors that they may do the things they should do that we might be an eternal family some day.

I pray for this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

17 James Shadrick Empey

James Shadrick Empey was born to John and Almira Seretta Norton Empey on September 18, 1890. The same year Idaho became a state. He was the first white male to be born in Ammon, Idaho. James was one of ten siblings. He had three sisters and six brothers. James's(Jim) oldest brother John(Jack) was able to go to college and then serve a LDS mission in England. Jim being the second oldest was required to help work the farm. At the age of fourteen he dropped out of the fifth grade and help his father work the Ammon homestead. He was responsible for two bands of sheep. This included making sure there were herders, and that the herders and sheep were fed. James traveled most of the county to do this. Two of Jim's brothers were enlisted to fight in WWI. James was unable to enlist due to be in charge of the farm.

James Empey married Agnes Estella Lords on December 22, 1909 in the Salt Lake City, Utah LDS Temple. He met Estella at a barn dance in the Taylor area. Empey was 1 of 25 men to homestead the Taylor area. He raised crops such as potatoes, barley, wheat, and later on sugar beets. He also raised stock such as sheep, cattle, pigs, and horses. In addition to being a farmer and a sheep man James was a Bonneville County Special Deputy Sheriff. He was also the star route mail carrier to Bone, Idaho during the winter. Due to his knowledge of the local hill country, he was a valuable worker to the FBI. The FBI employed James to outfit them with sleighs and horses. He served as a guide to help them capture bootleggers in the hills.

James and his brothers acquired their father's Ammon homestead of 160 acres, just before John Empey Sr. passed away. After his father passed away Jim readily took care of his mother. During this time James wanted to create a home on the land given to him. He decided to move a two room schoolhouse that was temporarily built for classes up in the Iona hills. This required a team of eighteen horses and skids. The old schoolhouse, with many additions added later, would serve as James and Estella's home until they passed away. They had seven children together, one boy and six girls.

James believed in keeping his family close and helping others to persevere. He was always willing to help others in need, especially during the great depression. He would often leave half of a sheep and harvested produce on the door steps of the needy. He made sure no one went hungry.

James Empey was a religious man and served in the LDS church. He did two years of temple work for the Mesa, Arizona LDS Temple. He also was a high priest and served in the genealogical society of the Ammon Ward. Jim served as a home teacher for many years.

James Empey has been described as a well respected good man. He had a sense of trust, justice, in fairness. He lived his life honestly and could not understand if no one else lived the same way.

James Shadrick Empey passed away at the age of 87 on December 4, 1977.

James was granted a Land Patent on September 29, 1919 for 320 acres he homesteaded in the Taylor Mountain area.

—Kara Lee Howard Olson

History of John Empey

I John Empey was born in Lehi, Utah on the 28th of march 1865 to Shadrack Empey and Ann Athes Empey. They immigrated from Eaton Bray, Bedfordshire, England; then crossed the plains in 1852 with the George Kendall Company and settled in Lehi, Utah.

I was told that when I was born I was a very healthy baby, so my mother put me on a bottle and continued to nurse my older brother because he was a very frail child and she was afraid he would die if she took him from her breast. When I as two years old I was larger than my brother.

I spent my early childhood helping my father and attending school at church in the same log building. I only went to the fourth grade. I loved the outdoors so much my parents couldn't keep me in school. I loved to hunt ducks and chickens. I got so good I was known as the best shot it Lehi.

I was baptized by my father, Shadrack in a stream, on the 18th day of October, 1875 and confirmed by William Winn.

When I was 18 years old I went to work in Idaho at the Gilmore mines. I cut wood to be made into charcoal, to be burnt in the smelter to meld the lead. While at this mining town I saw a man killed for cheating while playing cards. After working there almost a year I returned to Lehi to visit my sweetheart and family. I come back to Idaho the next year to homestead some land. I went to Iona to pick out some land. I was too young to file a claim, so John Molen –a good friend who was 21 years old- filed on 160 acres of ground. The homestead was a little north of the Iona road and west of Iona. We both agreed to work half of the land. That summer we cut the logs and had them hewn to build a cabin. In the fall I returned to Lehi, this time to ask Almira to be my wife, and she consented.

I was ordained an Elder on December 2, 1886, by my brother Joseph Empey. We then traveled to Logan, Utah in a wagon where I took out my endowments and was married to Almira Ceretta Norton. We were married in the Logan Temple on December 15, 1886.

In the spring of 1887 I drove a team and a wagon back to my acreage in Iona, Idaho. Almira come a little later on the train as far as Pocatello, Idaho. I met her there and we traveled by wagon north to Iona.

While traveling to Idaho I had some chickens in a box. When I stopped in the evening to graze the horses I would let the chickens out of the box and as darkness approached they would gather back to the box. I had fresh eggs during my entire trip.

We turned the wagon box upside down and propped it up so we could live in that until the house was built.

I worked in a sawmill on Sheep Mountain to get the boards for the roof and floor of our one roomed log house. We lived in a barn for a while before we finished the house. We had a garden and my father send us some dried fruit as payment for some sheep I left in Lehi.

In September of 1887, twins were born to us- but died at birth. September 29, 1888 a son was born to us; we called him John Alfred Empey.

In September 1889 I sold the homestead we had in Iona and moved to South Iona. (On February 12, 1893 the name was changed to Ammon.) We lived in a one room log house, 3/4 mile east of Ammon on Sunnyside Road. This home was built with square nails, a dirt floor and a dirt roof. In this house James Shadrack Empey was born September 18, 1890. He was the first male child born in Ammon. We later marked the logs and with the help of Jim Southwick, Joe and Ephraim Empey we moved it up on the hill. In one day we moved

the house a quarter of a mile east to the north east corner of my property. We then built another room on it. Jim Southwick hewed the logs for me. We covered the inside of the logs with canvas stretched as tight as we could and whitewashed it; then added a board floor. I used a brick to rub the rough floor boards smooth.

Azer Eugine Empery was born to us April 22, 1892.

When we first moved to this area we attended he South Iona Branch in a home just across the road north of our place. As the population increased it was changed to the South Iona Ward with Arthur M. Rawson as Bishop. On February 12, 1893 the name was changed to Ammon ward after Ammon in the Book of Mormon.

We bought 73 acres of land from William Grow to add to our original homestead. We first farmed the land west of the house and down closer to the railroad—because there was water there. We had to grub sage-brush and burn it before we could blow the ground. The ditch come down from the slough through what is now the Phineas Ball place. One of the first things I did on the new homestead was to plant a orchard of 35 trees just south of our home. Children come to our farm to enjoy Strawberry Crab Apples for years.

We had to get posts to fence the ranch and build stables and corrals from the hills. This was where we got our winter wood also. The sagebrush burned too rapidly for winter heat. Almira some-times went with me because Indians were close or undesirable men were passing through the valley. One day I was cutting wood and had layed my rifle propped agains a tree—when I looked up there was a mountain lion a few feet away looking at me. I just stood still and looked at him, he looked back at me and finally he turned and ran off into the timber. My legs were so weak I could hardly stand on them.

We had to haul water in the wooden barrels from Sand Creek or from Rawson's well across the road. I decided I would like a well of my own. Cal Zidings came from the hills and was broke so I payed him a dollar a day and gave him some deer meat also as pay if he would help me dig my well. As he would dig some water would start to fill the hole, so we cut off a twenty gallon barrel and when he wiggled the rope it was my signal to empty it. A horse hooked to a large rope with a pulley over the well would draw the barrel up to the surface. When we had dug down 83 feet we struck solid lava rock; but we could hear water flowing under the rock. We drilled holes in the rock and blasted through it. When Cal went back down the well the water was waist deep. We hooked a chain on the rock and pulled it out. Something we couldn't understand was the water in the well ran north but the surface water runs southwest.

I was ordained a Seventy by Seymoir B. Young, February 14, 1892. I was made a High Priest, September 22, 1899; and set apart as the Second Counselor to Bishop Christian Anderson by James E. Steel. On June 29, 1902 I was made First Counselor by William F. Owen. I served with Bishop Anderson as his counselor for 14 years. We were released in 1913. During this time we had many wonderful experiences. I spoke to many funerals and this task I enjoyed. Ammon was not always a quiet place. I remember when I was in the Bishopric I was in charge of the dances held in the Old Town Hall and Church. Two fellows Ed Anderson and Les Curtis, rode their horses into the dance hall. Les come in first and I reached up and grabbed him and jerked down. His head struck the floor with a sledge hammer. He was unconscious. When I went for Ed, he hurried out-side with his horse. I was afraid I had killed Les, but he soon revived and the dance went on.

I always like livestock, perhaps better than the actual raising of crops. I built a fine barn just west of the log house. I had a carpenter from Lehi build it. We built it 67 feet long and 35 feet wide with a chicken coop on the south side and a cow barn on the north side. The center was for horses. In the top we had a loft for hay, so we could drop the hay down directly into the feed racks. We also built sheds for the sheep to lamb in. I built a black-

smith shop with a forge, anvil and other equipment needed to run a farm.

The rest of our children were born in the old log house before we built the new brick house. They are: Azer Eugine, born April 22, 1892, Ira Leander, born March 16, 1894, Ceretta Ann, born November 14, 1895, Floyd Edward, born July 7, 1897, Guy Ephraim, born December 15, 1898, Verda Almira, born February 18, 1900, Effie Marie, born April 20, 1902, and Leatha Elta born September 20, 1903. Leathea died of pneumonia on the 27th of October 1904 and brought a sadness we had not known before.

We built a fine brick home in 1904. On the main floor we had a parlor for parties and company, a large kitchen, a pantry, and a bedroom for Almira and me. Upstairs we made four bedrooms for the children. There was a porch on the front. We also planted a pine tree near. Almira loved flowers so we had two large bunches of peonies on either side of our front walk; she planted pansies on the north side of the house. We had a good vegetable garden each year to compliment our raspberries, strawberries, currants, and rhubarb.

I liked working on things other than the farm. I was always interested in the possibilities this valley would have it water was available. From 1895 until 1902 I was Superintendent of the Eagle Rock and Willow Creek Canals. The name was changed to the Progressive Irrigation District in 1902 and I remained as the superintendent until 1908. We extended the canal from what is now the Parley Hansen place on down the Holm's place on Cotton Road. This area was two miles straight through, but we had to wind around to get the water around elevations. With the help of the "holy spirit," and an eye for the contour of the land, I walked and they followed with a plow the course the new canal would flow. The people worked with their teams of horses and slip scrapers to dig the canal. One man would drive the team, another man would hold the handles of the scraper and dump the dirt on the lower bank. There was lava rock in one area so we had to blast our way through and much hard work was required.

In 1901 and 1902 I helped supervise the building of the first dam on the Snake river. This was a diversion dam built a few miles north of what is now Heise. This dam was made by building a crib that looked like a log house with a plank bottom. We floated this into the river, held in place with steel cables to hold it. We then hauled rocks to it by rafts and filled the crib a little up stream from the one before. When the last crib went into place it wedged the whole thing into place so it wouldn't wash out. I was the Water Master for the Upper Snake River from 1916-1922. In 1919 we had a very dry year, very little snow, in fact people who lived in the hills had to stop using their sleighs in March. One time I had to go to Roberts to close their headgate and my son, Jim accompanied me. When we arrived there we met about 20 men armed with guns for the purpose of stopping me from turning off their water. At first I was very scared, but something prompted me and I walked boldly up the the men and said, "I don't see a thief among the bunch of you." This took them back a minute. The leader said, "I don't think there are any thieves among us." I then explained how they had had the water several days longer than their share. I pulled out a large map of the river and when they crowded around I showed them how the water had to be turned off in different canals at different times so all could have some. Some canals had a legal right to the water before other canals, because they had filed on the river water first. The person in charge said, "Well I'm no thief and I'm going to turn off the headgate, if you want to shoot anyone you will have to shoot me." He turned off the headgate and I locked it—there-by avoiding bloodshed. Some people thought I was selling water to Twin Falls, but that year the river was so low that the area stunk from all the fish which had died. Just under the Blackfoot Bridge you could cross the Snake River without getting your feet wet by stepping from rock to rock.

In 1911 the state legislature divided Bingham County and made Bonneville County. I had been

elected as a county commissioner in Bingham County so Governor James H. Hawley appointed me as a commissioner in the new county. He also appointed W.D. Huffaker and R.L. Bybee as commissioners also. We met February 11, 1911 in the city of Idaho Falls to organize the new county. We first met in the Earl Building until permanent arrangements could be made.

We had no jail so we made an agreement with Bingham County to keep our prisoners for 50c a day until we could build one.

I was appointed as Bridge Commissioner April 10, 1911 and my job was to supervise all bridge construction. During my two years we built a wagon bridge-on the South Fork of the Snake River-near the Wyoming line. We also built a bridge on the Grays Lake Outlet and several bridges on Sand Creek and Little Sand Creek as well as on the canals.

My term of office ended on January 13, 1913.

I never liked to ride horses, so I usually drove a buggy. My favorite horses was a big bay team named Chief and Red; I drove a white horse on a white topped buggy I had traded a horse for. We also had a black topped buggy with two seats and pulled by a team of horses. Almira drove a horse named, Sadie, on a buggy when she went to Relief Society or shopping.

Our first threshing machine was driven by horse power with six teams hooked to the upright shaft. As the teams walked in a circle they turned a shaft which lead to the separator and two men held sacks to catch the wheat. This machine was owned by my brother Joe, Cal Ziddings and Bill Owens.

We did all our farm work with horses. I planted potatoes by plowing a furrow with a walking plow, then walking along the same furrow with a bag over my shoulder with seed potatoes in it which we dropped into the furrow. We then plowed another furrow which covered the seed. When it come time for harvesting the potatoes we dug them up with a walking plow and used a special fork to shake the soil off the potatoes before putting them in the sacks. The first potatoes I sold were hauled by wagon to the Caribou Mountains and sold to Chinese miners who were working in the gold mines. This trip took three days.

I planted grain by hand by placing the seed in a bag around my neck and walking up and down in the field and broadcasting it on the ground by the handfuls, then harrowing it under.

My first tractor was a used Twin-city tractor bought in the late 1920's. It had large steel wheels and was driven by burning oil. We plowed in a circle, going around the field. I let it freeze and it broke the block when I forgot to drain the water out of it before going to Salt Lake City to conference.

My grandchildren like to tell a story about me and my first car. I had bought a Loushire and the man explained how to start it, but the use of the brakes, how to drive it and everything; but when I got home I realized he had forgot to show me how to stop it, so I just drove it around and around the wood pile until it ran out of gas.

Almira always said we never had Thanksgiving because that was the week we went hunting for our winter meat. She would load and mold bullets so I always had plenty of ammunition. Several of my relatives and friends would travel to Conant Valley (before you reach Irwin, Idaho) and hunt white tailed deer on the north side of the Snake River. When I first hunted in Idaho there were no deer east of Ammon—only in the Palisades area.

I had the first telephone in Ammon.

We used carbide lights before we had electricity. The carbide light was made by dipping a powder in water to produce a gas that was piped t the light and then lit. We were very modern—I even had carbide lights in my barn. This was a great improvement over carrying a kerosene light everywhere you went.

I acquired my first band of sheep soon after moving to Ammon.

At that time it was all open range on the ills east of my poverty. Everyone had the right to graze their livestock where no-one had filed on the land. There was quite a bit of competition to graze where the feed was more plentiful. Jim-my second

son-helped with the sheep from the time he was about 14 years old until he got married. He would miss some school in the spring and fall moving camp and helping the herder. I always knew when the boys were with the sheep they were looking out for my best interest. As more land was taken from the open range to private claims I was able to obtain a government forest allotment to graze my sheep on the head of Bear Creek. Many times we drove our lambs do Soda Springs, to sell them. Sometimes we would join Andersons to ship our lambs to Chicago to sell them at the stock yards. On one of these trips my son Azer rode in the caboose with the compliments of the rail-road.

The sheep had to be sheared by hand. There were shearing crews of 15-20 men that traveled through-out the western states shearing sheep. They used hand clippers and would hold a sheep between their legs as they removed the fleece. One man would gather up the fleece and tromp it into a large bag about 8'-3' which was shipped east or sold to a wool buyer in the area.

I wanted to buy a herd of yearling sheep, so I mortgaged my farm to pay for them. This act proved to almost be my financial down fall. The depression years come along and the prices of farm products fell rapidly. I almost lost the farm, then I decided to sell part of my land to my sons. I sold about 50 acres of land down by the railroad to Jim, I sold another 50 acres to Floyd that adjoining Jim's and 47 acres on the south to Azer. This business arrangement saved the rest of the farm.

It seems that when we get to thinking we are too smart and thinking only of worldly things, the Lord had a way of showing us that there are things more important than land and livestock and that is the Gospel of Jesus Christ and a man's family.

After the children were raised and married Almira and I continued to farm and raise some milk cows. Most of the children settled in the Ammon area.

Grandfather died August 27, 1938 at Ammon and was buried in the local cemetery.

10 Elmer Clare Ferguson

Elmer was born 11 August 1887 in Bingham Canyon, Utah to parents John Cochran Ferguson and Rose Ann Forbes. Nothing is known of his parents or what took him to the Idaho area. He married Annie Julina Christina Madsen on 5 September 1907 reportedly in Livingston Montana or Provo, Utah. They were endowed and sealed 21 October 1910. Two children were born to them; Calvin Wesley 3 June 1911 in Salt Lake City, Utah and Stanley Elmer on 30 August 1915 in Saint Anthony, Idaho.

Nothing is known of his life until records of his homesteading in the Taylor Mountain area and his church activity in the OWENDALE branch revealed his whereabouts. He was granted a Land Patent (deed) on 320 acres on June 26, 1920. On his draft registration for WW1 June 5, 1917 he states he was farming 16 miles

SE of Idaho Falls. He was a counselor to Axel Andersen when the branch was organized on July 1, 1917. He was ordained a High Priest from an Elder on 19 August 1917 by Joseph Dye, Shelley Stake President.

Elmer's wife, Annie Julina Madsen was born 24 September 1887 in Laie, Oahu Hawaii to Peter Madsen and Wilhelmine Jorgensen Madsen. Peter was there on a mission for the LDS church with Wilhelmine, the fourth of his five wives.

In 1920 Annie Julina, known as INA, was given a baby named Julia Julina Hardy to raise when Julia Ann Myler Hardy died one month after giving birth. She died in Taylor of causes unknown. Some time before June 30, 1922 INA and Elmer Ferguson was divorced because INA married the baby's father John Ira Hardy on that date and helped raise his seven children reigning in age from 1 to 19 years of age. What the relationship of these families was is unknown.

Nothing more of Elmer Clare Ferguson is known except his marriage to Verna Jarman Layton 31 October 1923 in Salt Lake City. She died 29 March 1946 in Salt Lake City. Elmer married Mary Ellen Brown on February 20 1947 in Salt Lake City. She died 22 June 1974. Elmer Clare Ferguson died 22 January 1971 in Salt Lake and is buried in the Salt Lake Cemetery.

—Lynn A. Blatter
—Joan R. Robison

A history of INA'S father is included for the detailed description of pioneers of the era:

Peter Madsen

The following are excerpts taken from histories of Peter Madsen written by Ina Bean Cunningham and his granddaughter Fontella Madsen Halladay.

Peter Madsen was born in Bredstrup, Denmark on April 6, 1824, an only child. His father died when he was five years old leaving him to support his mother. At the age of eight years he became a fisherman, using this as a means of obtaining a livelihood for him and his mother.

He joined the Mormon church on June 12, 1853, being baptized by Elder Rasmus Nielsen. He married Mary Ann Monk of Bredstrupt, Denmark in 1847. In 1848 he was called into his country's service in the Prussian Danish War. Soon after he left his first son was born. He was gone for three years. During this time his wife supported herself and their son by selling coffee and lunches to the soldiers who were in that vicinity.

On Christmas Day 1854 he left Denmark with his wife and three children for Utah. This was a long weary journey. Their two youngest children died and were buried in Liverpool England. It was two months after they left Denmark when they arrived at New Orleans and more trouble awaited them there. Nearly all their company contracted cholera; many of them died and others suffered from this disease all the way across the plains, Many times Peter Madsen and his wife sat up all night by their small son, praying for his recovery so they might bring their last child with them to Zion. He did get well soon after reaching Zion. They were with the Hans Peter Olson Ox Team Company and arrived in Salt Lake City on October 5, 1854.

On his arrival in Utah, Peter was asked by Brigham Young to go down and build a settlement in Sanpete County. During the year the grasshoppers destroyed the settler's crops and food became scarce. He remembered the large fresh water lake which he had passed on his way south. Having been a fisherman in his native land, he decided to yoke up his cattle and return to investigate the fishing opportunities. He was rewarded by finding plenty and proceeded to make his plans accordingly.

After having settled in Lake View, Peter planted a small patch of flax. When it was ripened, he and his wife "whipped it out" and obtained the hemp from which he made a small seine. For the next two years he supplied an average of three hundred people continually with fresh fish. Half of this number was Indians who became his friends and protected him in later years when Indian out breaks occurred during the Black Hawk Indian War.

In response to the Improvement Era to state my experience during the grasshopper plague, in the early days of Utah, I gladly furnish the following: I came to Lakeview in 1855 where I have since made my home. It was in the year 1855, as I remember, when the grasshoppers first made their decent upon the small fields of the pioneers. The crops had been planted in rich soil, along the Provo River, and gave promise to a fair harvest, equal to the demands of the small population and the incoming immigrants, who would be too late to plant crops during that summer.

We felt that all would be well with us. So thick did the grasshoppers descend that they fairly darkened the sun. They destroyed most of the crops as they made their way toward the shores of the lake, which they attempted to cross, and were drowned by the wagon loads. Many were eaten by the fish and great walls of them floated upon the shores of the lake.

It was a little later than this that the people came to the lake, from Sevier on the south, to Salt Lake on the north, they came with wagons and barrels and salt, prepared to take fish home with them for food during the winter. Their crops were destroyed and they brought with them two short pieces of seine (fishing net having sinkers on one side and floats on the other) which I secured from them and joined to the end of a short seine I had knit during my first winter in Utah and thereby made a good net. They all camped along the river near where it emptied into the lake, and we made preparations to supply them with mullet and trout, which were quite plentiful at the time.

Having been accustomed to fishing in Denmark, when a boy, I was prepared for this important duty, of furnishing food for a starving people, and I will always remember the scene along the river's bank after the first days catch had been

Stacks of bagged produce on Taylor Mountain

distributed. The campers were in little groups, around camp fires, where they were broiling fish on the hot coals, and eating them with relish, that only those who have been through experiences of this kind can appreciate.

The Bishop of Provo sent men to help, and all day and night the fishing went on. The saints remained on the river until they had enough fish salted to last them during the coming winter, then left for their homes, to give room to others equally as needy. For weeks the work went on, nobody ever asked who did the work or who received the fish, we were comparatively equal in those days, and all we asked was enough to eat until we could raise crops to supply us with food.

Peter Madsen had five wives, who all lived as one large family in the "old home." This was one long log room and it was often a dance hall. The kitchen and bedrooms were built of adobe on the back of this long room.

The children all called the first wife "Old Mother" and their mothers by their given names. These women helped each other in every way. The work was divided and each one had her turn for a certain length of time at each of the different tasks. Two would be in the kitchen to take care of all the cooking, the meals and dishes. The others did the rest of the work about the place. Then they would change around. If one was sick, the others would take her share of the household work, as well as nursing her.

As they had one of the largest rooms in the community, Peter Madsen's place was very often used for community parties and dances. There was always plenty of food prepared for these dances and parties, such as roasted wild ducks, geese, trout and dozens of apple pies made from apples that had been dried and put away during the summer. All the pioneers seemed to get much pleasure from these parties and dances.

About twice a year, Peter Madsen invited all the Scandinavian people who were within traveling distance of his home to a party. For this occasion an ox was usually killed and barbecued and

the women cooked and baked for two days before the party. It was always a great reunion visit. They discussed and exchanged views from friends and relatives in the old country. Many would stay two or three days or a week.

In 1870 Peter was called on a mission to his native land. He contracted Typhoid fever and was released in 1872. He also filled a mission to the Hawaiian Islands from 1886 to 1888. He was the first Bishop of the Lakeview Ward and held that position for fifteen years. He was released in February 1892. He moved to Provo where he spent the remaining years of his life. He died August 11, 1911.

President Joseph Fielding Smith said at Peter Madsen's funeral, "He was a superior man whose equal it is hard to find and who is excelled by few in his conception of right and wrong and his devotion to principle."

11 James Ira Hardy

Little has been written about James Hardy and less about his wife Julia Ann Myler. James was awarded a Land Patent (deed) on July 20, 1919 for 320 acres he homesteaded on land that included the spring, the source of Taylor Creek, and the land where the Owendale school house was located.

The following are histories of the Hardy Homestead in Taylorsville and excerpts from the life of Charles Frank Myler SR. a brother of Julia Ann Myler which sheds some light on living conditions of those times as I Lynn A Blatter, extracted them from his own account.

The following are excerpts taken from the history of Julia Ann Myler's Grandfather, James Myler and his wife Julia Ann Brownell as written by Alice M. Howard and Mary M. Robinson. Of special interest is his experience in the Mormon Battalion. James Myler was born February 3, 1822 in Ohio. When he was 21 years old he married Julia Ann Brownell. They were visited by the Mormon missionaries and were so impressed they went to Nauvoo to meet the Prophet. They were baptized in 1845, helped build the Temple and endowed January 28, 1846

They were in Nauvoo amid much persecution of the saints and endowed just 3 days prior to the birth of baby Joseph. One February evening, soon after Joseph's birth, the mob came to their door and told them they had one hour to vacate their homes and get out of Nauvoo or they would be killed. It was 26 degrees below zero. James rushed out and hitched his team onto his wagon and loaded as many things as he could. They fixed a bed in the wagon for 14 month old Oscar and Julia carried the baby. When they rushed out of their home, the mobs, screaming, with torches were only a block away. They drove down to the Mississippi River and crossed on ice. The recent cold spell had frozen the river solid in a very short time, no small feat for the mile wide Mississippi River. As they walked across the ice, Julia's shoes were so worn that with every step the last half of the way, she left imprints of her blood on the ice.

While they were at Winter Quarters on June 26, 1846, Colonel S. W. Kearney of the United States Army issued a "Circular to the Mormons" demanding 500 abled-body Mormon men to join the army to fight the war with Mexico. James Myler and his father-in-law Gideon Brownell enlisted. The men had three days to get ready to march.

When the time came to go, James gave Julia his clothing allowance of $42.00. Her home was to be a wagon box taken off its wheels and set upon the ground under the shade of some trees. She and her two babies lived in this "home" for the next 18

months that James was away. Julia's father at age 57 was the oldest member of the Battalion.

Everything went fine for the Mormon Battalion until the death of the Captain Allen. Then a Lt. Allen Smith took command and appointed Dr. George Sanders Sgt. The men were reduced to 1/3 rations and brackish water. Many took sick, but would rather stand guard than take the medicine and abuse the sergeant gave them. The Doctor had a brass kettle and spoon and said both the sick and well had to take the medicine. James Myler was the first to refuse. He said if he was going to die, they could shoot him, but he would not take any of their poison drug. There was no more of the medicine given to anyone.

These words are taken from his memoirs: While here beneath the sultry skies Our mules and others died. Scarce ought but skin and bones remained; to feed the poor soldiers on the plains. How hard to starve and wear us out upon the sandy route; Half-starved oxen; over drilled, to weak to draw, or keep or kill. And knowing hungry men were prompting to eat small entrails and skin. Our hardships reached their rough extreme when valiant men were roped with teams, hour after hour, day after day, to wear of life and strength away.

When the battalion got to the mountains, winter came upon them. They were half-starved, half-frozen, yet went on through the snow and cold winds. There was a non-Mormon traveling with them. He had his own outfit, consisting of six mules and a wagon. He would often pick up the sick and let them ride with him. The officer in charge ordered the sick out of the wagon, but this non-Mormon told him they could ride as long as he could pull. They left the mountains and dropped down into the valley, which seemed like heaven or paradise. The wild oats or grasses were as tall as the mules as they drove through and neared a beautiful stream of water. Before they could unhook the animals from the wagons, a herd of buffalo came upon them and upset the wagons, killing the mules, but none of the men were hurt. The men had plenty of meat from this incident to last them for a long time. Brigham Young had promised the men they would not have to fight, and they didn't. The war was over when they reached California. After being discharged from the army, the men had to find their own transportation back to their families.

James, Julia, and their three small sons, together with the Brownells, came west arriving in Salt Lake City on 22 September 1849. James served as wagon master while crossing the plains. They settled first in Farmington, then Clarkston and in June of 1883 the whole family and with others made one last move into the Snake River Valley 15 miles north of Idaho Falls and 6 miles west of Rigby Idaho.

They built their log houses, cleared the sagebrush, made a canal and built a dam on the river to turn the water into their canal to water their crops. By the fourth of July the mosquitoes were so bad they were compelled to go to the mountains and take all their animals. Tents were pitched and all were made as comfortable as possible. Two of the men would take turns going to the valley to irrigate the wheat, oats and potatoes. They would stay until they were practically eaten by the mosquitoes. They had no way of keeping them out of the house so a fire would be built then something green put over the blaze to make a smoke, then the horrid creatures would go away for a while. The crops were bounteous beyond all expectations.

The Hardy Homestead in Taylorsville

He came to claim a homestead of 160 acres covered with sagebrush, greasewood, and other sundry weeds. "The land must be good and rich," he thought, "...to grow such an abundance of wild plants. But, where was the water to irrigate the crops?"

This was the sight that greeted my great-grandfather, Robert Alvin Hardy, at a place called Taylor, named for President John Taylor of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. It was later named Taylorsville, in the state of Idaho. It was located east of Eagle Rock, which eventually became Idaho Falls, Idaho.

As he sat surveying his new property, Robert marveled at what a daunting, backbreaking task it would be to claim the land. It would be years before he would realize any income from the venture. But, first things first, he must build a cabin for his wife and their eight children who were waiting for his return to Utah.

Over time, canals and ditches had to be dug to irrigate the dry, thirsty land. This digging was accomplished by the extraordinary efforts of manpower. Eventually they were able to tap the water resources of the Snake River and mountain streams. Until then, water was hauled by barrels to sustain and meet the needs of the family.

The well-established sagebrush, etc. resisted every effort of having their deep roots torn from out of their home soil. The unbelievably hard, slow work was done by plowing, grubbing, and slip scraping. Then, with a great sense of tired satisfaction, Robert and others saw the land appear and the sage gradually disappear.

A school was built and the Taylor Cemetery was established in April 1887 on a five-acre piece of sagebrush-ridden land. Three pathways extending from the Taylor school were paved with coal for dry places to walk between the gravesites. It became a peaceful setting as the sagebrush was removed and additional land and headstones were added. Robert Alvin Hardy, his wife of thirty-six years, Ann Elizabeth Kempton Hardy (my great-grandparents), my grandfather, John Ira Hardy, and my grandmother, Julia Ann Myler Hardy, are all buried in the Taylorsville Cemetery.

John Ira Hardy, called Jack, their second son was born on December 23, 1877. He went on a mission for The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints when he was nineteen years old. He returned home a month early because his mother, Ann, was near death and she soon passed away. She was a midwife for years and got a lung disease from going out in all kinds of weather to attend to her midwifery duties. Ann was half Native American. Her mother, Rachel Russell Cooper was a full-blooded Creek Indian from Alabama. Her tribe was completely wiped out. Every man, woman, and child in the tribe were massacred by a company of American soldiers, except for one tiny, baby girl that her mother hid in a brush. John Cooper and his wife found the baby while they were traveling with a wagon train. They had no children of their own, so they were thrilled to adopt Rachel and take her with them to Texas where she grew up and later married Nathan Kempton. Ann Elizabeth is their daughter.

I don't know where or how Ann met Robert Alvin, but I'm sure there is a sweet love story there somewhere. Eleven children were born to this union. Twin boys died as infants and the other nine children survived. Jack was the third boy in the family. Little did they know that much of their married lives would be lived on a homestead in the wilds of Eastern Idaho. I long for more information abut their experiences during this time, but the history record is all too brief.

Adult Jack worked on a canal, at this time; canals were still being dug by human effort, with Charles Myler when he met Julia Ann, Charles lovely daughter. She was living in Riverside just across the Snake River from Blackfoot. It wasn't too far away and he was smitten so he visited often. Love blossomed. They were married December 6, 1909 in the Logan Temple. Seven children were born to Jack and Julia. My father, Orvial Reno Hardy, was the third child and the second son born to this union.

Jack followed his father's trade and became a farmer. He also had beautiful horses. His horsemanship ability became well known throughout the surrounding area. It seems he could manage and control the wildest and most incontrollable, even mean, horse. Farmers brought their problem horses to Jack. I don't know if he was a "horse whisperer" or if he just had an absolute, unshakeable confidence in his ability. Whatever the reason, the horse knew who was in control and responded to the man. It was a gift he used often.

As to the farm, my Aunt Violet, the oldest daughter, wrote in her history, "He (Jack) had a

large, dry farm in Taylorsville where the children grew and spent many happy times, although all of them experienced hard work."

Jack loved his farm, but when his wife died after their youngest child was born, things just weren't the same. He sold the farm and the horses and went to work on the railroad. It was an end to an era that had begun with such sacrifice and struggle. The Hardy Homestead was no more. I'm sure my grandfather was devastated to see it go to another. One who could not possibly appreciate the blood, sweat, and tears that went into claiming the land and building a productive farm.

Now, concerning my father. Orvial Reno Hardy was born June 30, 1904 in Woodville, Idaho to John Ira and Julia Ann Myler Hardy. There were seven children in the Hardy family, four brothers and three sisters.

Woodville is about 12 miles south of Idaho Falls, Idaho. Woodville was so named because of the large amount of cedar trees that grew on the gigantic lava flows that covered several square miles in southeastern Idaho. Cedar wood burned well green as well as it did dry and it made an even burning, fragrant fire. Flourmills in Idaho Falls used wood burning furnaces as well as other businesses and homes. Farmers fenced their farms with cedar posts. So there was a great demand for cedar wood. It was difficult for a wagon to move over the lava flow and many a wagon broke down moving over the jagged lava rocks.

The Hardy family chopped and hauled cedar wood to trade and barter for flour and goods at mercantile stores. Hauling and bartering wood helped supplement the income on the family farm that was carved from a land on a sea of sage.

It was in Taylorsville that Orvial grew up and became part of the land. As a young man, Orvial worked cattle, broke horses, and helped on the family farm. He attended the Taylorsville school and church and was active in church and community affairs.

Taylor Mountain, a few miles to the east, lured Orvial to the Quaking Aspen and Pine Trees Range. It was here that he was contented as he tended and cared for cattle, horses, and sheep. He worked for many farmers and ranchers.

One eventful day, Orvial was tending sheep and an electrical storm surged into the meadow. Torrents of rain fell and the lightening flashed and a lighting bolt hit the sheet camp. The charge traveled the full length of the wagon and hit the ground with a crash and killed 8 or 10 sheep. Orvial pulled himself out of the sheep camp that night untouched by the bolt of lightening.

In about 1920, when he was about 16 years of age, he lost his mother after the birth of his youngest sister. Orvial was devoted to her and her death brought a great sorrow to his life.

As a young man, Orvial met my mother Beryl Evelyn Blakeslee at a dance in Boise, Idaho. It was love at first sight. She was the only girl in the world for him. And, as it often does, love blossomed and they were married in Twin Falls. Five children were born to the family. I am child number three, Carol Francis Hardy DeGraff.

Orvial became a master carpenter, but he never got over his love for the land, a demonstration of the legacy of growing up on the homestead in Taylorsville. We had a farm once in Nampa, Idaho where we raised popcorn, of all things! We didn't know about our father's horsemanship until the time he bought a beautiful, wild, renegade horse. We were in awe when he saddled this maverick, mounted him, and fought the horse all over the farm. At one point, the horse fell, but Orvial mounted again and brought the horse under control. What a dad! We didn't even know he could ride a horse, much less a bucking bronco! Something else he inherited, I think.

To make a living, Dad had to give up the farm and return to his trade. But, he never gave up his desired for land of his own. He always dreamed of having a farm or ranch. Many Sunday afternoons, the family drove around the countryside looking for that perfect place. One of his favorite pastimes was pouring over the classified ads looking for land with good water available. It must not have been

to be because he never found the perfect place.

While out riding around one day, we came to a ranch with a sign that read, "El Rancho dun broke us." Maybe that is the reason Orvial never bought a ranch because it costo-too-mucho!

Even when he was retired, Orvial still poured over the classifieds. Of course, he was too old now for all the hard labor required of a farm or ranch, but he never stopped looking. The early years in Taylorsville had left their indelible mark on Orvial. He never forgot those days on the homestead and it created a dream that may not have been realized except maybe in his heart of hearts.

From Robert to John (Jack) to Orvial was passed on a legacy of hard work and great accomplishments and a love of the land that began in Taylorsville, ID.

Submitted by: Carol Francis Hardy DeGraff, Great granddaughter of Robert Alvin Hardy, Granddaughter of John Ira Hardy, Daughter of Orvial Reno Hardy.

Excerpts from the life of Charles Frank Myler, Sr.

Charles Frank son of Charles Rich and Isabell Morton Myler and grandson of James and Julie Ann Bronell Myler was born in a log house at Lewisville Idaho 13 December 1889. The hardships his parents lived through in those early pioneering days were just beyond description. My father would chop wood from the tabers on what was called the dry bed which was just an overflow stream that carried water when there was high water in the spring. In the balance of the year this was called the dry bed. Father would cut wood into cordwood lengths (8 foot long, 4 foot wide, and 4 feet high) and haul it to Idaho Falls fifteen miles away for three or four dollars a cord.

In those days the wife would make all the clothes the family wore. I recall the first overcoat my father wore. Several times I went with my father from Lewisville to Idaho Falls. During the bitter cold weather we would have to walk beside the wagon to keep from freezing. We would get back at 12 or 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. They had to do their farming with not-so-crude-in-my-day implements as they had done prior to that time because by the time I was old enough to remember they had binders to cut the grain.

Prior to that time it was common for every farmer to cut the grain with a scythe. They would swing all day and the women folks in the family would follow behind and tie the grain in bundles using a handful of stocks as a cord. These bundles would be stacked in shocks to dry out and later be hauled into a stack awaiting threshing machine. This was a great blessing. A tremendous saving of labor when mechanical binders would cut the grain and bind it into bundles and then the farmer would stack the bundles (called shocking grain) into shocks with the head of the grain up, in rows so the wagons could drive between the shocks to load up and haul to a stack.

In the summer of 1908 we moved to the little town of Riverside Idaho. Father had taken a contract west of American Falls, Idaho to build some lateral canals leading from the main canal out to 40 acre tracts that were being developed. It was during the fall, October of that year that my mother passed away. A few weeks after my mother passed away Father and the two elder daughters Belle and Mary filed on homesteads in the Arvin valley. The proper name was Bannock valley because it joined the bannock Indian reservation on the south. This was December 1908. In the summer of 1909 father and I worked in the canyon nearly all that summer getting logs out to build a house. It was fall by the time we got the house finished. We moved into American Falls and then came back the following spring. Two young men had homesteads there also. Clarence Knowles and William Roderick who later married my sisters. It was there that I met my wife Mabel R Beebee and we were married 25 September 1912. We took a homestead of 320 acres adjoining the one her mother had filed on so we had our houses about 150 yards apart. We remained there until 1917 when we moved to Pocatello.

Finally in 1921 through desires or impressions we moved to Ogden Utah for one year then on to Salt Lake City in 1922. It was there in Salt Lake that many great and mighty blessings came to our lives also many hardships and privations. Regardless of the hardships it was a constant burning feeling that the move was the right one. Although it was difficult to bear if I had to do it over again with the same impressions I would go through it again. Two incidents might help illustrate these points.

We had been living in the 28th Ward for two or three years when a vacancy occurred in the Seventy Quorum. I had been ordained a Seventy three months before my marriage at 22 years of age. I attended the meeting one night in which a vacancy in the Quorum Presidency was to be filled. Levi Edgar Young of the First Council of Seventy was presiding. After the opening exercises were over President Young arose and made this statement.

Brethern, I'm having a strange experience tonight. I've had this kind of experience once before. Many years ago when I was put in the First Council of Seventy I was sent by the First Presidency to fill a position in a stake in northern Utah. In those days we made a selection at the time the conference was held, so when we got there I consulted with the Stake Presidency. I sat there in the afternoon meeting looking over the audience and a strange phenomena occurred.

The audience began to vanish from my view and I could see only one man sitting in the building. I turned to the President of the stake and I asked him who this man was, describing his appearance and clothing. The Stake President said, "Well , this is the first time this man has been to church in twenty years. He drinks, he smokes, and he does everything he shouldn't." Never the less President Young said, he is the man that's going into the position.

The Stake President protested greatly, but I had higher authority than he so I put him in. That was the turning point in that man's life. He later became a member of the Stake Presidency himself, and lived throughout his lifetime as an active member of the church. The same situation has occurred here tonight. When I came I had six names here on this list, those recommended as possible candidates for the vacancy in the Quorum. As I look at this sheet of paper now, I can see only one name. There is only one name; the others have disappeared. Brother Myler, will you please arise? (as I arose, President Young said the following). Brethern, here is your new President.

The call at that time was the opening of a call which came a few months later to become a member of the Seventy's Prayer Circle in the Salt Lake Temple. Each Thursday evening for four and one-half hours I had the glorious privilege of meeting with them in the temple at 6 o'clock. During the last two years we closed our meeting a little earlier in time to join President Grant and his company going through the temple on the Thursday evening session. Many times I had the privilege sitting by him, or just behind him and following him through all the different rooms that are in the temple. We got a chance to become closely associated with him and partake of his great and mighty influence.

During this time of the meetings in the temple, many sacred things were discussed. Many questions were asked pertaining to subjects that could not be discussed from the pulpit. President Grant in his greatness either gave us the answers or permitted others to give us the answers to every question. During those four and half years we were given profound and broad knowledge and understanding of the general workings of the church. It has been one of the great blessings of my life to reflect back over them and to reflect over things that I can't speak, that I can't even tell my wife; things that were told to us were of the the very most sacred nature.

12 Arnold Oscar Harris

History of Arnold Oscar Harris (July 24, 1888 -January 15, 1956)

and

Mary Margaret Fowler (November 17, 1888 - February 12, 1963)

by Murland R. Packer, 5947 S. 3650 W. Roy, Utah 84067

Arnold Oscar Harris was born July 24, 1888 at Sulphur (or Sulphur Springs), Crawford County, Indiana. He was the first child of William Holland Harris and Elizabeth Ann Vert. They had a small farm and a few animals. Other children born to that marriage (all at Sulphur in the old family home) were: Elmer, born 1 October 1892 (died same day) Willard Raymond, born 7 January 1894 Mable Joy Leota, born 23 October 1899 Erastus Daniel, born 28 June 1901

The LDS Missionaries came into the area during the winter of 1894-95. One of these missionaries was Elder Joe Empey from Ammon, Idaho. William and Elizabeth were the first ones converted in that area. They were baptized February 27, 1895. Details of that conversion are not known but they had a great faith in their new found religion. Their baptism must have been a test of their faith at that time of year. The Missionaries ordained William an Elder.

William and Elizabeth would, of course, have been anxious to share this new found truth with their closest friends and family. A Sunday School was organized by the Missionaries with William in charge. Meetings were held in the school house. Elizabeth was the secretary and took minutes of the meetings, which she read the following meeting. She also started the singing of hymns.

Arnold was baptized May 28, 1899 at the age of 10. Apparently the presiding Elders (his father was one of them) would not perform baptisms or Priesthood ordinations. They would wait until the Missionaries came around. Even though they were faithful to the Church, they were quite isolated and probably lacked Priesthood training and experience.

Elder Empey apparently had been in touch with the family over the years. William and Elizabeth wanted to live near other members of the Church and to be able to go to the Temple. Elder Empey encouraged them to move to Ammon, Idaho where his family lived. He promised that his family would find them a place to live and help him find work (which they did).

Arnold Oscar Harris

When the decision was made to move west, everything they owned, except a few pieces of furniture, was sold to raise money for the train trip. This included the homestead with a few acres, a cow, pigs, chickens and a team of horses. This must have been a hard decision for them. They were leaving a relatively settled life, with family and friends, to go to an unknown location. Their faith in the Church and a desire to "gather with the Saints" must have been very strong.

Arnold never attended school after leaving Indiana. He was not good at spelling, but he remembered one experience in the fifth grade. He told of a spelling bee when the word was "nectar." Everyone was missing the word and he got more and more excited, hoping it would come to him because he knew how to spell the word. Finally everyone down the row had missed it and it came to him. Excitedly he blurted out, "n e-eck-t o r."

Arnold enjoyed telling about going possum hunting in Indiana.

Before the family moved (probably in the spring of 1904), Elizabeth spent many hours sewing clothes for the family.

Charles Wiseman encouraged them to go West and took the family in his wagon to board the train at English, Indiana which was about ten miles north of Sulphur. Arnold was late getting home the night before they left. Elizabeth was worrying about him for fear that he would not get home in time to leave. Arnold was visiting at the Able family as he had a strong liking for their daughter, Lilly. He promised her that he would come back and get her in two years.

The train ride was a wondrous experience for the family. The children were especially excited. William would have been 41 years old, Elizabeth 34, Arnold 15, Willard 10, Joy 4, and Daniel 2.

After the family settled in Ammon, Arnold worked on the Empey farm for a year irrigating and doing other general farm work.

The next five years, Arnold worked for the Utah Idaho Sugar Company. It was during this time that he met Mary Margaret Fowler. They were married 17 September, 1907. They had six children: Areva, Zonda, Daisy, Arnold Holland, Loeda May and Billy Ray.

Mary Margaret Fowler and Arnold Harris

Arnold and Mary with one of their children

Mary was working for her brother, Johnny Fowler, one mile east and one half mile south of Ammon when they met. Johnny was single and renting a farm. He had hired Mary to come from Escalante, Utah to cook for him and his hired men. After the marriage, they lived with Johnny until after Areva was born. Johnny later married Millie Croft, a half sister to Hannah Croft who married Elmer Packer.

Areva adored her father and enjoyed spending as much time with him as possible. One of her fond memories was sitting up at night with him to watch him repair harnesses etc. Sometimes he would let her hold his pipe in her mouth when it was not lit. Arnold did not go to Church, but his wife and kids went.

Arnold and Mary were living in a two room house one half mile south of the Ammon store when Zonda was born. They had a cow, calf, pigs and chickens. In the fall, Arnold was burning grain stubble near the house. He left it unattended and it burned so close to the house that the hair was singed on the animals before it was discovered and put out.

Areva has a newspaper picture of the York School which is near Shelley, Idaho. She had written on it, "I went to school here in the second grade, 1916." Her dad was working for her uncle Johnny Fowler at the time. They were living in a tent in his yard.

About this time, Areva remembers that her grandmother, Mary Ann Davies Fowler, came up from Escalante, Utah. Her youngest son, Sam, was working for Johnny. She brought Areva and Zonda a little collar which she had crocheted. Sam and Mary Ann went up to the dry farm to each homestead 160 acres. They lived together.

In 1916 Arnold filed for a homestead on a dry farm near Ammon. They lived there for five years and then moved to an irrigated farm in the Ammon area where he farmed until 1925.

In the spring of 1926 they moved to Coltman, north of Idaho Falls, where he worked as a ditch rider on the Idaho canal. After eight years, they moved to Idaho Falls for two years but then moved back to Coltman.

Mary and Arnold Harris with Areva

Arnold's hobby was breaking and matching teams of horses. He was a very efficient horseman and knew how to handle each horse depending on

its disposition. In his later years he became crippled with rheumatism and had to give up working with horses.

Fishing and hunting were also among his hobbies. He could never be outdone when he got a chance to spin a tale about these adventures.

Front row: Mary, Arnold and Arnold Harris; Back row: Loeda, Daisy, Zonda, Areva and Billy

Mary Margaret Fowler

Mary Margaret Fowler was born November 17, 1888 in Escalante, Garfield County,

Utah. She was the daughter of Hyrum Fowler and Mary Ann Davies. Mary had a strong heritage of pioneers who were instrumental in settling the frontiers of the United States. They were religious and patriotic.

FAMILY BACKGROUND

Mary's great grand father was Elisha Hurd Groves. He was born November 5, 1797 in Madison County, Kentucky. He Married Sarah Houge in 1825. They had two children. In September of 1831 he heard a sermon preached by Samuel H. Smith about the Book of Mormon. Elisha became very interested in the Church. He studied intently, read the Book of Mormon and wanted to be baptized. His wife, Sarah, was of exactly the opposite persuasion. She eventually took the children and went back to her family. Her brothers threatened to kill him if he ever came to see her or the children because he had disgraced their sister by associating with the Mormons.

Elisha was baptized March 8, 1832. He went on a mission to Jackson County Missouri in 1833. While he was away, his wife obtained a divorce.

Later he met Lucy Simmons. They were married January 16, 1836.

Elisha received a Patriarchal Blessing from Joseph Smith, Sr., was on the first High Council in Kirtland, helped build the Kirtland and Nauvoo Temples and was a member of Zion's Camp. He was an active missionary all his life and served several full time missions.

Elisha and Lucy had six children, one of which was Patience Sibyl. Sibyl was born August 18, 1841 in Nauvoo, Illinois. the family was driven out of Nauvoo in 1846. They went to Council Bluffs and then to Winter Quarters, Iowa. They left Winter Quarters on May 17, 1848 in the wagon train led by Brigham Young. Along the way Lucy slipped while climbing out of the wagon and it ran over her, breaking three ribs and a leg. Brigham Young took great interest in her and at one point stopped the wagon train and fixed a hammock for her so she would be in less pain. They arrived in Salt Lake City September 22, 1848.

Mary & Arnold with children: Bill, Daisy, Areva, Loeda, Arnold H, and Zonda

The family endured many hardships as they settled the new land. The family lived in many towns, mostly in southern Utah, as they were called to colonize the area. In 1850 they were called to settle Parawan in Iron County. Elisha became a representative to the State Legislature,

Branch President, and helped survey the townsite of Cedar City.

Again in response to a church call, the family moved to Harmony, in Washington County, in February 1853. Later they moved to Kanarrah where Sibyl met John Reese Davies who had emigrated to America in 1851. He was born in Wales and had been a tailor. They were married March 15, 1857. John was Post Master and also in the tailoring business.

John and Sibyl had three children. The third one, Mary Ann was born six months after her father died of pneumonia. Sibyl later married Llewellyn Harris and they had six children. They moved to Escalante, Utah in 1878 where they helped settle the area. Mary Ann was about 15 years old.

Back row: Arnold O. Harris and John Hyrum Fowler. Front row 3rd lady is John's wife, Mildred Jane Crofts. Others unknown.

The Escalante settlement was designed after the pattern of the Mormon farm village, a pattern that is very old in the history of civilization. Widely used in Europe and in the New England States, it had been largely abandoned, before the settlement of Utah, in favor of scattered homesteads. It prevails where land or water is limited and where desire for community life is strong. These conditions dominated the settlement of Escalante. The village was set in a central position, with farm lands lying adjacent on the north and south. Ranch lands were in nearby canyons and the Upper Valley.

An interesting story is reported in 1880 as told to Ruby Osborn by George Davis [Davies]. It follows:

> *Among the numerous family of James McInelly, the miller, was a daughter named Angeline, who was courted by young George Davis [Davies]. There had been a misunderstanding between them, and Angeline had been seeing a rival Hi Fowler.*
>
> *One day as George and his brother, Johnny, were grubbing brush within sight of the mill road, George noted a number of wagons headed toward the McInelly mill. since it was not grinding season, George was curious and asked his brother for an explanation. "If you will grub my share, I'll tell you all about it," Johnny offered. George agreed.*
>
> *"Well," said Johnny, "Your old sweetheart is going to marry Hi Fowler, and those people are going to the wedding."*
>
> *George threw his grubbing hoe in the air, jumped on his horse and galloped to the mill. He contrived to get his fair Angeline down by the mill pond where he pleaded, even begged; but she was firm. At last he threatened to jump into the mill race if she refused.*
>
> *The guests were waiting, the bridegroom fuming and the Bishop ready to perform the ceremony. Then the Bishop, Inez, her parents, and George held a council and finally decided that Angeline should marry George.*
>
> *But what of Hi Fowler? Well, George went to town, got his sister Mary Ann, who readily agreed to marry Hyrum. So there was a double wedding with the town band serenading.*

How much of this story is fact and how much fiction is not known. It is a fact of record that Hyrum Fowler and Mary Ann Davies were married October 28, 1880 in the St. George Temple. This would indicate that there is at least a considerable amount of fantasy mixed with any fact. Hyrum was 35 years old at the time and Marry Ann was 17. He was well known and respected in the town. He was a plasterer and was one of the first settlers to bring cattle to the area (in 1876). They had six

children. All of the children were born in Escalante, Utah.

The fifth child was Mary Margaret. Her memoirs follow:

Life of Mary Margaret Fowler Harris

Prepared by herself, July 1957

My father, Hyrum Fowler, was born March 27, 1845 in Layhart, Hancock County, Illinois. Mother, Mary Ann Davies, was born April 7, 1863 in Kanarrah, Kane County, Utah. They were married in the St. George Temple October 28, 1880.

They lived in Escalante, Utah. I was the fifth of six children. All the children were born in Escalante in the same house. They were: John Hyrum, Sarah Elizabeth, James Alma, George, myself, and Samuel.

There were no doctors or hospitals to care for mothers and babies. A woman we always called, Granny Heaps (a midwife), cared for my mother when we were born.

My father died before I was three years old. My younger brother, Samuel, was a baby of three months. I cannot remember anything about my father. How I wish I could. I have heard that he was about average size and red headed. He was a hard worker, a mason by trade. He fought in the Black Hawk war and was badly injured. He loved to dance. He was an entertainer at parties, doing what they called step dancing (similar to our tap dancing I guess). He knew 32 different steps and won many prizes for his dancing. I guess I got my love for dancing from him. He died of cancer of the mouth May 1, 1891.

My mother was a proud little Welch woman. After father died, we were very poor. We had a couple of lots and a two room house. About two years later, our house burned to the ground and we didn't even have a home. Mother worked hard at all kinds of work, but found it very hard to keep a family of five children. She was so proud that she would not accept help from any one unless absolutely necessary. The Bishop, Andrew Schow, was very good to us and helped us as much as mother would let him.

I was a little red headed girl with blue eyes, and always so happy. Being poor never bothered me. I have never wanted wealth; only enough to be comfortable. I never let poverty get me down. I've always done the best I could with what I had.

I loved to dance and whistle. Our neighbor lady, Alice Rogers, called me her happy little song bird.

I had a cousin, Maggie Davies, who I loved very much. We spent much of our time together when we were small. Her mother died when she was young so I used to go stay with her quite a lot. Her father raised bees. We would take the smokers out when her father was away and smoke the bees and then take a slat out and cut out the center of honey comb. We put it in a lard bucket and hid it some where. Then we would have honey comb all summer whenever we wanted it.

When Uncle George would harvest his honey crop, he always wondered why one slat never quite filled in the center. As I look back, I'm sure he must have known but he never let us know or scolded us.

One night when I stayed with Maggie, we got her sister to let us sleep in the kitchen (we had plans). Now there was a young man staying there nights and working out of town days. Maggie's sister, Ina, was very fond of him.

We decided to have breakfast ready when the family got up in the morning. We stayed awake all night. We made biscuits about midnight. We were afraid to make much fire so we "sun baked" them the rest of the night. I don't remember what else we fixed. We were so proud and thought we had really done something wonderful. We got all ready and called the family to breakfast. Can you imagine how Ina felt with her boy friend there? He bit into one, or tried to. They were as hard as rocks. He was wonderful. He just looked at her and winked and said, "These are the best biscuits I've ever tasted. Don't you think so?" She smiled at him, and us, and they were never mentioned again. But we didn't get to sleep in the kitchen again.

My mother took us on many walks to the cliffs and caves where the Indians had lived. We gath-

ered arrow heads and many other Indian relics. In the spring we gathered sago lily roots to eat. They tasted so good.

One day my sister Sarah and her girl friend went to the foothills to gather pine gum and nuts. I wanted to go, but they said "No." After they got out of sight, I followed them; just keeping far enough behind to keep them from seeing me. When they reached the pine trees, I came out in the open and they didn't dare send me home alone. So we started gathering the cones in our aprons. It started to rain. It was a terrible thunder storm and we started home. I got so cold and wet they had to leave their treasure and get me home. We stopped at Mamie's house. Her mother gave me a hot bath and rubbed me good, wrapped me in a blanket and put me to bed. I slept for hours, then they took me home.

One day mother took us for a walk down by the creek. She always took the lead and tested everything and watched for any harm that might come to us. This day she was a little more daring as there wasn't too much water in the creek. She went out a little farther than usual and got in the quick sand. We were so frightened. We prayed and she talked to us calmly and told us what to do and we finally got her out. My mother wasn't afraid of anything, man, beast or storms. Not even Indians.

There were Indians living in Escalante. They were of the Piute tribe. They were dirty and lazy and were always begging for food. Even though we didn't have much, mother always remembered the council of the church to feed the Indians and never send one away without something.

The Navajo tribe used to come into town on different occasions. They were a proud people, always clean and dressed in their tribal clothes. We were a little frightened of them, but we thought they were beautiful and loved to watch them from behind our mother's skirt or a window, as they rode proudly through the town.

There were five of us girls who lived close together. We were real pals. We loved to go down to the sorghum vats where they made molasses from sugar came. It was put in big vats or tubs and boiled until it formed a syrup or sorghum. As it boiled, a foam formed on top that had to be kept skimmed off. So the man made each of us a paddle to help skim, and then we could eat it. It was delicious. It was so seldom we had any sweets.

I remember how I learned to wash dishes clean. We had mutton for dinner and mother told me that I must do the dishes before I went to play. She then left. I ran out to the well (we had to draw the water from the well in a bucket on a rope). I got my bucket of water and washed the dishes in the cold water and ran to play. I was having so much fun when I heard mother call, "Mary, come wash your dishes." I told her I had washed them. She took me in the house, took a knife and ran it around the bottom of the plate. The mutton tallow was thick and cold. She made me get fresh water, heat it and do the dishes over again. I always remembered that mutton tallow will not clean off without hot water and soap.

It was hard for us to get to school. I did love school and went every chance I had. In the winter we couldn't go at all as we had so far to go in the cold and snow. I didn't finish the seventh grade.

I loved to play ball, go to the red rocks and slide down, hunt for Indian relics and dance.

The last home we lived in, in Escalante, was on the edge of town. We could see only sand and sagebrush in every direction, and lizards by the hundreds. I remember when we used some old boards to make a corral. Leaving one end open, we would each get a piece of sage brush and go on a round up. We would drive the lizards into our corral, playing they were our cattle. We spent many an enchanting hour trading and training our animals.

My sister, Sarah, and I had the measles at the same time. It was at peach canning time. Mother kept us in a dark bedroom to protect our eyes. We would get so tired of staying in bed. Sarah finally had a bright idea. She kept sending me into the kitchen to get peaches whenever mother stepped out or was too busy to notice. If she had only known, she would have worried about us getting sick from the peaches. But she didn't know and we

didn't get sick, and it did help the time to pass.

Other towns we lived in were Coyote, Kingston, Siguard and Vermilion. I can't remember exactly where each of the above incidents in my life took place, but as I remember it, most of my childhood was spent in Escalante.

I remember on my birthday, mother took me to my first grown-up dance. My Uncle George Davies taught me to dance. At first I was stiff from fright and could hardly move at all. But he just talked nice to me and I forgot about being frightened and from then on I loved to dance. I would practice on my way to and from school, while I did the dishes or anywhere or time I'd get a chance.

When we left Escalante, mother borrowed an old white team and wagon from an old Spaniard to move our few belongings. When we got to our new home, mother sent the team and wagon back to the old man with someone who was traveling back to Escalante. People trusted each other in those days and never even thought of someone not returning what they borrowed.

My oldest brother, John, had been helping mother support the family as much as he could. He and other men would go out on the Escalante desert and round up wild horses and drive them to Idaho where there was a good market for them. They would split the money equally among them. Sometimes they made real good money and sometimes not so good. He finally got as far north as Idaho Falls. He liked it so well that he decided to make his home there.

He would write to us at home, always calling me his little sister. Once he sent me a picture of him and a pal that he had met. I could hardly see Johnny for admiring the good looking chap with him. I told all my girl friends he was my future husband and carried his picture every where.

Johnny had been in Idaho a few years and decided to rent a 160 acre farm at Ammon from Frank Fowers. He sent for me to come to Idaho to cook and keep house for him. I was so happy and yet so frightened. I landed in Idaho Falls February 17, 1907. Johnny met me at the train. He took me to the Fowers home. They were so good to me. I soon felt very much at home and was so happy. I stayed there a week, then went to work for a Mrs. Al Carter at Ammon. They had four little boys and had another little boy while I was there.

I went to dances with Johnny and his friends. I had met the man of my picture soon after I came to Idaho. His name was Arnold Oscar Harris. He had come to Idaho from Sulphur, Indiana, with his parents. I hadn't changed my mind at all. He was still my dream man. I went to a dance the 17th of March 1907, with Johnny and some other friends. Arnold asked me to go home with him. I told him I came with my brother and must go home with him. He called my brother "Jack" and said he would fix it up with him and he did. So I went home with Arnold. That was the beginning of our courtship.

I lived with my brother that summer. I had never been away from home before I came to Idaho and had never had experience cooking very much. That summer I cooked for as many as 20 men. We didn't have canned or packaged food. All of it had to be done the hard way. I washed, ironed, baked bread, cake and pies besides all the other cooking. I made our butter, did the shopping for my brother besides some of the other men. I would take the horse and buggy and drive to a little store in Lincoln to do most of our buying. Sometimes we would go into Idaho Falls.

We did our washing on the board and boiled all the whites in a boiler on the stove. We ironed with old irons that were heated on the stove. They were always either too hot or cold, and on hot summer days it was really hot. We churned our butter by putting the sour cream in a two-quart bottle and shaking it by hand until the butter came. Sometimes I would put it on the treadle of the machine while I did the mending or sewing. This way I could do two jobs at once.

I went with Arnold all summer and we were married September 17,1907 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. While living at Johnny's, our first baby girl was born April 15,1908. We named her Areva and

were very proud of her. The men all made so much fuss over her. She was the first baby some of them had been around for years. She wasn't too healthy a baby and was very tiny. She weighed 16 pounds when she was 16 months old, but was a little doll.

In 1910 Johnny found him a sweetheart and got married. We moved to Ammon into a little two room house--one log and one frame. Here another little daughter came to bless our home February 4, 1911. We named her Zonda. Arnold worked for some of the neighbors and for the Utah Idaho Sugar Company during fall and winter, riding horse back to and from work most of the time.

Arnold always loved horses and enjoyed matching them for color and size and training them. He always had a buyer for a team as soon as he had one ready. As we traveled around, he was always looking for new young colts and when he saw one he wanted, he never gave up until he had it.

He would harness them and hitch them to a wagon or sleigh and tie them to a telephone pole or something solid. He would get in, take the whip and lines in his hands, then I would untie them and turn him loose. If I could catch the tail end of the outfit, I went along. If not, I stayed home and waited anxiously for his return. By the time he got back, the horses were quieted down enough so he loaded the family in and we would go for a ride, usually to visit our friends John and Jennie Norton or to see Arnold's folks. If we went to the Norton's, we usually stayed all night or longer, then they would come home with us and stay a day or two. They had two little boys and a girl.

We used to hunt jack rabbits, fish and gather wood as a pass time. We did enjoy ourselves with our Kiddies, and were all very happy. At times all we had to eat was fried potatoes and water gravy with baking powder biscuits, so a fresh jack rabbit tasted delicious (they were not diseased as they are today).

In 1914, we took a squatters right on a homestead up in what they called Rattlesnake Flat (later called Henry Creek). We had to live on it so many months each year and do so much building on it. We moved back and forth spring and fall until we proved up on it (or had completed our agreement).

During this time another baby girl, Daisy, came to join our family, October 20, 1913, and then our first son Arnold Holland was born February 10,1916. We were so proud and happy with our little family.

World War I started soon after we started our homesteading so Arnold was not called until just before the war ended. He got as far as having passed his physical, then the armistice was signed and he didn't have to go.

The fall and winter of 1918 when the flu was so bad, a few of the dry farmers decided to stay up on the dry farm where we would be safer. We had a small school house in the area that had been used by other homesteaders before us. We decided to hire a school teacher and put the kiddies in school up there. A Mr. William Crowder was the teacher. He boarded with one family for a while and then another.

An article in the December 14, 2003 issue of the Standard Examiner stated the following concerning the flu outbreak of 1918:

> *Pandemics have happened three times in the past 100 years, starting in 1918 (which was by far the worst). The Spanish flu (of 1918) was an extremely deadly strain. More than 500,000 people died in the United States and between 20 million and 50 million died worldwide.*

We got along fine until late in the winter. Our supplies began to get low so Arnold, Jess Gillies and Joe Rhoads decided to go to the valley for supplies. Soon after they got back, Joe came down with the flu. It went from there through most of the families. All of them were very ill. We could not get a doctor to come up until after Arnold got it. He was so seriously ill we never expected him to live. At last his mother came up from the valley to help care for him. We did get a doctor to come twice and help us with him. We used to sit up night and day with him, never daring to leave him alone because he was so bad. At last he started to get

better. We were so thankful our prayers had been answered. There wasn't a death among us, but we did have some real sick people.

Arnold was a large man, but lost weight until he only weighed 90 pounds.

Areva said that she helped care for the animals during the time he was sick and that he was so anxious to see his horses before he was well, that he crawled on hands and knees down the hill, across the creek and up to the barn.

We worked hard planting and harvesting our wheat on the farm. Each year things got a little drier and in 1920 the drought really hit us hard. We had planted 136 acres of grain and it all burned to the ground. The cattle and horses were turned out to find what feed they could. They went back into the timber but the grass was all gone too. They were starving, so on the first of August that year, we gathered what few belongings and stock we had and moved back to Ammon. We sold the dry farm for a little of nothing and bought us a little home in Ammon.

While on the dry farm, we had a few experiences I remember. The porcupines were so thick Arnold was always pulling quills from horses noses or heels. The gophers were so thick that we used to put out poison for them. One day I had fixed some strychnine with grain. I had measured it in a tablespoon and had rinsed the spoon in the wash pan, as we had to save every bit of water. This water had been dumped into the bucket where we kept all the scraps and liquids for our pigs. We had about 20 young sows and their young as I remember.

When Arnold went out to feed the pigs that noon, they became ill as soon as they drank. He called me. We watched them a few minutes and he said, "They act like they have been poisoned. Could it be possible?" I then remembered about the spoon. He told me to get all the lard we had and bring it out. We fed them lard until it was gone. Most of the pigs died. It was a great loss to us. We were right back where we started it seemed – with nothing.

One summer while we were there, I was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism. I was flat on my back all summer with four small children. Arnold's mother and father had a dry farm joining ours. I don't know what I would have done without her and a neighbor lady, Mandy Gillies, who were all the help I had. But the Lord was good and I was healed and have never had it again.

We bought our first car in 1924. It was a Ford sedan.

The spring of 1925, we rented a farm east of the Shelley sugar factory. We didn't have much machinery, but Arnold worked hard from daylight until dark.

On June 10, 1925, another baby girl, Loeda May, joined our circle. We were so happy to have another baby to love and raise. Then in March 1926, Arnold got a job as water master on the Idaho Canal so we sold all our farm machinery and moved to Coltman. We lived in a nice little house on the canal bank west of the old Butikofer home. We lived their eight years.

June 9,1927, another son was born. The last of our six children. We called him Billy Ray. We bought a home on 13th street when we left Coltman. It was a hard time for us. Arnold didn't have work. We still had the two youngest children home. So I went to work in a laundry where I worked 8 to 10 hours a day for $1.00 a day and my dinner. While there, Loeda got scarlet fever and she and I were quarantined in one room of our house for six weeks. I think this was one of the hardest winters as far as work or food was concerned. We really had it tough.

We lived there two years and then moved to Shelley again where Arnold worked for his brother and brother-in-law. We were in Shelley two years and then rented a farm in Blackfoot where we lived two years. Then we bought the farm in Coltman where Preston Butikofer now lives and moved back in the log house on this place.

Arnold H. and Billy were both in World War II. Arnold was in the Army and Billy in the Navy.

Arnold got crippled up with arthritis and couldn't farm so we sold all the farm except enough for us a home. The children helped build

us a nice little home with three rooms and bath. This was the first home I had with running water and bath in my life. I was so proud of it. I went to work again, at the Coltman School, with the hot lunch program. I then took over the job of cooking at Fairview School until it closed.

January 15, 1956, Arnold had a stroke and died in the middle of the night. I was alone with him. It was such a shock to me. I became very ill and never have been well since.

On July 19, 1957, my nephew, Gilbert Fowler and wife took me on a weekend trip to Escalante. The first time I had been back since I left as a young girl. It really hasn't changed much from what I remember. It is so dry and far from other large cities. I found my cousin Maggie, who I had loved so as a child. We spent the night with her and her husband. I did enjoy it so much. I had always wanted to go back to see her.

I am now living in my little home at Coltman with my children all close to me. They are so good to me. I don't know what I would do without them. They are all married and have families. I have grandchildren and great grandchildren. I am proud of all of them.

I have worked as a Primary teacher at Ammon; Bee Keeper, Relief Society work director and visiting teacher at Coltman.

Blackfoot 025635

4—1003-R.

The United States of America,

To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:

WHEREAS, a Certificate of the Register of the Land Office at Blackfoot, Idaho, has been deposited in the General Land Office, whereby it appears that, pursuant to the Act of Congress of May 20, 1862, "To Secure Homesteads to Actual Settlers on the Public Domain," and the acts supplemental thereto, the claim of Arnold O. Harris has been established and duly consummated, in conformity to law, for the south half of the southwest quarter and the southwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section three and the east half of the northwest quarter, the west half of the northeast quarter, and the northwest quarter of the southeast quarter of Section ten in Township one south of Range thirty-nine east of the Boise Meridian, Idaho, containing three hundred twenty acres,

according to the Official Plat of the Survey of the said Land, returned to the GENERAL LAND OFFICE by the Surveyor-General:

NOW KNOW YE, That there is, therefore, granted by the UNITED STATES unto the said claimant the tract of Land above described; TO HAVE AND TO HOLD the said tract of Land, with the appurtenances thereof, unto the said claimant and to the heirs and assigns of the said claimant forever; subject to any vested and accrued water rights for mining, agricultural, manufacturing, or other purposes, and rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water rights, as may be recognized and acknowledged by the local customs, laws, and decisions of courts; and there is reserved from the lands hereby granted, a right of way thereon for ditches or canals constructed by the authority of the United States. Excepting and reserving, also, to the United States all the phosphate in the lands so patented, and to it, or persons authorized by it, the right to prospect for, mine and remove such deposits from the same upon compliance with the conditions and subject to the provisions and limitations of the Act of July 17, 1914 (38 Stat., 509).

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, have caused these letters to be made Patent, and the seal of the General Land Office to be hereunto affixed.

GIVEN under my hand, in the District of Columbia, the TWENTIETH day of MARCH in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and NINETEEN and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and FORTY-THIRD.

(SEAL.)

By the President: Woodrow Wilson

By W. C. LeRoy Secretary.

S. P. C. Lamar Recorder of the General Land Office.

RECORD OF PATENTS: Patent Number 670843

Land patent from the Federal Government for 320 acres, found at www.glorecords.blm.gov

Comments by Other Family Members

Mary was patient, kind and generous. She had a cheerful disposition and always tried to help others see the brighter side of life. Everyone felt better after having visited with her.

She was a good seamstress and made most of the family clothing. She never used a pattern but had learned to make a dress by just looking at a catalog picture. Although the family always seemed to be lacking in worldly things, she always kept the children neat and clean. This often meant washing and ironing the kids clothes every night as they often only had one set of school clothes.

Mary was also a good cook. It always seemed like a good meal could be prepared with what ever was on hand and friends or neighbors were always welcome.

Kerosene lamps were the usual source of light but occasionally candles were used. During the worst of times, a rag soaked in a dish of lard was used.

Mary was of a religious nature and tried to teach her children the same, even though her husband, Arnold, had drifted along other paths. She taught the children to pray, attend church, and be considerate of others. After Arnold died, her health failed quickly. She may have suffered from what is now called Aldsheimers disease. It became difficult for her to live alone. Living with family members was also difficult for her because of the higher level of activity. On July 2, 1960 she entered the LDS Nursing Home in Idaho Falls. Later she was transferred to the State Hospital in Blackfoot, Idaho. She died there February 12, 1963.

I (Murland) remember that on one occasion she saw me eating an apple and she proceeded to pass on some wisdom. She said that apples were very good for me and that I should continue to eat an apple every day. She said that the core and skin were also good for me. The seeds (pips) contained unusual food value and should be chewed slowly and completely. She said the coarse material around the seeds should also be eaten as it would act as a brush to clean out my insides. I believed her and to this day I eat the entire apple. Well, all except the stem and the blossom. I think she was right.

SOURCES OF INFORMATION

1) "The Escalante Story (1875-1964)" by Nethella Griffin Woolsey

2) Memoirs of Mary Margaret Fowler Harris

3) "History of Elisha Hurd Groves Family" by Sibyl Harris Mendenhall

4) Family Members

13 John William Jones

John, known as "Jack" all his life, was born 19 March 1882 at Bennington, Bear Lake, Idaho to John Thomas Jones and Frances Elizabeth Stephens. He was the fifth child in a family of eight. What took him to Ammon, Idaho, where he met his wife Amanda Ceretta Southwick and was married 17 December, 1903 is not known.

They homesteaded in the Taylor Mountain area along Taylor Creek and was granted a land patent in 1918 for his 240 acres. The severe drought and low farm prices caused them to leave. His wife, Amanda, writes their history in her diary. Jack died 11 Jan, 1957 in Ammon.

Amanda Ceretta Southwick

I am Amanda Ceretta Southwick, born April 9, 1885 in Lehi, Utah. I am the wife of John William Jones and my parents are James Nephi Southwick and Mary Ett Norton.

My father was born in England, May 29, 1854. His parents, Edward Southwick and Mary Alexander, were converted to the Latter-Day Saints religion in England. They were poor people and could not get enough money for the family to migrate to Utah where they could live their religion as they would like so they decided to send the oldest son, Edward, to Utah with some Saints who were going. He was to get work and save enough money so the rest of the family could migrate to Utah.

My father was the youngest child. He was born after his brother left for Utah. I have no record of how long it was before Edward had earned enough money for his family to go to Utah, but father was eight years old when they left.

After leaving the boat they were assigned to Captain Hyde's Company. His mother was not well and after starting with the company she became very ill and one morning she died and was buried on the Little Platt River in Wyoming. The family continued on to Salt Lake City, arriving in the fall of 1862.

Some time after arriving, the family was sent to Lehi, 30 miles south of Salt Lake, to make their home. My father, being a small boy, herded cows in the summer months and lived with his only sister, Mary.

His father did not live long in the valley, about five years is as near as my father could remember.

After growing older, my father worked in the timber and the mines of Utah.

He married Mary Ett Norton, August 10, 1874, in the old Endowment House in Salt Lake City and they lived in Lehi for about 14 years. They farmed part of the time and had sheep the rest of the time.

In the fall of 1888, when my parents came from Utah to Idaho, I was between three and four years old. They had lost three babies at birth and one at 18 months of age. They brought to Idaho a team, wagon and two cows. One of the cows got in the mud and was so tired and weak they had to go on and leave it there.

We lived in an old log cabin on the Earl Cook farm the first winter we were in Idaho. The next spring my parents homesteaded the 80 acres across, west, from the Ricks farm in Ammon, now owned by Gus McDonald. Later they moved to the farm south of the homestead now owned by Roy Southwick, Clark Judy and Jack Jones. We lived on that homestead for a good many years.

The first year father build one log room. That winter we did not have a floor in our house but mother put gunny sacks on the floor and held them down by pushing large nails through the sack and into the dirt. The next summer father built another log room and put rough board floors in both rooms. We were sure proud of our home then. We planted trees and flowers and some of the trees are still there.

I went to the first school in Ammon, a one log room which my father and others built. The stove was a large round heater set in the middle of a large pot that was filled with dirt. It was out about two feet from the center and low so we could sit around the box and warm our feet on the warm dirt with no danger of falling on the stove.

My first teacher was Mrs. Jae Bird. She lived in a dug-out (a house built back inside a hill). This dug-out was on the Jae Field farm, then owned by Mr. Bird. We children had an awful time getting through our books as each year when a new teacher came they would ask us how far in the book we were, and when we told them they would say, "we better start back at the first," so it's no wonder I don't know anything.

In the summer I saw many bands of Indians going to the north country to hunt, but they were all friendly and did us no harm.

My parents were poor and it was hard getting started in a new country. We all had to work to help clear off the sage brush, but we didn't mind. We worked hard all day pulling sage so we could have bon fires at night, our only recreation, but we were happy. We didn't know anything better.

My sisters, Bell and Bertha, were born in the old log cabin on the farm. I don't think we were ever really hungry, but lived many days on mush which was made from bran. We had milk, but never any sugar. The only sugar we had was to make medicine for the baby. So the years rolled on and somehow we grew up and were happy. I had a wonderful mother, for no matter how discouraged she might be, she always made things look bright for us children. What would we ever do without mothers?

The first pretty white dress I ever saw was Sister Dora Ball's when she first came to Ammon. She was about 16 years old and I was about seven, and how I wished I could have a white dress. I had two outing-flannel dresses, the kind of material we used to make quilts. Mother would buy it in large bolts from peddlers who came through the country and then we girls had dresses, the boys shirts and the babies petticoats and panties, all alike. My first pretty dress was a red-shirt waist and a dark skirt and was I proud. I was 14 then and thought surely all the boys would fall for me.

Oh! Those happy days of girlhood. Praise it for the day is coming when life may not always be like those happy days of girlhood, so uncluttered and so free. About this time my sister, Nancy, got married and went to live with the Rawson's.

About this time there were a lot of people living in Ammon and the bishop, who was Bro. Rawson, decided we needed a recreation hall and everybody had to pay so much on the hall. It sure was hard for some of the parents to make their payments but they did and were we young people ever happy as now there would be room for everyone to dance.

My mother had two more little girls and one only lived three weeks. We buried her in the Iona cemetery, then nothing but sage brush. The other little sister was Ermadean. I had a little brother

who was my twin but he died when he was only 18 months old. I sure wish he could have lived. All in all, I have 12 brothers and sisters, making 13 children. Six are living at this time, November 24, 1932.

By this time in my life we were having lots of recreation in a religious way. Sunday School, Religion class, Mutual, Primary and everyone was willing and wanted to help. I was secretary of the religion class, which is now called Seminary.

Now I think I will tell you about some of my boy friends. I had lots of boy friends and girl friends and we had some jolly good times. Some of the boys had a buggy and I thought to myself, "Wouldn't it be fun to go riding with Jack Jones in his buggy"? Of course, there wasn't much hope as he was three years older and went with the older girls. I don't know how it happened, just one of those things, but one day he came by and asked me to go for a ride. Oh boy, was I thrilled. I went with him a few times that winter, when he couldn't get anyone else. The next spring he went to Oregon and was gone most of the summer. When he came back the older girls all had boy friends and some of them were married, so there was nothing left but to fall back on me.

On December 17, 1903 Jack and I were married in the Salt Lake temple by Elder John R. Winders. We were two dumb kids in a big city, after living all our lives in the sage brush. We went to the theater for the first time in our lives. The only thing we had ever seen was a circus. We went to Lehi a few times and then returned home, that was our honeymoon, but it was a wonderful time.

That summer we built a small room and on November 7, 1904, our baby girl, Mazell was born. We had Mrs. Denning from Iona come and care for me and the baby as there were no doctors to do that kind of work. She charged $10. We were so happy, we had a one-room home, a baby and a job that paid $2.00 a day. We thought that was enough for anyone. In two years we were blessed with another little girl which we named Rula. She was born at mother's as Jack was away from home so much. We had no telephone, no auto, only a horse and buggy.

In two more years we were surprised to learn we were going to have another baby. The house was so small we didn't know where to put a baby so we built a room on back of the one we already had. On the 5th of September, 1908 we were blessed with another little baby girl we named Alta. She was a delicate baby but with good care we raised her. I thought, "Oh, dear, if I have any more babies what will I do"? Anyway, in another three years we had a baby boy which we named Wayne. We were sure proud of our family, we had a boy and three beautiful girls and plenty of room for them all. And was Jack proud of that boy! He weighed 10 pounds and was bald headed, but he didn't care, it was a boy.

When Wayne was four years old we moved to the Norton farm, by Rosa Owens who lived on the ranch then. When Wayne was five years old another baby girl came to bless our home and we named her after Jack's sister, Scharlett. They always called her Lottie so that is what we called the baby, Lottie.

At this time in our lives everyone was making good on the dry farms so we thought we would try. We homesteaded 80 acres and bought 80 acres but we didn't make a success of it. We had several dry seasons so we could not stay. In 1923 our baby, Rayola, was born. When she was one year old we started working in the timber at Island Park.

In June, 1924 Mazell married Herbert Kenny. We felt quite bad about it for awhile. When your first baby leaves you it seems like you can't stand it but there is nothing left to do. They have four beautiful children: Jack, Bruce, Greta and Wallie. They are living a very wonderful family life and she has a good husband.

The following November, after Mazell got married, our second baby girl, Rula, married Virgil Clark, and they moved to Portland, Oregon. We were worried about her as she was young and had never been away from home. She came back in about a year with a beautiful golden-haired baby

girl which they called LaJean. Things didn't turn out so good for them and for various reasons they separated. Rula worked to support herself and the baby. They have each other, and I'm happy for that. I thought maybe some time she would find a good man that could make her happy but she didn't seem to be interested.

Our third baby, Alta, married Frank Hoffman. They have a sweet little girl named Lois. They bought a home in Idaho Falls and are very happy. Our baby boy, Wayne, I call them all babies for that is what they are to me, just my babies, has left home and gone to work for himself. His daddy sure did miss him but we realize they can't always stay home with Ma and Pa, but it's hard to give them up. We hope some day he will marry and build a home for that is the natural thing to do.

Our baby girl, Lottie, comes next. She married Truxton Madison. They are both young but nevertheless they seem to have grown up in a hurry. They have two children, Richard and Charlotte Ann. Both beautiful children that any parent would be proud of. They are getting along fine in their home and are making a wonderful father and mother in spite of their age. I hope that nothing enters to disturb their happiness.

Rayola, our last baby, is 14 years old. She is in her first year of high school. She is sure a sweet, loveable girl and I only hope she will continue to live a good, clean life and that I, her mother, will be able to help her over some of the rough places in life; that she will always have confidence in me so I can help if possible.

All these years I have been a very busy mother. I have tried to teach my children the things I thought would make them honorable, virtuous, upright and honest men and women. I have failed, I know, in many ways but I did the best I knew how to do. Jack and I have never been blessed with much money. We were never able to do the things we would have liked to do for our children to prepare them for life so they, in turn, will have to work hard for a living and perhaps can do better for theirs. This is my only wish.

I'm afraid from now on this story will not be very interesting, but if it is not, you won't have to read any longer.

In **February, 1936** we sold our home to Clark Judy and moved back to the two rooms we started with. We are going to try and build another house next fall. We have saw logs to build with.

Last Tuesday, November 31, 1937, my wedding ring wore so thin it broke into pieces. I am so sorry about it, I miss it so much. I am afraid I can't get another and anyway, it would not seem the same. Jack did not have very good luck with his work in the timber this summer (1937). The work seems to be too hard for him and so hard to get any help. I don't know how we'll make it through the winter. If we could get just a little work it would help. Rayola worked in the potatoes so she was able help get herself started in high school. I am sure hoping something will happen so she can have a Christmas dress. I made her one from Aunt Dean's old gray coat, but it is not what she'd like for Christmas. Maybe Santa Claus will help and not forget us.

My father fell and broke his wrist. He is 83 years old. It swelled awfully bad. I sure wish I had not broke my wedding ring as it might bring bad luck, but here's hoping not.

December 1937. They are building a new church and are adding some to the old one in Ammon. Our assignment was $50.00. We did not have the money and no work so Jack hauled gravel to pay our part. He had to put the gravel in the wagon with a shovel. It is hard work but we are glad we are able to pay that way.

Jack went to Lava this morning, first time in 14 years. We can't buy coal and don't want to freeze. It is awful dangerous over there so I sure hope nothing happens to him or his party, Mr. Goodson and son. Jack is nearly 56 years old and he can sure fall down easy and there are plenty of places for a man to fall in.

We have two cows and only one of them had a calf this fall. I am so disappointed I can't help but cry. We depended on the cows for our groceries. Now what do you think we are going to do to eat?

Friday, December 19. Our wedding anniversary, have been married 34 years and that is a long time to live with one man. We also took father to the hospital so he can get better care, sure hope he gets well.

Today is Saturday, the week before Christmas, 1937. Our car would not start so Jack and Rayola thumbed their way to town. Rayola had 30 cents and Jack 50 cents. I stayed home with my 20 cents so I would not spend it . The temptation would be too much for me.

We had a nice Christmas, home alone most of the day. Most of the children called late in the afternoon and had such lovely gifts for us. Just the things we needed. We felt badly because we could not give them anything but are hoping things will be better for us next year. We sure have a dandy bunch of kids and that means in-laws and all.

Father is home from the hospital and lots better. Father improved for a few days and then, very suddenly, he got bad, went unconscious Thursday morning and died Monday morning, January 2, 1938 at 2 o'clock. He was buried in the Iona cemetery, by mother.

Spring 1938. We had a very mild winter, very little snow and the temperature had not gotten below zero. It has been a hard winter as so many men are out of work with nothing in sight. If it hadn't been for the kiddies giving us flour, sugar, meat for Christmas I wonder some times how we would have gotten through the winter. We had $40.00 in four months. We had to buy coal, pay our light bill, life insurance, clothes, gas, food, so you see people can get along on a little if they have to. We did not pay any rent and we had to buy feed. I'm very thankful things are as good as they are. Our kiddies all have work, but Lottie and Truxton. How they are getting along, I don't know but potatoes are cheap, No. 1's only 40 cents and how they do like potatoes. I think he will get some work in a service station with his uncle before long.

March 21, 1938. We have had a grand winter until today. We are having the only bad blizzard of the season, not one of the school busses got to school, so no school. I'm still awfully worried about Lottie's family. He hasn't had but a few hours work. I'm afraid they are out of coal and little children at home. Oh, if we only had $10.00 to let them have until Truxton could get work but we are about as poor as people can get when it comes to money. That is how rich I would like to be so when my children needed help I could give them that much needed help but that doesn't seem to be my happy lot.

April 9, 1938. My birthday. Rula and Jean came out and brought me a cake. Dad moved the old coal house away from the house and helped clean up the back yard. Every day I wish we had our house built. I am so tired of these two little rooms. I just can't seem to fix it up to look good. Jack is not very well, something the matter with his stomach. He should have his teeth extracted, but same as usual, no money.

I helped Sister Dean calsimine her house. I sure worked hard but Jack can't get any work to do and I just have to help if I can. She gave me $10 but there are so many places for it to go but every little bit helps.

June, 1938. Today the Daughters of the Utah Pioneers placed a marker on the spot where the first LDS church stood in Idaho Falls. It is in a very beautiful spot and can be beautified very easily.

Jack and I tried to get a few acres of beets to thin but the high school boys have them all contracted. They say we are too old to thin beets, but they don't know everything. We are at the awkward age, too old to get a job and too young to get a pension.

Today Alta came home and brought some groceries. It is sure tough when your children have to start taking care of their parents. It is bad enough when they are old and feeble but when you are young and healthy, like dad and me, I think it's awful. For some reason this year has been a bad one for us but I think things will get better before long and then we can do something for the kiddies. At least get even with them. I know they have all they can do to meet their own obligations because

times are getting pretty tough. I am thankful for our sons and daughters and that we are still one family willing to help each other.

July 1938. Times are still pretty tough. Dad cut his 15 acres of hay and was just ready to stack it as soon as he could build a derrick. It started raining and continued until the first crop of hay spoiled in the fields. We would have had 20 tons and that would be about $140.00 this fall. But we are not the only ones taking a loss and we can't govern the weather, so I am still thankful for the blessings of the Lord.

The youngsters all came home for dinner, but brought their eats with them. We sure had a nice time but it stormed most of the day. Aunt Nane and Uncle Will came from Salt Lake, had dinner with us and then departed. They had been to Yellowstone Park.

Dad traded a car of timber for a team of gray horses today, so he is happy that he has a team again. He also got an order for another car with $50.00 down and were we glad. We went to town, got a license for the car, paid the grocery bill and are broke again, but such is life.

Alta had to go to the doctor today as her hip is out of place, the cords and muscles are all drawn up which makes one leg shorter than the other. I am quite worried about her. Rayola has gone to help her.

Jack has gone to the Park to get two cars of logs. I am alone but haven't been lonesome as I'm canning a few vegetables and a little fruit, milking cows keeps me quite busy. They are having the War Bonnet Roundup in Idaho Falls this week. I would like to see it but Jack is gone so guess that is one roundup I won't see.

August 1, 1938. Rayola is going to Logan again tomorrow on a temple excursion.

November 30. The summer has passed about the same as usual, nothing of importance happened. I helped Rayola in the potatoes a few days when she was sick and couldn't work but she made $25.00 so it paid for all her school things.

We spent Thanksgiving Day with Alta. All the children were there and we had a very nice time. Some of the beets and potatoes were frozen in the ground and people did not get their fall plowing done. Our hay all spoiled in the field so we did not harvest a crop. Dad only got two car loads of timber, just enough to pay for a team.

December 14, 1938. We had some money coming from Judy on the farm we sold him and we wanted to build two log rooms on our house. Dad and Wayne had bought a truck in 1930 and could not pay for it so the Bonneville Auto Co. took the truck and then sued for judgment and to satisfy the judgment and keep them from taking Wayne's wages it cost us $253. After that was paid and our water and taxes and payment on our little farm we only had $127 left to build our house. Dad is still hopeful but my fighting feathers are about all pulled out and are badly ruffled. But it is just one more disappointment in life. All there is to do is carry on and pray for courage to do so.

Dad and his neighbors have gone to the Lavas to get winter wood. It is awfully cold and I hope they don't have any trouble and return safely. Jack is getting pretty old to lay out in the woods in the winter as he could easily get pneumonia but I sure hope he doesn't and all will be well with them.

February 26, 1939. Both horses are sick and I guess one of them will die. Just a little more hard luck. We sure have an awful time trying to live.

May , 1939. Horses got some better but could not work so Jack sold the team for $65 and he gave $75 and half a car of timber for another team. He's getting pretty old to go to the woods and its awfully hard work.

Our only boy has just gotten married. He's 28 years old and I believe he has gotten a very nice girl and I hope they have a long, happy life together. They sure have our blessing and congratulations. We had a party for them and they received many beautiful gifts.

June, 1939. Jack has gone to the woods again to get a car of timber. He tried to get work at home this summer but could not so he had to go to the woods. He is quite old for such hard work.

My sister Belle, in Seattle, has sent me a ticket to come and see her but I can't seem to know if I should go or not. My old clothes are awful and I can get by at home but to go visiting, I just don't know. I did go to Seattle and had a grand time. The girls got me some clothes so everything turned out fine.

August, 1939. We are selling our little farm, hope we aren't making a mistake. Just can't seem to make it pay. We bought it or $2,000.00 and are selling it for $2,500.00. Success in life depends on staying power. The reason for failure, in most cases, is lack of perseverance. Men get tired and give up.

December, 1939. Santa came last night and he sure was good to dad and me. I got a red velvet dress, dad received shirts and socks and we received a clock, lunch cloth, gloves and scarves. Rayola and dad gave me $5.00. The family were all here and spent the evening with us. Our little grandchildren all gave us a present, we are so proud of our children.

May, 1940. Everything is about the same, just a few disappointments. Jack thought he was going to get work at the cemetery this summer but they gave it to a young man. I can't think how we are going to get by but I guess it won't do any good to worry about it.

May 16, 1940. This morning Jack started to work for the government on the W.P.A. project. It is tough luck to have to take that kind of work but beggars are no choosers. He sawed boards all day for the carpenters. They work eight hours with 20 minutes for lunch.

This morning, school being out, Rayola went to town to look for a job. She is 17 but it seems like she is still just a little girl. I sure hope she can get with a good family and that the temptations she will meet up with won't be too great for her to overcome. Rayola did not find work.

June, 1940. Wayne and wife left to find work and today (June 14) we received a letter saying they had gotten work in Red Lodge, Montana, sure glad they were so lucky. Jack has gone off the W.P.A., just can't take it. He has a few orders of timber to get out,

November, 1940. Pres. Roosevelt is running for third term, never has been done before, and there is sure a lot of excitement. Pres. Roosevelt was reelected, some happy, some sad. Hope it is for the best.

November 7, 1940. Received from Casey Jones the $600.00 we had coming from our farm. We're starting to build a log house with it and am I glad. It seems like I can hardly wait.

Dad broke his car down in the timber, had to have the wrecker come and get him and it cost $75.00, all the profit he made all summer. Casey Jones paid in full for the land we sold him and tomorrow we are going to start building our log home.

December 25, 1940. The kiddies all came home for the evening and all brought lovely gifts to us. We had a swell time.

January 11, 1941. Today we moved into our new home, Just a little 4-room log cabin but if it had been a mansion I could not be more thrilled. I haven't the vocabulary to express my feelings but I am happy. It is all paid for and no one can take it from us. Now all we have to worry about is something to eat but I think we can make it, at least until we are 75.

April 9, 1941. Today is my birthday. Mozell, Rula, Alta, Lottie, Aunt Dean and Nina Wasley all came and spent the afternoon with me. I had a real nice time and received lovely gifts. Jack has been working on the airport and is awfully tired. The war is terrible in Europe, don't know how long before we will be called to colors. Boys are already in training camps.

August, 1940. Rula just returned from Salt Lake where she went through a clinic. She's been sick and the doctors can't find out what is wrong but tell her not to be operated on. That is one thing we won't have to worry about. I think if we could have a little more faith in her behalf it would help a lot.

War in Europe is still raging, boys in training camps in the U.S. have to stay 18 months longer.

My sister, Belle Sant, came from Seattle to visit. Rayola, our baby girl, went home with her and she got a ob in the cannery for 41C2BD cents an hour so she will stay for awhile. It's awfully lonesome without her.

September 19, 1949. Mary LaJean, our oldest grandchild, got married today to Kenneth Dearden of Idaho Falls. Sure hope everything will be OK. She is awfully young, but very grown up and in love. Rayola returned from Seattle .

Today, **December 7, 1941** at two twenty four o'clock Japan opened fire on the United States. At 11:30, December 8, 1941 the United States declared war on Japan in self-defense.

December 29, 1941. Ed Denning, the first boy to volunteer for war from Ammon, left today. Almost like one of our own. We are such close friends with the Dennings, Warren and Birdy. Other boys have been called, Heath Crow, Deloss Russel. Sure hope they all return but not much hope, the fighting is bad.

January 1, 1942. Hubby Jack has been real sick, but is better and will have to have his teeth extracted. Today is New Year's Day and Jack and I are home alone for the first time in 37 years. Did not have much for dinner. Cooked Jack some rice as he can't have very much to eat as his stomach is bad. Opened a can of salmon the Saints canned in Seattle. Rayola bought some of it and brought it home. Had creamed cauliflower and some cake. We may having nothing but rice before we get those Japs whipped so they will behave.

The weather has been awfully cold, can't start the car so hope it moderates soon as it's been 20 below for a week.

January 12, 1942. Jack went to the hospital and Dr. West took some X-rays and he has a bad ulcer at the opening of his stomach. He'll keep him in the hospital for a week and says if he will diet and not work for three months and take the medicine, the doctor thinks he could get well with but one operation,

On **Friday, January 23** Jack had his teeth extracted. Now we sure hope he will get well. We stayed in Idaho Falls with the girls until he got his teeth out but we are now home (February 4, 1942).

On **February 1, 1942** Idaho Falls and surrounding villages are having a blackout at 9 o'clock, something new we've never had before but war brings lots of things to us. There are no Jap bombers here but just in case they call a blackout we would all know what to do. The war is bad and our boys are going every day.

April, 1942. War is still raging and all men that haven't registered have to do so if they are under 64. Dad is 60 and thrilled to think he is still young enough to at least register. He thinks he would like to go to Pearl Harbor, as that is where the war first started.

July 1942. Jack did not get well so we took him to Salt Lake. They gave him a treatment, said the ulcer he was suffering with had healed but had pulled the muscles of the stomach until it closed the opening from the stomach to the intestines. They treated him 8 days to relax the muscles. He came home in two weeks but still isn't feeling all that well. Sure hope nothing happens to cause a set-back. Dr. Walter West is our doctor and we sure think he is a fine doctor.

In July Wayne and Elma came to visit but dad was so sick we didn't have too good a time. In October they came again to visit. Dad was still not well but lots better so our visit was much nicer this time. Rula is also home from California and her daughter, LaJean and husband are also coming home.

Today, **November 6, 1942** the United States and England opened a new front in France. Germany will be fighting on three fronts, looks like one was going to take a whipping.

Jack is working at the sugar factory. He makes $5.53 an hour as a shift watchman and are we glad. The first he has earned for nearly a year and we were just about on our last peg. Last night he was awful sick so sure pray he won't get bad again. The weather is bad, lots of beets still in the ground. Help the cause is sending our men to war by the

hundreds. We are rationed on sugar, coffee, meat. Can't buy a lot of items, no gum or nylon stockings but I imagine that is nothing to what we will be called to sacrifice.

December, 1942. Jack grew worse by the hour so on December 23 Dr. West operated and for a few days we didn't know which way things would go, but he finally became better and after being in the hospital 30 days was able to go home. We are afraid he can't work this summer, but our children are grand to us, all of them give us a little money each month so we are getting along just fine. When Jack was in the hospital Aunt Myra Empey gave us $25, Uncle Al Norton, $25, Bro. Roy and wife $5, sister Erma Dean and husband $5, Sister Bell $20 and with what we had we could pay the hospital bill which was $225. The doctor bill was $400 but he said if we could pay him this summer he would cut it in half, to $200.

March 1943. A terrible thing has happened. Wayne, our son, was working in the coal mine at Bear Creek Montana, near Red Lodge where he and his wife lived. They had a terrible explosion and trapped 74 men in the mine. Some were killed by the explosion and some with poisonous gas. Wayne was in the mine7 days before they got his body out. They say he was killed by gas. We had a lovely funeral. Alma Owen, Bishop Lyle Anderson and Bishop Reed Blatter were the speakers. Songs, Sweet Hour of Prayer, Abide With Me, Young Home and Rock of Ages. He was killed February 27,1943, his wife, Elma's, birthday. We buried him March 10 in the Ammon cemetery. We could not see him because it was so long before they could find his body it was in a bad shape but we are thankful we could have his body and bury it where we know where he is. Our minds don't seem to register that he could be dead. We just seem to think of him as just away. It was such a terrible shock to everyone and it is hard to believe.

July 1943. Our baby girl, Rayola, married on the 12 of July. They have all left us one by one. We can't go through the same experience again. It is hard when the last one leaves you. We are all alone. We think her husband, Don, is a fine boy and we pray that we can always think the same of him and hope they will be happy. Rula and Elma have gone to Oregon and then to California where they are working. LaJean, our granddaughter, has gone to be with her soldier husband. The war is still bad. We hope we can soon say it is over but afraid there will be no more peace in the world until the Savior comes to redeem his people. We pray each day for strength to take these new experiences as they come and still keep faith.

February 4, 1944. Today we buried Aunt Sarah Empey. She was my mother's best friend. She was 67 years old. It was a lovely funeral. Who would wish her back to this world of sin and trouble.

The war is still bad. Yesterday, June 5, 1944, Rome, Italy was captured and today the 6th the invasion that we have waited so long for started in France. Everyone is praying for right to prevail and as many of our boys can come home as possible. Dad has his head almost in the radio listening to the invasion news, can't get him to milk the cow.

July 28 at 8 o'clock Rayola's baby boy was born. She was sick 7 hours but it seemed to Dad and I and her husband it was 7 days. Everything is OK now and I will go home with her for a few days.

Monday, July 31, 1944 Grandma Nielson died. She was 81.

August 18, 1944. Aunt Myra Norton Empey, mother's only sister left, has gone to her resting place after being sick for some time. We only have Uncle John Norton left and he Is 86.

March 28, 1945. Haven't written for quite some time so guess there was nothing important happening. Jack and I spent 8 months in Seattle this winter. Visited with the girls, Rula and Elma. Worked 2 months at a coca-cola factory where they made coca-cola baskets. We cleared $300 in 2 months. Then dad got tired so we quit work and went to Vancouver, Canada and visited with Aunt Ruth Norton, Jack's sister. We came home the 15 of March and have had winter ever since.

LuJean, our granddaughter, was operated on for appendicitis, a hernia and misplaced uterus

but she is getting along fine. Charlotte Ann, another granddaughter, had her tonsils out and after a week started to hemorrhage and it was so bad they almost lost her. She got so weak they had to give her a blood transfusion. She is almost 8 years old. We sure hope nothing happens to her.

April 9, 1945. Today I am 60 years old. The girls are coming to have a little party.

Our neighbors, the Judy's, just received word that their son, Gary, was killed in Germany. That is 3 boys from Ammon killed in this terrible war. Gary Judy, March 26, 1945; Ralph Hansen, Ed Hansen's boy and Erma and Russel Evertt's boy but guess there will be plenty more before it is over.

April 13, 1945. Another boy from Ammon, Vern Isaacs, was killed in Germany March 28, 1945. The war is bad and today, Wednesday April 12 at 4:35 President Franklin D. Roosevelt died of a cerebral hemorrhage. He was tired and weary but resting so as to attend the conference with the other leaders of England and Russia. No one knew his health was so poor but all there is to do is carry on without him. Death is no respecter of persons.

May 8, 1945. Today Germany surrendered to England, America and Russia. On May 14, 1945 Pres. Heber J Grant, 88 years of age, died. He was president of the Mormon church since 1918, 37 years as president.

August 1945. Pres. Truman announced first atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan. August 7 flyers report clouds of dust covering Hiroshima. September 2, 1945 VJ Day. Japs sent delegate to sign surrender documents aboard the USS Missouri in Tokyo Bay. General Wainwright witnesses surrender.

December 1945. To finish up the year, Rula and Virgil decide to try and live together, after a separation of 8 or 10 years. I sure hope they have better luck this time and here is wishing them happiness and lots of it.

The most awful year is at an end and everyone will be glad to see it go, taking with it its sorrows and tribulations. In 1945's 12 months the world saw a war end, a fall of dictatorships, the development of the atomic bomb, the greatest production peaks ever attained by industry. On the other side, unrest, starvation and a million other bad things. Many of the problems are still with us but we face 1945 with confidence that we can work out a satisfactory program and hope that the next 12 months will bring happiness and success.

First important event of the year, Rayola has a new baby girl, born **February 15, 1946**, Deloris Fay and she looks like her mother.

June 29, 1946. Jack was working as a flash man on a state highway and a girl tried to pass on the wrong side of the street and she ran into Jack. It was a bad accident and he is in the hospital in St. Anthony. We will know today if he has any broken bones and how long he will stay in the hospital.

Rayola writes: I wish mother could have fin-

One horse buggy on Taylor Mountain

ished the story but she has passed on so I will try and finish it for her. Daddy recovered from the highway accident with no bones broken but he was stiff and sore. I hope it doesn't bother him in years to come. Mother and daddy finished their home. They removed the old lean-to which they had added when Alta was born, and added a back porch, bathroom, bedroom and front room onto the old one-room home they first built

Mother wasn't feeling well, Doctor West said she had heart trouble. It was the first time she has even been to a doctor for herself. We girls thought she was much better, and so did the doctor, but she complained of a bad headache and it kept getting worse. Rula and I took her to the hospital on Sunday. She was in the hospital about three weeks, unconscious most of the time. Daddy can hardly take it but there is nothing else to do. I know she is happy and I bet Wayne is too. Daddy laid mother away in the best steel vault and her clothes were just beautiful. I know she's pleased. It's sure hard on daddy but he is taking it good.

It's been some time since I've written but not much has happened until now. Daddy isn't feeling very good. The girls took him to the hospital on September 4, Saturday. His water has stopped. The doctor says he has albumen of the kidneys in the third degree, whatever that is, but we think he is much better now and hope he'll be home this week.

1950. Lottie has started her beauty school and I'm sure she is going to make out fine. Daddy has found himself a girl friend. It hurts to see him with anyone but mother but then we have to look at his side of the story. It has been quite some time to be all alone and he is so lonesome. Mrs. Joe Hathaway is the name of daddy's girl friend. She is very nice and I hope she will be good to dad, although no one will ever be able to take mother's place. Daddy married Joe. They lived together for some time then they separated.

Daddy took sick and the girls took care of him. When he became real sick Rula took him to Ammon to his own home and took care of him. Daddy died of lung cancer on January 15, 1957.

Ruth McCloud, Olive Zimmerman and Miss Kolstead hunting rabbits on Taylor Mountain

14 Joseph Charles Lords

Author's Note — *Joseph along with his brother John homesteaded land in the Taylor Mountain area. Joseph was granted a Land Patent (deed) of 200 acres on December 22, 1915. Times were hard; money was scarce, lack of rain for dry farming contributed to having to give up trying to make a living on the homestead. The following histories of the parents Joseph and Agnes and two of their children, Leland and Iva Lords Stallings gives us a glimpse of what life was like for them in those early pioneering days.*

History of Joseph Charles and Agnes Francetta Cook Lords

Joseph Charles Lords was born 26 May 1866 at Pleasant Grove, Utah. He married Agnes Francetta Cook on 23 July l887. Agnes F. Cook was born 30 December l870 at Levan, Utah in a 1og house. Twelve children were born into this happy home. They were Ettie, Estelle, Ida, Alva, Melvin, Delta, Iva, Leland, Sylva, Fawntella, Merlin and Oral. Agnes Lords was baptized. by Ezra Curtis in Aurora Ward, Sevier Stake, Utah. She was confirmed. by J. Curtis and endowed in May 1888. She had her Patriarchal Blessing 7 February 1894 by Ephraim K. Hanks. in Giles Ward.

Agnes remembered about seven years of schooling. She started at Levan, Utah and also went to Manti and Aurora. She remembered one teacher, Newman Van Lewman.

One of her childhood memories was that she played with one little Indian girl in a grape arbor. When a child, she fell from a horse and was knocked unconscious. Another time, she was playing with her little brother, peeking around the door. She pinched his hand badly and shortly afterwards he died.

She worked actively in the Church and was at one time the Relief Society President in Ba1lard Ward, Lost River Stake. She also worked in the Primary and M. I. A.

Joseph worked faithfully in the church in all the wards in which they resided. He was first Counselor in the Bishopric at Lost River.

They had many faith promoting incidents in their lives. Their chi1dren were near death's door many times and were healed by the Elders.

They pioneered many parts of Idaho- They saw garden spots develop from arid and formidable waste lands. Their early farming experiences took the family to Ammon, Iona, Rexburg, Driggs and Lewisville where they lived until they passed away--Joseph in 1945 and Agnes in 1954.

Their early married life was spent in Vernal, Utah. Then they decided to move to Idaho There

were 29 wagons in the company. They had worked six months in Wyoming at a prop cutting camp for the mines to get the money to come to Idaho.

Their entrance into Idaho 49 years ago by wagon had its uncomfortable moments. Agnes recalled putting the last $10.00 into her sewing machine drawer before it was loaded onto the wagon. During the long journey here, there were many times the family might have drawn upon their resources, but the machine was so turned and piled high with other household furniture that the drawers could not be opened. Hence the money remained untouched until the family arrived in Rexburg.

Throughout their farming experiences, there were the uncompromising prob1ems of water or it's lack or unavailability, flooding tendencies in some area, and drought in others.

The Lords were but one of the many families who recall as a once f1ourishing and prosperous valley, the area that the desert has reclaimed with it's dry hot summers, sweeping windstorms, floods and torrential storms. The flood of 1914 in this, the Blue Valley struck the death blow. The Devi1 River that had lured these pioneers turned traitor. With but few possessions they could load into their wagons, these victimized emigrants took a last lingering glance at their former fields of fruits and row crops now silt buried and turned their backs upon their temporary home and set out for new acres to ti1l.

Idaho beckoned. Choice land in the upper Snake River Valley was available for $500 for 120 acres. The grazing land at Driggs proved to be the new home of the Lords family. Misfortune struck again. There was the unprecedented winter when the family lost almost their entire herd from severe cold and lack of feed. The move to Lewisville marked the final transplanting.

The Lords remarked many times that the many friends they had throughout their colorful life contributed much to their happiest years.

The sewing machine they brought so many miles was the means of keeping their twelve children clothed. She made them dresses, trousers, coats and everything the children had to wear, whether small or full grown. Friends stated that there were never prettier dance frocks that graced the dance floor than the lovely creations sewed by their mother for her seven daughters.

Agnes' only peeve in her latter days when she was eighty was the necessity for refuting the statement that she dyed her hair. Her beautiful dark brown coiffure arranged so attractively and f1ecked with but a few gray hairs seemed incredible for a woman of her age. Another frequent annoyance was having to frequently count her 63 great grandchildren and 53 grandchildren to prove to those who doubted her statement that she had more great grandchildren than grandchildren.

In her late 70's and. early 60's she found satisfaction in quilting and crocheting silk rugs. These she gave to her children and friends. She never found difficulty in disposing of her articles, for as Melvin said, "She reared her own customers."

Personal History of Leland Lords

Leland was born February 16, 1907 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. To Joseph and Agnes Lords, the eighth of twelve children; he had seven sisters and four brothers. He married Margaret Isabel Wilson on April 10, 1926 at Arco Idaho. Their firstborn son, Kenneth Leland died at birth and then they had five more children: Loren Keith, Lougene Margaret, Loral Leroy, Betty Rae and Gayla Joy. During these years Leland worked and lived all over Idaho then moved to Washington where his son Keith and his family were already living. Leland died on December 30, 1969 in Vancouver, Washington at the age of 62.

Iva Lords Stallings writes about Leland. When Leland was real small, Father and Uncles used to go up to the mountains for logs. This one time Leland started after Dad just screaming. He followed him up to the mountains quite a ways. We couldn't get him to come back so father had to bring him back home.

One time Father came home late at night with a load of coal. The next morning Leland and I went

out to get a scuttle full of coal. I got up in the wagon to throw coal out and Leland was to pick it up. Just as he came out from under the wagon, I threw the coal down and hit him on top of the head. The blood just squirted out everywhere. I ran to the house screaming, "I've killed Leland." They got it stopped and he was alright.

When he was real small we lost him. We hunted and hunted everywhere: the grain fields, canal, and all over the place. At last we found him in the back of the white top buggy and he was fast asleep.

He and I went to get work the work horses to dig potatoes. I wanted to ride the old horse named "Dime." He didn't want me to, so I got on another horse. I fell off the horse and broke my arm. He said "Oh – I wish I had let you ride old "Dime."

He could really yodel into a piece of pipe or hose and it sounded so beautiful. He was truly another Roy Rogers. He also was a great whittler. He had a number of talents but didn't always use them. He was also a great grandpa.

Fawntella (Tedda) Lords Luke writes about Leland. I remember the family telling me that when Leland was a small child he had the croup and was very sick. They didn't know whether he was going to make it or not. Alvah, one of our older brothers, prayed so diligently and just wouldn't let him go, so his life was spared.

He could really play the harmonica well. One year I remember my folks buying him quite an expensive harmonica. It was quite a long one. He really could play it well and was a very good singer and loved to sing when he didn't think anyone was listening to him.

He had the ability to do anything he wanted to do. When he and Vaughn worked together for Ball brothers, Vaughn always said he was the best irrigator that he had ever seen and he did it with such ease.

We really enjoyed him and Margaret when they were living here in Menan and missed them so much when they moved. During the war when pepper was rationed he would come to our home to borrow a little pepper as he couldn't stand to eat an egg without a little pepper on it.

Life of Iva Lords Stallings

In the year 1904, Theodore Roosevelt was president of the United States. Joseph F. Smith, nephew of the prophet Joseph Smith, was serving as the sixth president of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints. Idaho had been a state for only fourteen years. In two more years the first broadcast of human speech would be heard on a machine called a radio, and in four more years, Henry Ford would introduce the Model T. The year 1904 was also an important year to Joseph Charles and Agnes Francetta Cook Lords, for their seventh daughter, Iva, was born on the Doc Wilson farm on East River Road called Sage Creek, an area three or for miles north of Idaho Falls. Seven girls and five boys were born to this family.

Iva has many fond memories of her family and her growing up years. There was a lot of love and concern for each other in her family.

She remembers her father, "Joe" Lords as being tall, well built, a good-looking man and a very loving man. He was always very thoughtful of his wife and kind to his children. He was a farmer and also raised pigs and a few cows to support the family income. He served in many capacities in the Church during his lifetime, one of witch included serving as a counselor in the Bishopric in the Ballard Ward when they lived in the Lost River Valley. Iva remembers her father keeping a big wooden bucket of candy and apples up in the attic while living in their two-story house in Taylorsville. In the evenings when all the family was home together, he would take a milkpan up to the attic and fill it with candy and apples, and bring it down for the family to enjoy. Many an evening was spent eating, visiting, and singing songs together.

In the fall when her father made trips into Idaho Falls to sell the potatoes, the children would listen for his return because they knew even though it was late and dark, there would be a treat in store for them. Sometimes when some of the children

got to go with him into Idaho Falls, they would buy bologna and crackers to eat on the way home. Sometimes they would stop at Brandall's Meat Market on Broadway to but some meat. The owner would always give the child who got to go in with him a wiener to eat. Iva recalled sometimes they even got to eat a café today known as Ada's Café. They loved to go to the rodeo and often went on fishing trips up to Wolverine Canyon for a week at a time with Uncle Daniel's family. On one particular trip just before leaving they had set some bread witch had had some salt accidentally spilled into it. When they returned from the fishing trip, they found all the chickens dead. They had eaten the salty bread and it had killed them all.

Iva has many fond memories of her mother. Agnes (Everyone called her Tet) was a plump, good-looking, kind and loving woman. She taught the Gospel to her children and served in the Relief Society presidency when they all lived in the Ballard Ward. She played the harmonica and the pump organ well. She sewed and made her own soap. She did the wash one day a week. On wash day, the children would come home to delicious smells of beans and ham cooking on the stove. She was an excellent cook and provided many delicious meals, pies, and cakes for her family.

Iva remembers their home always being open to strangers, friends, and relatives. Religion classes were held in their home. The home missionaries stayed in their home many times. There was always a room for one more at their dinner table. When it was mealtime, the chairs were arranged with their backs to the table so all could kneel on them for family prayer. They didn't have a lot of dishes, so they would turn their plates over after their main meal was finished, and have their dessert on the back of their plates. They always had a table full and it seemed, a few extra too. Iva's parents made everyone feel welcome.

Iva recalls one time when she was sixteen years old, she asked her mother if she could have a new dress to wear to a dance. Her mother replied no because they couldn't afford it. Iva answered that she bet she could if she really wanted to. Then she remembered her mother started to cry, and then of course Iva started to cry. She never recalls questioning her mother like that again.

Iva loved her mother and enjoyed many wonderful years with her. All of the cousins like to come to their house because it was a fun place to be and they knew they were welcome. Her parents created a warm loving environment for all their children to grow up in.

When Iva was four years old, she became very ill with what they called cholera famine. Since it was the medical practice at the time, the doctor wouldn't allow anyone to give Iva anything to eat or drink until she got well. After seeing little Iva grow weaker and weaker and crying and pleading for food, her father could stand it no longer and gave her a drink and a cracker. The elders administered to her again and she got well.

Iva remembers screaming a lot as a child, sometimes for attention, pleasure, or fright.

Iva's family moved to a dry farm near Taylorsville, a community southeast of Idaho Falls. They were buying the farm which today is where the Idaho Falls country club is located. They also rented another farm which was irrigated. The house had an upstairs and a big apple orchard with lots of apples.

Before she started school, Iva took part on a school program one night. She recited a poem and held a doll that was almost as big as she was. She gave her part perfectly. Another time as Valentine's Day approached, she wanted to make an extra special Valentine for her Primary teacher. She found a twenty dollar bill and folded it and cut out the heart shape from it. Thank goodness her parents were able to find all the pieces and put it back together. Only one little corner piece was missing so they were able to get it replaced!

While living in Taylorsville she walked to school most of the time. In the winter when the snow drifts were high, they would walk right over the tops of the fences. Some years they walked 1_ miles to Washington School and some years it was

a mile to Dewey School. She went to a two room red brick school (Washington School) which had previously been a one room school. One teacher taught all eight grades. Iva and her sisters and brothers took a lunch every day—a sandwich of some kind—mostly bologna.

Since Joseph Lords had a lot of pigs, Iva had to help herd them. She hated the pigs. They kept a tent out in the field to protect themselves from the sun. The pigs were mean and stubborn. One day she just gave up and let them get away. Her father found her in tears. He teased her by throwing the shovel by her side. She screamed and cried. He laughed and laughed to think she would believe her dear father would ever hurt her.

One day when Iva was twelve years old, she was riding a horse named Daisy and herding cows. The cows upset Uncle Daniel's beehives and the angry insects were soon swarming in her hair. She jumped off the horse. Again her father came to her rescue. She had many bee stings in her hair. She went to bed a very sick little girl.

Iva grew up in a home with no electricity, no fridge, no indoor plumbing, no radio or TV of course. They did have a pump organ and a phonograph that played the cup shaped records. One song in particular they played on that phonograph was "Jesus, Lover of My Soul." Iva recalls the day her father bought the phonograph and brought it home. The entire family was so excited to have it.

Iva always wore long braids. She never wore pants. She wore long cotton socks held up by garters and long underwear down to the ankles. In May when it got warm, they would roll them up. Even when she and her girlfriends went swimming, they would wear an old dress. One day when they were swimming, some boys cam and teasingly took their clothes from the bushes. It was important to wear a corset in those days. A young girl couldn't wait until she could wear a corset. Iva's first pair of pants were purchased long after she was married. They were green with stirrups. Garments even went down to the elbow and below the knee. Iva always had a new dress for the fourth of July.

One day while living in Taylorsville, her father left the children in the back of the wagon while he plowed the ground. He parked the wagon under a service berry tree so the children could pick them. After he had gone, they discovered a rattle snake coiled up by the wagon so they didn't dare get out of the wagon all day long until he finished his plowing. It was a long day in that wagon!

Iva rode a horse named Stuck often. Once she fell off him and since he stood on her dress, she couldn't move. Her father came to help her but she had broken her arm. She broke each arm twice during her growing up years.

Once after her father had brought a load of coal home, Iva and her brother, Leland went out to get some coal. Iva would throw it out onto the round and "Lel" would pick it up. He came out from under the wagon just as Iva threw a big chunk out. It hit him in the head and the blood squirted out. Iva ran into the house screaming and crying, "I've killed Lel, I've killed Lel." But fortunately, he was alright.

Iva was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints in the Idaho Canal by Francis Rainsdon after Sunday school. She wore an old white dress. After the baptism, she changed clothes, went back to church and was confirmed by Francis Wadsworth. The Church was always important to Iva. She has seen a lot of change in the Church as it has grown. When she was growing up and the Sacrament was passed in Church, the water was passed in a regular glass that everyone in the congregation drank out of.

Christmas was always a special time even though these people didn't have a lot of money to spend. Each Christmas the Primary would present a program for the ward. There would be a huge decorated tree with a present under it for every member of the ward. (Provided from ward donations) There was always a dance in the afternoon for all the children on New Years Day.

In their home at Christmas time, each of the children hung their stockings up on chairs because they didn't have a fireplace. Their homes were heated with coal. They always had plenty of

candy and nuts, oranges and apples. No one had a tree in their homes but Santa Claus came and filled their stockings.

When Iva was about fourteen years old, her family moved to Roberts, Idaho. She continued her schooling there until her sister Della got sick and went to the hospital. Iva was in the eighth grade at the time. She had to quit school to graduate from the eighth grade. The next year she started again but all her friends had gone so she quit. She always regretted not having more education. She had always planned to be a home ec teacher as she loved to cook and sew. As a young girl her mother would cut out shirts and Iva would beg to sew them together. She made lots of shirts.

When Iva was eighteen, she and her sister Della went to Idaho Falls to work at Roger Brother's Seedhouse. They lived with seven other girls and Mrs. Thornock. She really enjoyed this experience. She still attended dances in Roberts and Rodeos in Lewisville. She met a handsome young man at one of those rodeos in Lewisville. The next winter she met him again at a dance at the old Eagles Hall which was over Gibson's Store in Roberts. His friend took Iva home because Irv had a date. They all rode home in a sleigh. After Irv's date was taken home, he and Iva had a good visit. They went out again another evening. (The hall above Gibson's store was not only used for dances, but for church meetings, after the cigarettes and etc. were cleaned up).

One day while still working in Idaho Falls, Iva received a letter from Irvin Stallings asking her to meet him at the Elks Lodge on Saturday night. He was working in Pocatello in the Railroad yards at the time. She met him there and he took her home. A beautiful romance had begun. Iva was really "excited, on cloud nine!" They dated for a year. Iva had made a trip to Salt Lake City with her sister Della to see another sister Ida for a few days. To her surprise, Irv followed her there and gave her an engagement ring. She was so thrilled. He was so charming, so handsome, and had such beautiful hair. Together they started making plans to be married.

While she was in Salt Lake, She had her patriarchal blessing from Hyrum G. Smith. She had just got her hair cut because he commented, "Would you cut off your head if everyone else did?" It was a beautiful blessing but all who read it were a little puzzled at the line, "at times you will walk alone."

Iva's parents moved to Leslie, a little town in the lost river Valley. Her father served in the Bishopric there and her mother in the Relief Society Presidency. In the summers when Iva wasn't working in Idaho Falls, she would live with her parents in Leslie. One day Uncle Mel picked Iva and Della up and drove them from Idaho Falls out to Leslie. It was a long road that seemed to continue into nowhere, but when they were on the other side of Howe, his car quit. It was a long way to get help and they didn't know what to do. While he was trying to figure things out, Iva secretly went behind the car and prayed to Heavenly Father and asked Him to help get the car going. In a few minutes they were on their way back to Howe. They went to Arco the next day, then caught the train to Leslie.

Iva and Della taught primary that summer in the Ballard Ward. Once they made mandolins out of cardboard for their class. They liked to play the song "Smile Awhile" on them. The Primary gave her a bridal kitchen shower.

One day Irv came out to see her. She could see the dust from quite a ways away. She had just bought some new shoes and had taken them off she barely had time to get them on before he arrived in his Model T.

That fall Iva went back to Idaho Falls to work in the seed house until November, then she went back home to Leslie. One a very rainy Friday, Irv came out to Leslie on the train. The next day, Nov. 22, 1924, Irv and Iva rode the train to Arco and were married by Judge Boyer. They spent the night in Arco and then returned to Leslie where they stayed with her parents until Tuesday. They caught the train again and traveled to Salt Lake City where they were married for time and all eternity in the temple on Nov. 27, 1924 which was

Thanksgiving day. Her sister Ida went though the temple with her. Afterwards they stayed with Ida. They were going to go to a good show and enjoy the "big city entertainment" during their honeymoon, but Irv got the flu and was very ill. They went home as soon as they could. They lived in Idaho Falls first where Irv worked in a store. After a short time, they set up housekeeping in two rooms of Grandpa Stallings' home. All their furniture was used, nothing was new. But they were in love and very happy to have each other.

Irv farmed eighty acres in Lewisville and milked cows. He took a bucket of milk to the cheese factory each day and got a check for it. Their graceries were charged throughout that first summer, and at the end of the summer, their bill was $25.00. At Christmas that year, they bought five dozen oranges for ten cents a dozen and some candy for relatives.

Those were good days. Once Iva bought 25 suckers, walked a couple of miles out to the farm and shared them with Irv. Many have said what a handsome couple they made.

One summer, Iva and Evelyn Walker cooked three meals a day for 18 threshers. Sometimes they would get up at 4:30 in the morning to start breakfast.

The next winter Irv went to Ucon to work construction so Iva's sister, Sylva, stayed with her and they made baby clothes together. Iva's first son, Boyd, was born March 5, 1927 in Grandpa Stallings red brick home. Her first daughter, Myrna, was born on Valentine's day, Feb. 14, 1929 in that same house. Irv brought a Valentine home for each one that night. While Myrna was a baby, Iva worked in the seedhouse for awhile.

After having lived in Grandpa Stallings' home for about five years, Irv and Iva moved down to the south end of Lewisville to Uncle Will's place. Irv traveled back and forth to the farm every day. After a couple of years, they decided to fix up the old log cabin on the farm. It was a one room house. Boyd and Myrna slept in a little bed that pulled out from under Irv and Iva's bed. They built a new stucco home on the farm. They really thought they had something. They moved into their new home on the farm—complete with a water pump in the kitchen shortly before Sherril, their second son was born April 12, 1935. The new home cost $75.00. They had done a lot of lathing when they could raise money. It had been hard to raise that much money, but oh what luxury it was to live in their new home.

At this time, Iva served in the Primary presidency. She served under four presidents, Edna Ellsworth, Verla Hunter, Thelma Lindstrom, and Ida Hoffman. Iva always worked in either the Primary or Sunday School. She had a beautiful singing voice and sang in the ward choir throughout her life.

Irv and Iva always went to town on Saturday nights to buy their groceries and leave them in the car—unlocked. No one worried about their food being stolen in those days. A highlight of the year was the Lewisville rodeo. Folks came from all over to see this rodeo. At this time, Irv was president of the mutual, so he was involved every Friday night with the Church dances. Those dances attracted big crowds.

One year after they had moved into their home, snow came early and the potatoes got frozen into the ground. They went out and dug enough to eat but their entire crop was lost.

Irv and Iva didn't have a refrigerator or freezer so they had to keep their meat outside in a tree or shed. As long as it was very cold, they could just cut off a chunk for a meal or two. But when it started to warm up, the meat would spoil. One year they killed a pig and kept it in bushel baskets in the old log house. After it started to warm up, the meat spoiled on them and they couldn't use it.

Irv bought Uncle George's phonograph. Boyd and Myrna really enjoyed listening to it, especially the record "Little Pal."

Little Pal, if Daddy goes away,
Promise you'll be good from day to day,
Do what Mother says and never sin,
Be the man your daddy might have been.
Your Daddy didn't have an easy start,

So this is the wish that's in my heart,
What I couldn't be, Little Pal,
I want you to be, Little Pal,
I want you to sing and to laugh and to play,
Be good to Mother while Daddy's away,
I'll pray every night, Little Pal,
That you'll turn out right, Little Pal,
If someday you might be on a new dad's knee,
Don't forget about me, Little Pal.

In 1934 Irv went to California to sell some beef cattle. He was gone for about a week. While he was gone, a window was broken in extremely cold weather. It was nothing serious, but they were lost without his presence. When he returned, he brought a big sack of oranges and candy, and a waffle iron for Iva.

In 1935, Don Carlos Stallings died, so Irv took over the farm and bought Uncle Will, Don, and Vaughn's interest. It was surely rough going however. There didn't seem to be enough money in anything. Irv built a log chicken coop and they raised 200 white leghorns. This project gave them some spending money. Myrna and Boyd, however, got awfully tired of watering and feeding the chickens, and especially washing clean. It was a chore to comb the trees and get the pullets to the coop.

One time the Seventies Quorum had dug a deep hole for a well for the chicken coop. The family had been to Idaho Falls and got home long after dark. The chickens hadn't been watered. Boyd challenged Myrna to a race to get the job done. He said he would take two buckets and she could take one. After filling both buckets with water, he took off into the darkness and suddenly dropped out of sight! When they went to look for him, they found him down in the hole, knocked out and drenched from the water from the two buckets. They soon got him out and that time, Myrna won the race!

Jylene, their fourth child, was born Nov. 30, 1937. They had electricity put into their home and in 1933, Irv bought Iva a washing machine. That was such a treat after using the wash board. Iva felt like a queen. Electric lights and a washing machine. What more could be invented!

Their four children were their delight. They were good parents and had special times together. Iva said that among the cherished memories of her husband was his love and companionship with their children. He loved to talk with them and make plans for the future. Boyd and Sherrill loved to go with him and be like him. They remember him standing in the doorway—throwing oranges into the distance for the children to see where they landed, when he really had thrown them backwards onto the bed. He was skilled at juggling oranges too, but tried eggs once and dropped one.

They had just bought a new car when they discovered Sherril had a hernia. They wanted to rush him to the doctor but the new car wouldn't start. A neighbor took him in to the doctor, but by then the hernia had gone.

In 1940. Irv became very ill with what the doctors diagnosed as the flu. He complained of a terrific pain witch was thought to be a bleeding ulcer, but after taking him to the hospital, they discovered it was a ruptured appendix. This was just a few years before penicillin was discovered, so antibiotics were not available yet. Irv was in the hospital for nine days. They had to hire someone to feed the cattle. Iva fed him supper each night before she went home. One night he asked her to stay because the devil had been at his bedside the night before. So she stayed and watched him grow weaker. Dr. West came in at twelve o'clock p.m. and told Iva that Irv would be alright. This made her very happy. Two hours later, however, he had to be put in an oxygen tent. He asked to have his children brought in Boyd and Myrna came in and cried and cried. All his brothers and sisters were there. Then their beloved Irvin breathed his last. It was a very difficult moment, no one ever expected. Irvin had always been so active and strong. It was the beginning of many hardships and the end of Iva's earthly association with her sweetheart.

Then began the loneliness, the hardships, the sorrow the heartache, the prayers, the blessings, the goodness of family and friends.

"I didn't know what to do, where to turn," Iva

recalls. "We had just started to buy a farm and had four children to raise, and nothing to raise them on. Several times I went to my closet and would pray to Heavenly Father and ask Him to help me. I would hut Irv's suits and wrap them around me as I missed him so much. I remember looking out the window and seeing the car lights on the road. I couldn't understand why people were still going places and doing things, because for me all the sunshine had drained out of my life."

But darkness slowly and painfully turned to sunshine once again. Iva was grateful for her four little ones, Boyd, 12, Myrna, 11, Sherrill, 4, and Jylene, 2. She sold the cattle and finished paying off the car. She sold their grey team, Maude and Toots, and bought their first refrigerator. Iva worked hard going all sorts of jobs to support her little family including plucking chickens, picking peas at Canner's Seed, and picking raspberries. One man encouraged her to apply for welfare. She didn't want to do it as she felt it was a crime. She really fought it but finally decided her family needed it, so she received $25.00 a month for only a few years. This was before the days of Social Security. She finally got a good job at J.C. Penney's. At first she hesitated because she felt she was lacking in education. She was also shy and felt awkward at working with the public. She started at $130.00 a month. She enjoyed her work and spent 19 years working for Penneys. Her first boss was M. Bingham. One day she was a little down because she had tried nd tried, but just couldn't make ends meet. She asked her boss if she could talk to him after work. He agreed. Together they sat down in the shoe department after everyone else had gone home. She shed tears and told him her problem. He asked her if $15.00 more a month would help. She said, "Yes, it would." So she got a raise and it did help a lot. She tried to be at home as much as possible while her children were growing up. As soon as they were old enough, each one would get a job to help out with the family income. Boyd worked in the spud house after school and Myrna picked peas after school and on Saturdays. Sherril worked at Reed's Drug and Jylene worked at the Donut Shop. They were a happy family—very close and devoted to the family unit. They had many memorable times together.

Boyd had been farming the 20 acres in Lewisville and going to school. War was brewing, so he enlisted in the Navy. After a short time, he was given a release so he could come home a farm and support his mother. Iva was lost when Boyd left for the Navy. She wrote him a letter every day which was a great support to him. After he returned he continued to farm and attend Ricks College. He married Merle Rigby Nov. 17, 1948 in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. The next month, Iva sold her land and home and moved into Rigby where she bought an apartment house and lived in one of the apartments.

In 1950 Iva was rightly honored as Mother of the Year for Jefferson County. She served as Sunday School Coordinator for seven years and also in the Primary presidency for 15 years under four presidents. She always sang in the ward choir. Since she married, she lived in four different wards.

Myrna was married to Gerald Stoddart Dec. 2, 1949 and their marriage was later solemnized in the Idaho Falls LDS Temple. Sherrill married Shirley Poole June 19, 1953 in the temple also. Jylene married James Morgan Aug. 31, 1956 in the temple. When Jylene married, it was very difficult for Iva. She was alone again and so lost without Jylene. In 1957 she moved to Idaho Falls into an apartment. She was the Instructor Leader for the ward and stake. She had a choice friend named Eva Lewis who lived by her. They went to the temple once a week after work.

In March of 1967, Iva was called to serve a mission in the Orlando Florida Mission. She enjoyed this new experience very much. However, she became very ill and had to come home in November of 1967.

In February of 1968 she moved into a new apartment which was part of a Senior Citizens Center. Her sister Sylva lived right next door to her. Her family held a special open house for her 80th birthday in the Idaho Falls Fourth Ward cultural hall.

Many of her friends and family came to wish her well and be with her again. Iva was always an example in paying her tithing. She was thoughtful, a lot of fun to be with, and had a wonderful personality. At the time of this printing, she had nineteen grandchildren and 48 great-grandchildren.

Iva loved her children and grandchildren, and great-grandchildren. She loved babies and little children. Her family was her joy and happiness. She looked forward to each reunion and family get-together.

She has a strong testimony. "I know Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God. Many times I have felt I couldn't carry on and I would go to into the clothes closet and tell the Lord he had to help me. I was always given strength. There is such joy and happiness in living the Gospel. I hope my children and grandchildren will go through life depending on the Lord for help. May he bless you with His choicest blessing, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ, Amen."

Iva was told in a blessing that he last days on earth would be her best, and at 83 she is still active and happy—still an inspiration to all around her.

From Boyd

"Mother and I would read and study the scriptures together and then discuss them. She knew how to budget her money well. She didn't have much money for clothes. For many years she only had one dress at a time. She always let me use the car even though we both knew there would be no money to replace it should something happen.

Mother and Dad had a very good farming operation going. They farmed 80 acres and had about 39 head of steers they feed each winter. They had a good set of horses to run their operation with. They wer always well matched teams, very good draft horses. We lived in a small log house on the farm which was very homey and an enjoyable place to live. I thought it was a good warm loving home. Mother and Dad decided to build a big home, one with two rooms. I remember as we built it, how excited we were. It had the most beautiful set of kitchen cabinets of about any home. The home cost $700.00. Mother was so proud of this home and was so anxious to beautify it and fix it up. Mother and Dad seemed so happy and enjoyed each other so much. She stayed so true to my father. I think she has lived the most exemplary life to stay and so absolutely true to him even though she has had to live alone for the greatest part of her life. When one blessing was given to her, it said that her sins had been forgiven by the Lord. I think this is absolutely true and very fitting. This was from a blessing given her by Patriarch Alma Larsen."

From Myrna

"M is for the million things she gave me, O means only that she's growing old, T is for the tears she shed to save me, H is for her heart as pure as gold, E is for her eyes with love light shining, R is right and right she'll always be. Put them all together, they spell Mother, and to me they spell my mother, Iva Stallings. These words written in this poem describe her totally. From the time I was old enough to remember much about Mother, she was always beautiful with her dark hair, blue eyes, and a smiling face. Everyone who came to know her, came to love her. She had a winning was and a great personality. She was efficient and talented. She could sew very well, and was a good homemaker. Her home was always neat and clean. Her cooking was known about far and wide, especially her raisin pie. Mother's lie was not an easy one. She worked very hard to provide for her four children. Not once do I remember her complaining about the odd jobs she performed to keep us in clothing, food, and money so we could be respected by our friends and do the things our friends were doing. She was a father, mother, breadwinner, teacher, and friend. We were taught from childhood to be honest, have respect for others and their property. An example was set for us on going to church, paying tithing, and keeping in touch with our Father in Heaven through prayer. Through all the years of working hard and raising us alone, she still had time to listen to us and talk with us an time to let

us know she loved each of us. We always had fun together and sang together. One of the most precious times I remember when I was growing up was sitting beside mother in church and singing hymns. She has a beautiful voice. My family and I are so proud of her and her accomplishments. We love her so much and always will."

From Sherril

"There isn't a day that goes by that I don't draw from the teachings that my mother gave me by being a good example and mother. That has been a great strength to me in my life and a source for me to use in fulfilling my eternal calling as a father. She is an inspiration to Shirley, myself, our children and grandchildren. How that I have my own family, I can truly appreciate the tremendous woman she has alwys been. I'll be eternally grateful for the way she lived the principles of the gospel and taught those principles to us. I always marvel at the positive attitude she has for life. I hope I can be as pleasant and have that positive attitude throughout my life. We all love and appreciate my mother."

From Jylene

"When I think of my beautiful 83 year old mother, I see a regal proud woman—proud because of the excellent life she has lived and because of the fine heritage she is leaving to her posterity. My mother has many redeeming qualities but today I'm going to talk about one—and that is her capacity to love. When I was a very young woman, we lived in a small two room house without a bathroom or hot running water. My memories of that house, however, are memories of a loving mother and a loving family. She enveloped her children with a warm caring love.

I have many fond memories of Christmases when I was young. Her love and caring created special and wonderful Christmases for us to remember. We didn't have any money for Christmas in those days but we were rich in love.

My mother loved us and taught us to love ourselves and others. She taught us to love Heavenly Father, love the Gospel, love each other, and to love her.

My grandchildren love to and see Gate-Gamma, as they call her. She is still giving of that same love to them that she gave to us children.

What a beautiful heritage to leave to a family—Her love has now moved to her children, to her grandchildren, and now we see it shining from the eyes of her great-grandchildren.

My mother's love will be passed on in the hearts and lives of her posterity."

In closing, I would like to say what a privilege it has been for me to visit with grandma and listen to her experiences, her joys and her heart-aches over her lifetime. It has strengthened me and inspired me to improve. I would like to close with a poem I wrote many years ago called, "A Tribute to my Grandmother."

A smile on her face, a song in her heart,
No stronger faith to be shone.
With help from loved ones, neighbors, friends,
She walked the road alone.

She walked through tears and deepest grief,
Through happy moments too
Because before her walk, Irv said,
"I've left it up to you."

Four children were her first concern.
She taught them everything.
She showed them how to live and work,
To play and laugh and sing.

She taught Sunday School and Primary
While a member of each ward.
And ne'er forget to give one tenth
Of her income to the Lord.

Now Grandma, as the years have passed,
We've seen what you can do.
We know Grandpa is proud to say
He had that faith in you.

Written by Nancy Stallings Coltrin
Merry Christmas to all from Grandma 1987

Taylor Mountain Ranch in winter.

15 George Albert Millard

Author's Note — *George was born 11 May 1867 at Bradford, Chickasaw, Iowa to parents James Millard and Augusta Bump. The family came west and settled in Utah. It was in Pleasant View, Weber, Utah that George married Mary Rachael Wheeler who was from Slaterville, Weber, Utah on 7 September 1894. Nine children were born to them: Josephine, Ellen, George, Dewey, Edith, Andrew, Florence, Duella, and Arnold.*

The family moved to Idaho in 1900 and began farming at various places in the valley around Idaho Falls. Just when George went to Taylor Mountain area to homestead is unknown but he was granted a Land Patent (deed) of 320 acres on March 11, 1919. A branch of the Shelley Stake was established there called OWENDALE on July 1, 1917 and George was called as a counselor to Axel Anderson in the branch presidency. Andrew Millard was ordained a Deacon there on 23 July 1917 by Elmer Ferguson. Very little was known or written about the Millard family except an account of their eldest daughter Josephine that was written by Jerome Wheeler, a brother to George's wife, Mary. Some of her history of the Idaho period is included which is the only account of the Millard's life in Idaho.

To tell the story of George Albert Millard who with his wife Mary Wheeler homesteaded at Owendale, 15 miles south east of Idaho Falls in the 1915 era, we must begin with what little is known about his parents and particularly about his brother.

Even though thousands of hours and thousands of dollars have been invested in researching the lives of George Albert Millard and his family, very little is documented and most of what is known has been passed down through the generations as stories and recollections.

Going back as far as we can, we start with George's parents James and Augusta Millard who were born in the early 1840's. Virtually nothing more than this is known about James and Augusta other than Augusta's maiden name may have been either Bump or Knox or possibly Bump-Knox. There is no birth, death, or family records that can give us a glimmer into their lives. We do know that they had at least two sons, George Albert Millard and his brother who we do not know the name of, nor what became of him.

The history of these two brothers as remembered and handed down to family members is that when they were old enough (probably in their teens), their parents sent them out on their own because the family could not support them. Their

father James gave them an old shotgun to provide themselves with food to survive on. The interesting thing about this shotgun which is still being handed down from generation to generation within the family is that it is a double barrel shotgun, and at the time it was given to the two brothers it did not have any hammers to fire the 12 gauge shells. The hammers had apparently broken sometime in the past and either no parts were available to fix it or no money was available to purchase new ones. The ingenuity of George and his brother is visible in the shotgun today as indicated by the hammer marks left in the gun showing where the gun was fired by having one brother hold and aim the gun, while the other brother used a hammer to strike the firing pin to fire the gun.

George Albert Millard
Born 11 May 1867

Mary (Wheeler) Millard
Born 10 Sept 1874

As for George and his brother, we believe they may have gotten into a huge disagreement and went their separate ways, leaving George with the shotgun and the only person to know what caused the separation between him and his brother. According to Lyle Millard who is the grandson of George, his grandfather was a very quiet man who never showed much emotion, and who never spoke about his past or the farm they owned on Taylor Mountain. Lyle feels that George's wife probably did not even know George's parents names or much about his life before their marriage, because George was not the type to talk about such things.

Lyle Millard is the next living descendent in the Millard family line, being George's grandson. His account of George and his wife Mary Wheeler pick up after they had moved from the homestead at Owendale and moved to Shelley, Idaho.

Lyle does not know much about his Grandfather, primarily because George was such a quiet man. However, Lyle remembers that when he did say something, it was to say something very specific and to the point, and everyone would listen to what he said. George was remembered as being an excellent listener.

A few things that Lyle remembers is that he was fascinated to watch his grandpa sitting in his chair next to the wood burning stove slowly wiping the blade of his open pocket knife on his pant leg. As he wiped the blade slowly across his pants, he would be looking skyward with his eyes closed, making Lyle as a young boy wonder what his grandfather was thinking. George would then slowly almost reverently take out a plug of chewing tobacco which was dark brown, shiny, and delicious looking. George would then use the knife he had been cleaning on his pant leg to cut off a chaw of tobacco, which he would chew and then spit the juices onto some newspapers he had laid out on the floor by the wood stove. After the paper was covered with juice which Lyle remembered was rather disgusting, George would get a scolding from his wife Mary to clean up the mess he was making. George would then roll up the paper and burn it in the stove.

George could often be found sitting in his straight backed rocking chair on his porch. His posture while sitting in the chair was as straight backed as the chair. Lyle remembers that the porch where his grandfather sat was decorated with empty Copenhagen and Prince Albert tobacco cans that were stacked between the wall studs as high as the ceiling. Lyle can distinctly remember the blue handkerchief that his grandfather used to wipe the tobacco juice from the corners of his mouth.

One of the strongest memories that Lyle has of his Grandfather is after Lyle was baptized, and he

visited his grandfather's house in Shelley. He distinctly remembers his grandfather saying "come here kid, I want to talk to ya," which got Lyles attention. His grandfather then preceded to council him on his responsibility now that he had been baptized.

As for Lyle's grandmother Mary, he remembers that she was stricken with arthritis so severe that it made her hands and feet curl up into knurled nubs. He remembers the pain that his grandmother would endure as family members would wash her hands and have to straighten out her fingers to dry them, causing tears to run down her cheeks. Even though she had limited mobility and limited use of her hands, she had a strong voice and sharp tongue that she would use often to keep order in her house.

It is believed that her severe arthritis may have been the reason that George sold the homestead at Owendale and moved his wife and family to Shelley to get her closer to civilization where she and her family could get help if needed. Unfortunately, the money that was made from selling the homestead was placed in an escrow and managed by a person who swindled George and his family by stealing the money and leaving them virtually penniless.

After George died, Mary moved in with Lyle and his parents Arnold and Emma Millard, who cared for her. One expression that Mary picked up from her daughter-in-law Emma was "Sugar Manure," which was apparently used as a swear word when things weren't going quite right.

The search for George's missing brother and more information on his mysterious past continues. One day with all of today's new research capabilities, the mysteries will be solved and a complete Millard history can be written. For now, this is all we have to understand the man and his family that homesteaded at Owendale.

The Life Story of Josephine Millard Wheeler

by Jerome Wheeler

I was born in Pleasant View, Weber County, Utah on November 1, 1894, daughter of George Albert and Mary Wheeler. My father came west when a young man and settled in Utah; spending the greater part of his time employed in the vicinity of Ogden Utah where the people generally speaking belonged to the Mormon Church. Father at that time was not a member of the church but later, during his association with the people, became a member and remained here and worked as a common laborer for several years.

He was employed by two brothers in Pleasant View by the name of Wilson and Wiley Cragun who operated a wholesale business dealing in fruit and other farm commodities which they shipped to various sections of the country. It was during this time my father was thus employed, he met and married my mother Mary Wheeler Millard. Her parents, William Wheeler Sr. and Martha Leah Howell had pioneered and settled in Slaterville, Weber County, Utah.

My parents, coming from humble families, did not posses an inheritance of worldly goods to assist them, but relied solely on the income of their labor, so it may rightfully be assumed I was reared under rather humble circumstances.

I was born in an old adobe house which back in the field at the bottom of the slope leading south from the center of the settlement and was accessible only through a lane leading from a county road extending southward on the west. We lived at this location for several months until Father leased a house in the main section of the settlement where he was employed. Here we lived for a period of about two years. During our residency here, we were near the church and neighbors came to our house where lasting friendships with some was established. I heard my parents during their lives, years after we left Pleasant View, speak of the good friends they met while living there.

Because of circumstances which arose, it became necessary for us to move again to a tall two story brick house located on the main road leading into north Ogden. This place was not desirable for many reasons. We were to far from the church and neighbors, and there wasn't a tree within a mile of the house. After we lived at this location

for a short time, Father leased a small frame house in North Ogden located on the main street leading through the settlement. Father was again placed to a disadvantage in living so far from his work, but this was off set by the comforts and conveniences which were not enjoyed in the other places where we lived.

The people here were neighborly and their children came to our place and we were allowed to visit in their homes. In our visits we had our dolls and played games common in the lives of children to-day. While we were thus living in North Ogden, my parents resolved to leave there and go to Idaho where father felt he could better himself in a financial way.

The family possessions at this time consisted of household necessities such as furniture, cooking utensils, etc. These were packed in a covered wagon and Father left with the load for Idaho early in the spring of 1900. Because of bad roads and a heavy load, the journey was slow and tiresome, lasting about eight or nine days before he reached his destination. On arrival he located in Coltman, Idaho nine miles north of Idaho Falls and fortunately was successful in leasing a farm belonging to a widow by the name of Bidwell.

My mother, I and the other three children lived with Grandfather and Grandmother Wheeler until father had prepared suitable living quarters there, to which we could go. We remained with my grandparents until along in the summer of that year. I was now nearing the age of six years and had developed a love for them and the new friends I made while there.

When the time arrived for us to leave for Idaho, we were all very sad. The day ewe left, my grandparents took us to the Hot Springs where we boarded the train arriving in Idaho Falls in the evening. Father was at the train to meet us and took us to our new abode, where it seemed we had to start life anew.

All you could see as far as the sight could carry was sage brush; and houses from one to three miles apart and not a tree to be seen over the vast stretch of country. This was not an encouraging situation to behold, especially for mother. However, we were fortunate in being located about one and a half miles from the church and within three miles of the home of Aunt Louisa Hudman, mother's sister. This relieved the situation somewhat, as we visited Aunt Louisa as frequently as possible and attended church when conditions would permit.

In the fall of 1900 on November 7, my sister Edith was born, increasing the size of the family to 5 children. The family was always provided a good living of common food. Father kept a few cows, a few chickens, and a pig for pork, which he cured himself. He raised potatoes and grain which were cash crops; however we had to haul water for culinary purposes for some distance.

Arthur Wheeler, son of Josephine, remembers his mother telling of how cold the winters were and the main source of heat was a wood burning stove. She tells of hauling water for use in the home and going in a bob sleigh. She said as they drove along, coyotes would be running along side snapping at the horses as her father urged the team faster to avoid the torment of the coyotes.

In the fall of 1901, Josephine said, I became old enough to attend school. The church meeting house was used for school which was almost two miles from our home. In order to get to school on time I had to leave from home quite early. During fine weather I walked to and from school but when it was stormy or cold, father would take me and come for me after school. As the other children in the family reached school age the same routine followed, but my responsibilities increased. I had to arise early to assist mother in getting the other children ready for school by helping them dress and packing their lunches, and then see they arrived at school on time and returned home safely.

After we had lived on the Bidwell farm for about three years, father leased another farm from a man named Spracker. This farm was located was located west and nearly the same distance from the church as the Bidwell farm, so we were not any more conveniently located as far as church and

Olive Zimmerman, Mrs. Ed Trimble and friend on wagon, 1913.

school were concerned, but we were very close to Aunt Louisa, which was of great consideration.

We attended church and school as usual from our new location. I was near ten years of age and could help mother considerable in the home. After we had lived on the Spracker farm about two years our lease terminated and Father accepted employment working with his team in Idaho Falls. During the time we lived in Coltman, which was about five years, three more children; Andrew, Florence and Duella were born, making eight children in the family.

We moved to Idaho Falls in the spring of 1906. Father was only employed a few months when he leased a farm in Ammon, a sparsely settled community five miles south east of Idaho Falls. We moved on this farm in the fall of 1906 and started the winter under rather adverse circumstances.

We were a long distance from the school which necessitated driving back and forth. During fine weather we drove one horse on a buggy and in winter we drove a team on a light sleigh and gave other children, who lived along the road to the school, a ride. We took feed for the horses which were sheltered for the day, in the stables provided by the school authorities. The weather, during the winter months, was sometimes very severe and snow was generally deep, which made it difficult to attend and get to school on time. I experienced three winters, with the other children under these conditions before I left there and went to live in Utah with my grandmother Wheeler.

At the beginning of the year, four or five months after moving to Ammon, my youngest brother Arnold, the youngest in the family, was born 18th of January 1907. This added extra work in caring for the little ones, so more responsibility fell upon me. I was now about thirteen years of age and was able to take the place of a hired girl in cooking and doing house work. In fact, after the children reached the age when they didn't require so much attention, I hired out for a few days at a time, working for different families where they always treated me very good. In the spring of 1910, I worked at

the Odd Fellows Home where I was treated good and paid well.

In the summer of 1910, my Grandmother Wheeler and aunt Susan Bidwell, mother's oldest sister and her two children, Andrew and Nellie, came up from Utah to visit. Before leaving to return home to Utah, Grandmother won the consent of my parents to let me go home with her. I was now sixteen years of age and had never been in Utah since I was at Grandma's home ten years previously before going to Idaho. I was not a stranger in her home, however, and never felt as such, for I was treated as good as or better than her own children.

In the year 1918 at age 24 I was married to Clarence A. Wheeler at Pocatello, Idaho. Two children, Arthur and Gladys blessed our home.

16 Horace Edward Owen

Horace was born November 9, 1892 in Ammon, Idaho one of thirteen children to parents William Franklin Owen and Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson Owen. He, along with his parents homesteaded on Henry Creek of the Taylor Mountain area. His 1917 WW1 draft registration lists him as single. He married Inez Jane Van Eps on August 10, 1919 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. On September 30, 1920 hae was granted a Land Patent (deed) to the 282 acres that he proved up on. The following is his own story.

Horace Edward Owen Remembers Ammon

I was born in Ammon in 1892, the eighth child of William Franklin Owen and Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson Owen. Two brothers and two sisters were born in the following ten years. I was blessed by my grandfather, Arthur Morrison Rawson, Mother's father, the first Bishop in the Ammon ward.

President Brigham Young had asked my father and his four brothers to come to the Snake River Valley and settle this wonderful land. When the land known as Ammon was opened for settlement in 1885, my father and his four brothers each homesteaded 160 acres and lived there for a number of years. Being close together afforded some protection against Indians and other problems. My mother usually did her chores with a gun strapped around her waist and no doubt she would have used it had the need presented itself.

My father's brothers settling in Ammon were James Albert, Joseph Harry, Daniel Warren, and Horace Nathaniel. Two of my mother's sisters and one brother came to Ammon to make their home: Margaret Ann Hiatt, whom we always called Aunt Ann, and Dora May Denning, who was Aunt Dora.

Aunt Ann was a midwife who I believe attended the birth of every child born in Ammon for at least 23 years. She built her own home. She ordered material from a company that sold ready-cut lumber, and with the help of her oldest son and some members of the ward she was able to build a nice house.

At the time I was living in Ammon, we were 5 miles form Idaho Falls, and we very seldom got to go to town, only when Mother wanted to buy us some clothes and needed us there for sizes, or something of that kind. We almost never got sick enough to call for the Doctor; when a child was born Aunt Ann was called. So when someone did get sick enough to require a doctor, it was a real break for us ids, because we got to see an automobile. There were two doctors, Dr. LaRue and Dr. Bridges. They had an Oldsmobile, which they

used to head the parades (when they could get it started). It was a little thing, not much bigger than the buggies that we used to ride in at that time. It had an engine under the seat; it had a curved front piece, much like the front piece that was in our buggy; and it was steered with a bar that came up through the floor and then curbed back towards the driver, who steered by moving the bar to the right or left as needed.

With four uncles who all had large families, I had lots of cousins, but my favorite was David, the son of Uncle Joe. We grew up together, went to school together, and played together during our youth. Uncle Joe had a large barn, which was our favorite place to play. When the hay and all had been fed down, we would climb around on the wooden beams, and quite often we would lose our footing and fall, but there was always hay in the bottom to fall on. With four Uncles that had boys and also the other families, we were always a fairly large group of boys. We played ball often, and there was a favorite swimming hole, but one of our pastimes was "drowning out" squirrels. We would gather around where there were some squirrel holes, each one watching at his hole. The one in the center would start pouring water into the main hole and pretty soon they would start popping out the other holes, and we would catch them. Sometimes we would make a harness out of binder twine and would hitch them up to a little wagon and make them pull it.

Down in the field of the old Stoddard farm (it used to be the Horace Nathaniel Owen homestead). At a large bend in the creek the water was at least six or seven feet deep. Enclosed with a group of large cottonwood trees, it was a perfect place for a swimming hole. There we spent as much time as we could in warm weather, sometimes with and sometimes without our mothers' consent.

It was our job (my brother Roy and I) to keep the weeds out of a ten-acre orchard with hoes. And we felt the buggy whip if we were not out there hoeing weeds whenever father came to check on us. It wasn't too bad in the fall when the apples got ripe; we always had nice red apples to take to the teacher. That didn't come to our mind very often as we seldom had teachers that we cared to give an apple.

Our winters could be more fun that summer sometimes. With the coming of the first snow fall and freezing weather we could turn the water in to flood our cow pasture to an average depth of about three feet. Then it was a case of going out to test the ice on the way to school to see if it was solid enough to support our weight. The pasture was at least ten acres and the canal we could skate on for miles. Our favorite sport was hockey, which we called "shinnie," I guess because we were always getting hit on the shins. We always had plenty of work to do, even in the wintertime, and it had to be done before we went out to play, or we got the buggy whip on our bare legs. Naturally we did our chores first.

The principal of our school was also our teacher (she was an old maid and very cranky). She lived at our house. Father was chairman of the school board and there was an unwritten law that if we got a flogging in school, then we would get another after we got home. My brother LeRoy was the first and only candidate to be punished under this Law, but he squirmed out of being punished by putting the blame on another boy.

Our schoolhouse was a big three-story building. I think there were at least four classrooms on each floor. When I was ten I was janitor of the building. I was supposed to receive the janitor's pay, but I never did see any money. I think that my dad kept it for himself; nothing led me to think I was getting anything extra.

I was born in a big two-room house, the first in the community with a shingled roof. Most of the early homes had dirt roofs that leaked most of the time when it rained. I was seven years old when we started building the rock home that still stands on the old homestead at Sunnyside & Ammon Road. I used to ride the old grey mare that was used to pull the rock and mortar up to the second and third floor on sort of a railroad. They

Zimmerman home Christmas guests

had built a car that ran on tracks and my older brother, whose job was to load the car on this inclining roadbed, overloaded it and the old mare could not pull it all the way up. It looked as if she would be pulled over onto her back, and I was in a dangerous position, but my brother pulled me off in time to keep me from getting hurt.

Meal times at home always meant a full house. With eight boys and four girls besides the usual five or six hired men, sometimes the younger children didn't fare so well. You have heard it said that there are times when the younger members have to be satisfied with the back or neck of the chicken, but at our house we younger ones were happy if we got any chicken at all.

Another of the highlights of my young life happened when my father returned from a trip to Portland, Oregon, where he had gone to attend the world's fair. After seeing as much of the fair as he desired, he had taken a lumber ship to San Francisco. He happened into Sherman Clay Music Co. and saw and heard a "talking machine," so he bought one and had it shipped home. The next morning after he got home, I think every boy in Ammon had heard about it and was there when my father took it out of the crate and got it ready to play. It was the kind of phonograph that had a horn that stuck up in the air, and music came out into the room. It had a picture of a dog on a table and the dog was looking into the horn and the printing said, "His Master's Voice."

Horace Edward Owen Remembers

Life in Idaho Falls in 1905 – Country boy moves to the big city.

After living the first thirteen years of my life in Ammon, we moved into Idaho Falls, on Eastern Avenue right next to Old Faithful Beverage Co.

Moving into Idaho Falls was quite an adventure for me. First I was challenged by most of the boys in my class. I guess they thought a country boy didn't know anything about fighting. I didn't, but I didn't ever let them know that.

We boys would rent a team and buggy from the livery stable and ride over most of the valley. Once we drove to the river, rowed across, then hiked up to the top of Menan Butte so that we could se an extinct volcano. We got so hungry before we got home that we stopped by a farmer's beet field and pulled ourselves each a sugar beet to eat. Boy! Did it taste good. Another of my favorite pastimes in I.F. was to catch suckers at the little city power plant that used to be on the corner of 10th and Boulevard. Every day after school we would hurry to the power plant because they always cut the water off from the overflow and let it run through the plant to turn the turbine. The spillway was full of pot holes in which the suckers trying to go up the falls were stranded as the water was shut off. When we could catch them with our hands. I caught some that were three feet long. I took the suckers home and fed them to our chickens.

I will never forget the time Ringling Bros. Circus came to town. Our home was next to the railroad track, where the trains were unloaded every time the circus came to town. I knew that the circus trains (there were usually two or three trains) arrived around 4:00 am and I was always awake and listening. At the first toot of the train whistle I was up and dressed and out to supervise the unloading. I never did pay for a circus ticket with money. I earned all my circus tickets by working for them, including the main tent as well as the side shows and the animal tents.

17 William Franklin Owen

William was born 5 August 1854 in Ogden, Utah in a family of eight children to parents James Colegrove Owen and Sariah Rawson Owen. The parents had settled in Ogden where they farmed and James was chief of police for Ogden. Little is known of William's young years except he was with his dad and brother Albert when the joining of the railroads occurred in 1869.

He married Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson on 20 January 1877 in Ogden, Utah... She was born 9 March 1860 at Payson, Utah. She came to Ogden with her parents Arthur Morrison Rawson and Margaret Angeline Pace Rawson. Her girlhood days were spent here, all but seven years spent in St. George, Utah. Her education was limited, not having a great chance of going to school and not liking it when she did attend.

Her father, a carpenter by trade, worked at his trade and farmed at the same time. Lucinda married at age seventeen and she and William lived on a farm near Ogden for ten years. Five children were born to them while living there. The farm belonged to William's father, James Colegrove Owen. They were paying for it as they could. His parents decided to go back on the farm so William willingly released their rights, feeling they could start anew easier than his parents.

They went to Idaho, settling on a homestead in what is now Ammon, at that time nothing but sagebrush. Their youngest child was just three weeks old when they made the trip in a lumber wagon trailing another wagon and horses behind. Idaho Falls was called Eagle Rock. It consisted of the Anderson brother's store, which was also the bank and Post Office, the Z.C.M.I., the railroad shops and a few crude dwellings.

The family slept in a wagon box, as the log house was not completed. William was away most of the time building a canal and cutting wild hay. His wife was alone with five small children who lay terrified at night as the coyotes came right to the wagon, howling, waking the children who would scream and cry with fright.

Lucinda's parents moved from Ogden to Ammon where her father was made Bishop, serving for twenty five years. William died 22 February 1927 then Lucinda married a second time to William Rawson on 19 November 1931. She died 6 November 1941.

Dorothy Wallace Walker writes of the James Colegrave Owen family moving to Idaho to better themselves in 1885. The area was not unknown to them as three of the boys had been through there previously on their way to work in the gold mines at Leesburg, Lemhi County, Idaho.

William Franklin Owen

Lucinda Elizabeth Rawson Owen

Homesteading was a family affair. James Colgrove and Sariah Owen, with six of their eight children, came to Idaho. In all, five 160 acre homestead claims were made. One by the father, and four by his sons – James Albert, William Franklin, Daniel Warren, and Horace Nathaniel. One son, Joseph Henry was working as an engineer on the railroad, remaining at his job to help his family financially get started on their farms. He joined the family with a 160 acre claim in 1889.

The ages at the time when the Owen family homesteaded are interesting and yet significant to get a picture of a new beginnings of a family as they faced the challenges of working a new land. Ages will be considered from the spring of 1886.

The father and mother – James and Sariah – were 61 and 52. They did not stay long. Being 61 may not have been the best time to begin the hard work of a new farm on virgin soil. Also, Sariah was unhappy in the sagebrush desert and wanted to return to the comforts of her home in Ogden. Later, James sold his property for $1.00 which became the town site of Ammon. This transaction was made through his son William.

The five oldest boys in the family ranged from ages 24 to 33, Albert being the oldest. Two of them were eligible bachelors. Three were married. There was preliminary work to filing a homestead claim. A location had to be selected and then secured from "squatters." Preparations involved surveying the ground, using a compass and driving boundary stakes. Silver sagebrush, from four to seven feet tall hid the stakes from view. Their new land would be free in five years if they met the government requirements. Filing and paying the claim fee meant a long trip to Oxford, Idaho, (location of the government homesteading office) 103 miles away to the south

Land must be first cleared of sagebrush. Clearing sagebrush meant bonfires. The burning of sagebrush all over the valley was reported as a beautiful sight. They would work all day clearing the brush and piling in piles to be burned at night. Only the twigs and branches were burned, the

larger stems and roots were used in fires for cooking. Field mice would find a home under the sage brush piles until they got uncomfortably warm, and then would scatter. Men couldn't stand still or the mice would run up their pant legs.

William Franklin Owen Home

The homesteading at Ammon is best told in the following account.

The History Of Ammon, Idaho

by Derlin Leeon Campbell

The history of Ammon actually began with the birth of James Colgrove Owen 11 October, 1825. He was the son of Nathaniel Moore and Pamelia Colgrove Owen. He was born in Sunderlandville, Potter Co. Pennsylvania. At the age of 18 years, James married Mary Whipple and to them was born a child, the sex is unknown to us. At the age of 19 years he joined the Mormon church. He was baptized on 17 December, 1844 by George Chamberland. He was ordained a Priest in 1846 by John Taylor.

He and his young family left Pennsylvania and went to Nauvoo, Ill. They were at the time of the exodus in 1846 and went with the Saints to Winter Quarters at Mount Pisga. It was here that young James responded to the call for volunteers by the United States government to fight against Mexico. The government demanded a quota from the Mormons, and James helped fill it. Leaving his wife and child, he was assigned to Company D under Captain Wilham. With his company he marched on foot to San Diego, California.

James was discharged at the end of a year of service on July 16, 1847 in Los Angeles. He stayed the winter in California. He worked for Captain Sutter on his mill race, where gold was first discovered. In the spring of 1848 he left California and walked to the Salt Lake Valley. He searched for his wife and child but he never found them.

He went easy to St. Louis, Missouri, and remained there until the spring of 1850, when he once more made the long trek across the plains by ox team. This time he was in the company of Wilford Woodruff, who later became President of the church. His rifle is part of a display in the Museum. It is unknown how it ended up there.

In 1850 he settled in Ogden, Utah and for a time he resided at the home of Bishop Clark. Later he was taken to the home of Daniel Berry Rawson's parents. Daniel had been a friend and companion of his in the Mormon Battalion. He was treated like a son and brother. He fell in love with Daniel's sister, Sariah. They were married June 1, 1851.

James "took up" land for their home in what is now the Union Depot area. He farmed for a few years. During this time he also built the Old City Hotel on Grant Avenue and ran it for many years. He was appointed Chief of Police. It was at this time that the railroad was built through Utah. This was during one of the roughest periods the state of Utah has ever known. The country being infested by tough characters who followed the railroad construction and by bandits and other lawless characters.

He was present at the joining of the railroads at Promontory Point (Corrine, Utah) in 1869 with his sons, James Albert, 17 and William Franklin, 15.

James and Sariah were the parents of eight children, six boys and two girls. James Albert being the oldest boy and William Franklin, two years younger, would play a very important role in the founding of the city of Ammon.

While in his late tens, James Albert took his younger brother, William north through Eagle Rock and up to Leesburg, near Salmon, Idaho, to pan for gold. They were successful at this venture and returned to Ogden with a fair amount of gold dust. In later years James Albert worked on both the railroad and telegraph lines in the Utah Valley area and as far north as Eagle Rock in Idaho. His younger brother, Joseph Henry, became an engineer for the railroad and, in fact, on June 12, 1879, at age 22, drove engine #119, called "the old iron horse" across the newly constructed Snake River bridge in Eagle Rock, Idaho, the first train to cross that bridge.

The three Owen brothers were familiar with the land surrounding Eagle Rock and recognized that this would be a good place for farming. When the land was opened for homesteading, James Albert convinced his father that the family should move to Eagle Rock and take up homesteads. In 1885, James Colgrove and five of his sons loaded their wagons and moved north to homestead in what became the Ammon area.

James Albert had already picked his site along Little Sand Creek (at the corner of present day east 17th Street and Crowley Road), having previously caped there on his travels through that area. His father, James C., picked a site down stream to the southwest at present day Ammon.

The boxes and canvas covers were removed from the wagons and placed on the ground. These became their "homes" until the land could be cleared of sage brush, irrigation ditches dug, corrals built and crops planted and harvested. In thief "spare" time they hunted for good, hauled logs from Wolverine Canyon and began building their houses, which were not usable the first winter. It was not uncommon for winter temperatures to drop as low as 30 degrees below zero.

After James C had built his house and "proved up" on his land, he brought his wife and young children to Idaho. Sariah hated the cold winters and demanded they return to Ogden and "civilization." In the spring of 1898 James C met with his sons, James Albert and William F "Will" at the lower end of his homestead where he informed them he was moving back to Ogden and he wanted them to take his half of the homestead and make a township. He said, "this is where the people will come because this is where the water is," Note: at this time there were very few wells in the Ammon area and people would bring barrels and fill them with water from Little Sand Creek and haul it back to their homes where they would fill "cisterns" ----holes dug in the ground, usually eight feet by eight feet and about six feet deep, lined to hold water. Once filled the family could have water for up to a week. The first well was dug in 1889 by Bishop Rawson at his home just east of Ammon road that is now called Peterson Park. The pump was operated by an old-fashioned dust style windmill.

James C added that he wanted the land laid out in once acre plots and sold for one dollar each. James Albert was a "worker" and he knew his brother Will was a "talker" so he said, "if you will take care of the paperwork, I will plot the ground and lay out the ditches, etc"----agreed. By the end of that summer, James A had laid out the 98 one-acre lots by using the "chain" method of surveying. Years later, when this was checked by certified surveyor, Charles D. Chapin, it required only minor adjustments. By January of 1899, Will had nearly completed the paper work ready for recording at Blackfoot, the county seat of Bingham County. (Bonneville County was non-existent and was separated from Bingham County at a later time.)

Bishop Arthur M Rawson, father-in-law to James C, told Will and James "You can't call this place "Township." It has to have a name. How about Owen?" Will said, "No, we're calling the settlement around me, "Owendale." To which Bishop Rawson replied, " Well, let's call it Ammon after Ammon in the Book of Mormon"..... Agreed. On January 23, 1899 the platt document was officially recorded in Blackfoot, Idaho.

I have written this story as it was told to me in 1949 by my mother, Ada E Owen Campbell,

daughter of James Albert Owen and granddaughter of James Colgrove Owen. However, some additions were added and it was retyped in December, 2007.

—Derlin Leeon Campbell,
Rexburg, Idaho, Formerly of Ammon

Canal Building

From My Grandfather's Life Story written 1988 by Grace Campbell Barr, edited and condensed by Dorothy Walker.

The early homesteaders of 1886 in the southeastern area of Idaho faced a serious challenge. Rainfall would not support crops. Water must be obtained from the streams and rivers. Little Sand Creek could furnish the needed water for the lower parts of the farmers lands. The higher land needed irrigation through a canal system. Other early settlers had already built canals. Between 1881 and 1885 there were 28 major canals started in the Upper Snake River Plain – all done with horses and crude equipment.

Four Owen brothers – Al, Will, Dan, and Than, as they were called – and two other farmers, Charles Hayes and Tom Hiatt joined together to form a planning group. This was a very difficult undertaking. So much to do – and they still needed to build cabins. It was proposed that the building of canals should be the first priority. They could not raise a crop without water, and, of course, crops were needed to feed themselves, their families, and their animals.

The four Owen brothers decided that their father and their 16 year old brother Charles would stay at home to care for and protect their mother and sister, also, to guard the Homesteads against claim-jumpers. Their temporary "home" was their wagon box. A tentative plan was set up so that all would benefit from available water brought in through a canal system. They would begin digging the canal at the most further point south and work north toward the main water source. That way, if anyone quit they would not get water until all workers were finished with construction and ready to irrigate together. (Al had heard of some canal workers elsewhere who worked the opposite way, beginning at the water source. Men would quit as soon as the canal was finished to their land.)

Preparations were made to begin this enormous task. There was no mention where they obtained the needed equipment. For a convience vehicle, the boys took their father's wagon bed (which the wagon box had been removed for the parent's "home"). To replace the wagon box, they fastened some willows edgewise across the frame. They packed the wagon with food and water to last them a week, since they would not return "home" each working day. They took their bed rolls and a canvas for protection in case of rain.

Their water, obtained from a creek, was stored in a 50 pound wooden barrel. The water had to be used sparingly for both men and horses while working on the canal way. Their week's supply of food consisting of flour, grease, salt, dried beans, and potatoes which would hopefully last until they returned Saturday night. Their mother would furnish freshly baked bread and fresh eggs packed in oats to prevent breaking (the oats to be fed to the horses, she told them). She sent her Dutch oven and frying pan so they could cook quail or rabbit that they might catch.

They also took with them "swamp grass" to feed the horses at noon. Then off they would go to "tame the dessert." Upon arrival at their starting point, Albert used a pocket compass. They sighted a strait course, marked the way with wooden stakes, and began plowing. At night they turned their horses out to search for grass. They would hobble them and tie a cow-bell around the lead horse's neck, making it easier to find them the next morning. They were sometimes surprised how far hobbled horses can go with hobbles – sometimes a half mile.

They were ever watchful of rattlesnakes. Badger holes were a worry because a horse might step into one and break a leg. Grace tells her Grandfather's story of the actual building the canal in vivid detail: The first work to be done was to clear the

width of a wagon trail, east from Little Sand Creek along the south boundary line of Al's homestead, which was between his property and his brother Joseph's section, to the east corner. This would open a roadway through the sagebrush to drive wagons and scrapers to where they were needed. They would then work south along the east border of Joseph's for one mile. Then continue two miles more across the east end of Tom Hiatt's land and Charles Hayes land also. Mr. Hayes had homesteaded two or three years before. After this three mile clearway was finished, the six men started their clearway for the canal, working north, with plows and Mormon scoop scrapers

The group of six men had cleared a wide stretch of brush for three miles, they now plowed a strip about one eighth of a mile long and about 30 feet wide. This was to be their first section of fillway. They would work north one eighth mile lengths of land at a time. The clanking of trace chains, the creaking of harness leather, the clump – clump of horses shod feet, and the scraping of the Mormon scrapers through the ground sounded on the spring morning. The horses obeyed a command and leaned into their collars. A plow blade broke the loam, lifting and turning each encumbered clod. The scrapers carried it up the bank.

Teams pushed on, breaking the sod. They plowed in both directions, length – wise and cross – wise. A span of horses pulled the deep scrapers around in a circle, forming a new grade for a bank, returning again and again, across the plowed strip, to pick up the plowed dirt. Sometimes the collars rubbed sores on the horse's shoulders. Al treated them with a salve, and changed the horse to a new position or left them to rest until the sore healed

Each scraper had two handles and a strong round rod of steel, curved from one side to the other. The team was hitched to this with singletrees. Two men worked it, one walking at one side to drive the horses, another behind the scraper, to lift the handles just enough to thrust the wide steel shovel into the loosened earth at the wide scope of plowed ground. The teams went on. Earth filled the scraper. One man drove to where they were building the rise of ground that was to form the banks of the canal. There the other man took over, lifted the handles high, tripping the scraper upside down within the iron circle-rod to empty the earth on the grade to be built. He circled the horses around going back with an empty scraper along the constructed bank, so that the horse's hoofs pounded the embankment down to solidarity. Water could not leak through. At the outer edge of the sagebrush cleared and plowed area, they started again, around the orbit. The driver started the process all over again, digging into dirt, the horses pulling the steel slip-scraper through the sod, up the steep incline, turning the earth into the new bank. The team came around the circle again and again never stopping – filling and tripping, straining horses sweating by mid-morning rest time.

In order to know if they were making the bottom of the canal level, they used a tin cup half full of water sitting on a long board for a makeshift level, lifting or lowering the board until the water in the cup showed true. This way high swells were straightened out and the low places were filled in. The grade where the canal was being built would be even, level and strait, packed down by the horses shoes again and again. No water seepage could leak through.

Dust rose from the plows and scrapers, filling their eyes and throats. Men's faces and necks were sun browned under layers of perspiration and dust, their faded linsey shirts were moisture streaked. The tired horses flanks were mud covered. They had to stop sometimes for short rests under the torrid rays of the sun.

The process was slow. Sometimes it almost seemed that they weren't making much headway at all, through the strata of dirt and rocky places that had to be moved. Blasting of lava rock had to be done with a sledge hammer and a hand drill. Day after day, month after month the cuts grew deeper, the fills mounted higher. The men, horses, plows, and scrapers kept circling, weaving their

steady web of energy into a sturdy canal to thirsty crops-to-be now on the now sagebrush desert. When the banks were too steep to pull the dirt up they used a two wheeled scraper. When the canal was finished the men went the full length of it with brooms and shovels making the bottom perfectly smooth. The group deepened and widened Little Sand Creek in the fall, when the water was low. These canals are still being used in 1988 after ninety-seven years. Those men must have had a comradery never to be forgotten.

The Farmers Progress is the name of the company, organized in 1902, that resulted from canals started in 1883 and 1885 by the Owen brothers and many others. It is the greatest canal system in the Upper Snake River Valley, and is probably the most beautiful system to operate anywhere. It has always been in the hands of those who use irrigation and has contributed to its great success. It has two short constructed canals by which it diverts water into the natural channel of Willow Creek from Snake River.

Willow Creek is a mountain stream, which upon entering the valley, branches out into three distinctive channels – Sage Creek, Big Sand Creek, and Little Sand Creek – providing natural canal channels, and through these channels the "Farmers Progress" delivers its water to the farmers. It had the first two head gates on the river. It has the oldest water rights and one of the greatest carrying capacities, which is estimated at 50,000 inches.

It furnishes water to Hillside Canal and Hillside extension 25 miles long: Center Ditch 4 ½ miles long; Ammon 3 miles long; Taylor and Cedar Hollow 15 miles long. Throughout those early years, some of the men who followed those scrapers and plows had to sell their animals because they could not pay the assessments for the upkeep of the canals. When farmers still failed to get enough money, the board of directors borrowed the money, giving personal notes for security. The farmers of today, on those same canals know little of the hardships the company went through, to be able to construct without government aid, and to keep the water rights and the Farmers Progress in the hands of the farmers themselves.

Lynn Blatter found in the church records of OWENDALE branch that three of the sons of William Franklin Owen were ordained in the priesthood while the family lived on their homestead on Henry Creek in 1917. Horace an Elder from a Deacon, Eugene a Priest, and Loren a Deacon. William was head of the school board of Owendale and the branch of the church was named after him. He built a large rock barn on a side hill so access to the top was easy to store feed in and throw it into the mangers below. The remains are still standing. He was issued four Land Patents (deeds) on 280 acres. One for 40 acres on 28 January 1919, one for 80 acres on 22 June 1920, and two for 160 acres on November 9, 1922. Just when he filed on that property is not known or who built the school house and when is not known. We do know that the school teacher, Miss Kolstad, boarded with the Zimmerman family in 1914.

In *A Life Story Of My Grandfather William Franklin Owen Sr.*, taken from the book *Progressive Men of Idaho* by a grandson Charles M. Owen is recorded this history. William Owen is one of the most reliable and enterprising men in this section of the state. Each successive year has brightened his reputation in business circles, and in every relation of life he has manifested the characteristics of loyal charity and devotion to principle. His interest in matters pertaining to public welfare has made him a most valued citizen. In this connection we would remark as an example of his interest in educational affairs that he assisted in the construction of the schoolhouse of his neighborhood (Ammon) before he built his home.

On his 160 acre farm which adjoins the village of Ammon he has erected an elegant residence of modern style and construction, fitted with all those improvements considered indispensable attachments of the modern home. Further than this, the place is attractive from the number and variety of its outbuildings, which are constructed and arranged in perfect conformity with the demands

of the agricultural labors of which this farmland is the headquarters. Nor are his interests confined to his ranch, as a productive limekiln is in steady operation upon his property. He is also extensively engaged in stock raising, being one of the leaders in this activity.

In politics William gives his hearty support to the Republican party, and he has ever been active in the promotion of its cause, manifesting a lively interest in everything that concerns the welfare of his county, of which he is an honored pioneer. In 1900 he was a county commissioner with a high vote and in 1902 was elected to the state legislature by a handsome majority. He was a farmer, but also ran a dairy. A lot of work for his wife too. He in connection with his son William F. Jr., owned a coal yard, dealing in coal, ice, and lime. The lime was furnished from a kiln on their own ranch. They owned two homes in Idaho Falls and are now living in the one on Eastern Avenue. William was an invalid for six years before he died on February 22, 1927.

18 Magnus Ray Peterson

Ray was born in Lehi, Utah the seventh child in a family of eleven to parents John and Rhoda Jane Ashton Peterson on 13 August 1888. He was raised with his siblings working on the family farm and orchard. He attended Brigham Young Academy where he graduated with a degree in surveying. He and his brother then headed for Canada where they played Baseball in the Canadian League.

About 1911 he took a job in Taylor. Idaho as a Fieldman. It was there he met, fell in love and married Ida Jane Lords on 27 September 1911 in Idaho Falls, Idaho. They had four children while living in the Shelley, Idaho area. Wanda born 13 June 1912, at Taylor, Loral Ray born 12 November 1914 at Shelley, Elwin M. at the homestead at Owendale on Taylor Mountain and Joseph on 25 November 1919 in Idaho Falls.

Ray homesteaded 160 Acres in the Taylor Mountain area and was granted title in 1916 to his land. Around 1925 after hard times and the beginning of the "depression" they gave up farming and moved to Salt Lake City, Utah. He found work as a bookkeeper for a furniture store, and did many other odd jobs to make ends meet. That year they lost their youngest son, Joseph Lavohr (age 6) to Diphtheria. Ida Jane was pregnant and they had no friends or family close enough to help.

Near the end of July, 1926 he was informed that he had been accepted as a patrolman on the Salt Lake City Police Department. On August 1, 1926 he started his new job and was informed (that afternoon by a neighbor) he was a father again, for the fifth time.

They bought a home in south Salt Lake where they lived for the next twenty years adding one more child Marlene, in 1931. Ray worked on the police force for over twenty years, retiring with the rank of Detective in 1948. Ray, a wonderful husband and father passed away on January 13 1959.

John Peterson, Sr.

John Peterson, Sr., was born November 8, 1848 in Blentarp, Malmohus, Sweden to Anders and Marna Anderson Peterson. He was the youngest child in a family of six children. There were three boys (Magnus, Andreas a.k.a. Andrew, and Johannes a.k.a. John) and three girls (Johanna Lovisa, Anna, and Christena a.k.a. Christine) in the family. John with his father, mother, two brothers, and two sisters emigrated to America in 1862. This family joined the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Days Saints in 1854 in their native land. They were members of the first branch organized in Sweden, the Sonaback Branch.

In his youth, John manifested a strong faith in

his newly adopted religion by yielding to baptism in mid-winter when the frozen north had covered the water with a thick ice, so that a stern application of an ax was necessary in order to meet the watery immersion. At the age of fourteen, he joined his father's family in the great western movement to Utah embarking on one of the large sea going vessels, the "Athenia," and spending nine weeks crossing the ocean. In moving across the plains, this family joined Ola N. Liljenquist ox team company, reaching Lehi in October of 1862. The remainder of his life was spent in Lehi, excepting twenty years while under the employment of the Utah, Idaho Sugar Company in Idaho as field superintendent.

At the age of twenty, John responded to a call to go to Florence, Nebraska to assist a company of Saints to Utah. As a boy too young to be registered, he served in the Blackhawk War in Sanpete County. Many times he stood guard during the lonely night hours peering into the darkness in search of Red Man. His dependability, even temperament, and genial disposition brought to him many positions of trust, among which may be mentioned water master of the Lehi Irrigation Company for eight years, manager of dances in the old Amusement Hall, a natural leader of town amusements, president of the Elders Quorum of the Alpine Stake. At the time of his passing, he was a member of the High Priest Quorum of the Alpine Stake.

He carried the distinction of being the strongest man in town, a natural athlete, performing feats of physical strength. Amusements those days were made by home talent. One form of amusements was the circus. John was the star performer as tumbler and trapeze actor. His daughter said she had seen her father do hand springs down main street, tumbling over saw horses stationed certain distances apart. He lifted a wagon wheel with weights that no one else could lift. When his boys grew large enough to do stunts, not one could equal him in doing them. The thirteen weeks of sickness just preceding his death is the only time of his life when sickness forced him to bed. For years he was a shepherd of the hills and a wool grower, but essentially a tiller of the soil.

John married Rhoda Jane Ashton in the Endowment House, Salt Lake City, Utah, February 16, 1874. To their home came eight boys and three girls: Armitta, John, Lawrence, Thomas Leonard, Irene, Henry Anders, Magnus Ray, William Lester, Rhoda Elvera, Frank David, and Vernal Howard. Rhoda Jane died Sunday morning, January 12, 1913 after a weeks illness of diabetes in Taylor, Idaho.

On April 20, 1916, John married Mary Jane Clark in the Endowment House in Salt Lake City, Utah. For twelve years the shadows and sunshine of life were met together and as the strong man yielded to Father Time, she lovingly and tenderly brought his slippers, sat by his beside, dispensing words of good cheer and seeking to ease the pains of a wasting constitution. The last watch came when the Spirit passed to the Great Beyond, June 1, 1928, at the age of seventy-nine years and seven months.

Rhoda Jane Ashton Peterson

Rhoda Jane Ashton was born in Lehi, Utah Co., Utah, Sept. 3, 1853, the daughter of Thomas and Arminta Adealy Lawrence Ashton. She was the second child of the family of eleven children, six boys (Thomas, James Lawrence, Henry Lawrence, William, Daniel, and Orin), and five girls (Rhoda Jane Lawrence, Ester Ann Lawrence, Eleanor Lawrence, Henrietta Lawrence, and Emma). Henry and Henrietta were twins. Thomas and Daniel died as children. There were nine living children in the family, and it took a great deal of work to keep them clothed and fed.

Rhoda Jane saw the light of the world in a two room lag house located near the old Central School on the south side of Main Street. Later her father built a two story house of four rooms out of adobe located on Main Street one block north of the First Ward church house.

Most of the furniture her father made. They had a few dishes of all kinds that they brought across the plains. They had a large fireplace for

heat, cooking and baking. Later they had a Charter Oak stove. They had a hard time learning to bake in the stove oven.

Rhoda Jane had blue eyes and light brown hair. She was about five feet six inches tall and wore a size three and a half shoe. She weighed about 120 lbs.

Their toys were rag dolls an stuffed animals, which their parents fashioned out of old clothing and stuffed them with bran, sawdust, or shaving, and blocks cut from odds and ends of lumber or wood.

When her mother went gathering grease wood down by the Jordan River to make lye, she took the children along to glean the bits of wool they would find left hanging to the bushes by the feeding sheep. This was washed, carded, spun, and woven into cloth to make clothing for the family. The cloth was dyed with peach leaves or indigo. Different kinds of bark or alum were used to set the color.

The children were unable to go to school, so their father taught them evenings after work. They had no copy books, but some pencils and only one slate. Their father wrote a copy on the slate and each child took his turn at copy writing, reading numbers, and spelling.

They had vegetables, wild fruit and meat. Later fruit trees were planted. They used molasses or honey for sugar. A brown sugar could be made out of mangel worsels. It was not as sweet as sugar. It was a great treat when they had vinegar pie (it was on the order of our cream pie and made out of water, vinegar, eggs, sweetened with molasses and thickened with flour) or molasses cakes. Nutmeg and ansis were used for flavoring. Succotash was made of beans, onions, and corn.

They had only salt rising bread, no white flour but whole wheat or corn meal flour. The year the grasshoppers came, they had only bran bread.

Elder berries and choke cherries were made into preserves, jelly and pies. Molasses was used in place of sugar to preserve fruit. Service berries were dried. Ground cherries were raised for preserves and to dry. She and her sisters used to glean ground cherries, scald and dry them to sell. The stores paid so much a pound. People back east called them "Mormon Figs."

Prickley pears were used to break hard water. Starch was made a tubful at a time from potatoes. The raw potatoes were grated fine and washed with water. This water was strained through a sieve and placed in tubs to settle. The starch settled to the bottom and the clear water was poured off and the starch let dry for use. Lye was made from grease wood ashes. A leech (two boards nailed together like a trough) was filled with ashes, water poured over it. The water was let drip into a kettle and used as lye. Soap was made from any kind of fat. They made candles for light when tallow was available but used bitches when they only had a small amount of grease with a twisted rag for a wick.

She and the other children used to go to the field with Edwen Strandering for farm work. The Indians would ride through the corn and wheat on their horses. They were very frightened and would hide if possible, but they were never molested.

Wheat was sowed broadcast and harvested with a cradle. She and the other children raked, bound it into bundles and shocked it. It was hauled home, flailed and cleaned with a fan. Later horse power was used.

They grew sugar cane. Rhoda Jane used to strip, top, and pile the cane to be hauled to the mill where it was ground and made up on shares. When they were making molasses, the children were allowed the skimmings to make candy. They raised broom corn. Rhoda Jane helped make their first brooms by tying straw into bundles on the end of sticks.

Their medicine consisted of herbs called old man and old woman, catnip, wild grape roots, quaking asp bark, kinicknip, and yar. They relied on the Elders for most of their healings.

Rhoda Jane helped milk cows and made cheese and butter to sell. She never learned to weave. She was not strong enough. She assisted her father in bending wood from which he made coffins, and

lined them. She also helped Melissa Willes make burial clothes.

They had good times at wool picking, rag bees, candy pulls, peach pealings, carding rugs, and corn shucking. The men would have a wood chopping, the women a quilting, then have supper together.

The Indians went to the desert in the winter and came back to the head of Provo River in the spring. When they camped at the mill an Indian woman by the name of Paddy, and old friend of the family, would hurry on ahead to tell whether the Indians coming were heap good or heap bad Indians. If they were heap bad, to be sure to lock everything up.

The first pair of shoes Rhoda Jane owned cost twenty dollars and were purchases from Johnston's Army, exchanged for butter her mother made.

She was baptized a member of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints January 25, 1865. She was married to John Peterson in the Salt Lake Endowment House Feb. 16, 1874. They first lived in a small house in the southwest part of Lehi. Later they built a two room adobe house on the north side of Main Street in the center of the block where the telephone office is now located (between Center and 1st West). Their next move was to their farm north of town. She was the mother of eleven children, eight boys and three girls, Armitta, John, Lawrence, Thomas Leonard, Irene, Henry Anders, Magnus Ray, William Lester, Rhoda Elvera, Franklin David, and Vernal Howard.

She was Relief Society visiting teacher both before and after the division of Lehi Wards. Her companion was Alice Whimpey.

In March 1906, the family moved to Taylor, Idaho, residing in the Taylor Ward in which she was a worker in the Primary Association and a councilor in the Relief Society. On the 3rd of January 1913, she attended the funeral of her brother-in-law Andrew Peterson in Lehi. On returning home she was stricken down with pneumonia. She never fully regained her health. Diabetes was the cause.

She died Sunday morning the 12 Jan. 1913, after a brief illness of about a week. She was a choice spirit, devoted wife and noble mother and was loved by all who knew her. She died a true and faithful Latter-Day Saint having earned the reward of the faithful.

Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1913, funeral services were held at the Lehi Tabernacle with Bishop Stocker of the Fourth Ward having charge of the services. The Ward choir, under the direction of George Kirkham, furnished the music. The invocation was offered by Elder William Southwick and the benediction was offered by Elder George Comer. George Kirkham sang the solo, "I Know That My Redeemer Lives." The speakers were E. A. Bushman, Jesse Smith, James Kirkham, President A. J. Evans, and Bishop Stocker. The floral offerings were many and beautiful. Parts of the above history were read by Bishop Stocker.

19 Albert Henry Quinton

Albert Henry Quinton was born December 13, 1888 in Bloomington, Idaho to Harry and Mary Ann Bateman Quinton. He was the oldest of 11 children. He received his schooling at Bloomington. This large family of children was a very happy and loving family. At the age of 16 he came to the Snake River Valley and worked for different farmers as a farm laborer for several years. He also helped his father in the timber in the winter months at the time. Your father Harry was a "Jack Of All Trades," and he spent his life working for neighbors at what ever task was needed to be done at the moment, farming, caring for animals, building, logging, or freighting. He was just as capable in the home also, cleaning, cooking, washing, and ever so special with babies and youngsters of all ages.

Your father told stories of how at a very early age, as soon as you were big enough, you helped bale and haul hay. During the winter months your father would take the three older sons with him to the hay fields near Fish-Haven where you worked on the Cyclone Hay- Baler. It was operated by a team of horses going in a circle by the side of the hay hopper into which the hay was pitched. You boys had to tie the wires around the bales and stack them, also pitch into the hopper. The four of you would do 10 tons of hay in a day. Then by crossing over the lake on ice, you hauled the hay to Bloomington and Montpelier.

You were taught Gospel Principles in your home and expected to be obedient to the teachings of your parents. Your father taught Sunday School for forty years but usually there were not enough church-going-clothes to make the entire family presentable, so most of the children remained at home a good share of the time, as probably did your mother. Your father was sometimes criticized for this but people did not understand their hardships and he was indeed a very good and spiritual man.

Albert was married three times. Rosa Scheidegger on November 4, 1911 at Paris, Bear lake, Idaho. Mary Ann Colby on 3 November 1916 at Dillon, Montana, and Burl Mangum 2 June, 1936 at Idaho Falls, Idaho.

Around 1911 Albert and his brother Oliver must have started to homestead in the Taylor Mountain area on Taylor Creek as Albert was issued a Land Patent (deed) for 160 acres on April 20, 1916. It takes 5 years to prove up on your claim. Oliver and Albert were farming together until they had some differences and split up. An account from Oliver's history is interesting. On the day Oliver and Mary Elvira Lords was to be married he was not yet an Elder and the Bishop had another wed-

Albert Henry Quinton

ding to perform on that day so they were married in Idaho Falls by a Judge on April 2, 1914. When asked how they celebrated Mary said, "Hmm, celebrate, we drove to my folk's home in the wagon, had supper and slept on the floor. Next morning we took our straw tick and headed for the dry farm where Oliver went to plowing. There was no celebration. The little home that Oliver had built there earlier in 1913 was occupied by his brother Albert and his wife Rosa. We occupied a tent with a straw tick on a bedstead. We had our meals together."

Church records of the Owendale Branch record that twin girls, Zonda and Wonda, were born to Albert and Mary Ann Colby Quinton on August 17, 1918. They were born in the Colby home on Taylor Creek shortly after it was built. The dry years at this time and low farm prices drove them out and they lost the farm. They moved to Woodville when the girls were two years old. Another daughter, Uteave, was born premature while the mother had Typhoid Fever.

Prior to this when the twins were about a year old they both contacted Small Pox. Wonda had a mild case with only a few spots but Zonda was covered with them. Her life hung in peril. They thought she would die. The parents knelt together in prayer to pray for her recovery and to help them survive this ordeal. Albert said "If the Lord will spare her life I will quit smoking." When Zonda beat the odds and regained her health Albert threw away his cigar and never smoked again.

The depression of the 1920's hit this family hard and they had rough times making ends meet, but they always found ways to keep food on the table. Albert would go to the Lava Rocks and work all day long getting a load of wood and sometimes it was way into the night before he would make it home; sometimes in sub-zero weather; with a tub of wood burning on the wagon at his side to keep him from freezing. He helped build canals and did road work. He also worked on farms in the fall harvest. He never learned to drive a car. In the summer they went by wagon and in the winter traveled by sleigh.

In 1921 Wonda, Zonda, Albert and Mary contracted Typhoid Fever. Uteave had a strong will to live and survived the outbreak. Wonda died on April 6, 1921. She was 2 ½ years of age. The fever left Albert deathly ill. He had to go into the hospital for a while. When he started to recover, they let him get up and he took a turn for the worse. The doctor told Albert he wouldn't be able to work for quite a while. It took him months before he could walk.

After burying Wonda, the family went to stay in Bloomington with Albert's parents until Albert recovered. They then moved back to Woodville. Five other brothers and sisters were born, Marjorie Mae – May 30, 1923, Idella – July 4, 1925, Laura and Laurell Albert (twins) - December 5, 1926, and Darold – May 2, 1933. Marjorie died February 15, 1927 at age 5 years with spinal meningitis. Laura the twin to Laurell, died November 28, 1928 at the age of 11 months with what they called the summer complaint. They thought they were going to lose Laurell also. The doctor did everything he could to save him. The doctor knew Mary wouldn't be able to lose another baby or they may lose her also. Mary had many happy memories of the early years of her marriage when her children were young and working together with Albert on their dry farm.

Mary and Albert were sealed to each other in the Logan Temple on June 28, 1922. In the spring of 1934 they were separated and later divorced. Mary

left her home in Woodville, Idaho with only $100 left to pay on the farm taking nothing with her.

At 34, Mary was left with four small children and a month old baby solely dependent upon her. Humiliated and broken hearted she struggled on to make the most out of a bad situation. She scrubbed floors, did washing and ironing for wealthy people in the community to support her family. Her sister, Sarah Hintz allowed Mary and her children to move in with her until they could get on their feet. George and Alfred Quinton supplied them with honey, milk, and potatoes.

Mary worked in a large factory making and sewing mattresses. They had large needles and she suffered the pain of pushing them through the mattresses with sore and bleeding fingers. Her hands would get so swollen it would hurt to touch them, but she kept on working. After work each day she would hurry home to the children. After all the hard days labor, she would stay up nights making clothing for the children out of old flour sacks. She would crochet around the bottom of the pantaloons and around the undershirts to make them as pretty as possible. Neighbors would donate clothes to the children which were greatly appreciated. Even though she only had one old pair of shoes and two old dresses, her children was well dressed and that's all that mattered to her. It was not uncommon for Mary to start working at 8:00 a.m. and keep working until 2 a.m., then get up at 7 a.m. and start again. Mary's children never remembered hearing her complaining about how hard she had to work.

Zonda took care of the house while the younger children attended school. After school, Uteave and Idella would get supper started while Zonda cared for Darold. All the children pitched in and worked. Mary made the best tasting bread. She always tried to have the right things for her children to eat. She was always very tidy and her home was never dirty. She got up in the morning with a warm fire blazing, crocheting and waiting for her children to awake. She decorated her home to look cheerful and cozy. She always said, "You don't have to be rich to be clean." Her children's clothes were always clean and looked nice. Mary loved culture and the nicer things of life and tried to bring these things to her children and into her home. She was proud of the accomplishments of her children and grandchildren. Mary was blessed with a strong body and active mind.

Mary had a "green thumb." She had the talent and applied the necessary ambition to produce the most beautiful garden in the community, and then found joy in sharing its abundance with her family and friends. She had abiding love for her people and especially for her children.. Her love for them was measured by her bended knees and the blessings she sought daily from God in their behalf. She lived a full life; there was sorrow, for she knew the feel of empty arms that only a mother can feel at the loss of three babies. She knew the grief of a split family and the struggle to keep her family fed, clothed and together.

Mary worked for many years for Dr. Smith and Dr. Gyte in their homes. She cared for their homes and children. Their children learned to love her and respect her wisdom. Mary met a prominent rancher, fell in love, and was to be married. The day before their marriage, Jed while working in his field, had a heart attack and died.

Mary's other close friend to whom she was to marry, known as "Grandpa Rey," died of a heart attack before their wedding day. "Rey" was dearly loved and respected by all of Mary's family. Mary knew it was god's will that she never remarry.

Mary Ann Colby Quinton

Mary Ann, daughter of George Franklin Colby and Sarah Elizabeth Fowler, was born July 1, 1901 in Coyote, Piute, Utah. It was obvious from her birth that she was an unusual baby with a special calling. On the day Mary was blessed, three other infants were given names and blessings. She was the fourth baby to be blessed. Patriarch Smith rose from the audience and said "This one's mine. I have to give her a blessing." He took her into his arms. "This child is special. She is going to be a

great mother of Israel. She and her posterity will have a part in the rebuilding of Missouri. She will be greatly loved and admired by her children."

Mary was the oldest of 12 children, 3 boys and 9 girls. From oldest to youngest, Mary Ann, Dot, Catherine, Elizabeth, Sara, Isabell, George Franklin, Isaac Ransford and Ida May (twins), Aldon Deloss, Lydia Jane, Lucy Luceal, Lois Melda, Beulah.

Mary's father, George Colby, was working for John McMillin as a cattleman. He was always a hard working man, though he was crippled at the age of five from a blow to his knee received from his step grandfather. George was a loving husband and a wonderful father. John McMillin would let Mary gather turkey eggs. If she wouldn't drop any eggs he would give her a big silver dollar. She was careful not even to scratch them.

When Mary was about four, she and Dot were in their big barn on the McMillin Farm gathering bird eggs to make mud pies. Dot dropped some and Mary scolded her, throwing in a few swear words to show her anger. Sarah (Mary's mother) walked into the barn and heard what was being said. She stepped forward to discipline Mary when she stepped on a loose board in the barn. As she stepped on the end of the loose plank, it would come up throwing up loose dirt three feet or so. This would be a good time to teach Mary a lesson. She would step up and down on the loose plank letting the dirt fly. She called to Mary saying "the devil heard you swear; now he's coming to take you with him." It scared Mary so bad she crawled behind the straw in the loft and hid. She crawled down the back and hid under her bed hoping the devil wouldn't find her there. Later that day, she heard her mother crying and her father say "we have looked everywhere." She could hear her Uncle John (who she worshipped) say, "Where could Mary be. She must be really scared." They were afraid she had fallen into the reservoir located next to their home. Then her Uncle John started to cry. Mary slipped from under the bed looking into Uncle John's face. Her mother nearly fainted; father started crying, while Uncle John grabbed her and hung on for dear life.

Mary also remembers the time when she went out to play in her new bright red dress. She ran through the fields and over the gate where their big bull was caged. When the bull ran toward her, she froze. Luckily Uncle John saw her and jumped the fence and grabbed her just in time. While living on the McMillin Farm, Mary helped her father herd cattle and other stock. Being poor, Mary didn't wear shoes. She would walk miles through the fields in her bare feet. Thorns would stick in her aching feet, but she'd plunge on.

In September 1907 they left Sigurd in a covered wagon with few worldly possessions and an old gray team of horses. They hoped to find a better way of life in the Snake River Valley where George Colby's only sister and husband were (Herbert and Lydia Colby Snow). This is where the family planned to go into farming. The old gray team had been bought from people who said they had been owned by the Indians and could smell them and would be afraid. Father laughed and said he could handle them. The horses only cost a few dollars and that left them with only $12 but they had a good supply of groceries in the wagon. There was a bunk bed and a swinging bed stretched and tied above the bed. There was a bed like a cot. Dot and Mary slept there. Mary remembers her dad getting them ready for bed and saying "now we will have our prayers and ask our Heavenly Father to watch over us that we will have our strength to continue and reach our destination to the Snake River Valley." Mary remembers her father's prayers, his voice was so kind and gentle, and then he would kiss them. Dad would fix their beds, warm and snug and tuck them in. They would start early in the morning when the sun first came up and stop at some farm along the way and ask if he could work for food and hay. The people would ask how he could work (being crippled), and he would say "let me prove I can work." He could pitch hay all day with the best of men, and pick potatoes better than any other. While he was working mother would wash on a scrub board, heating the water

by fire. She could also bake bread and cook for us as they had a small cook stove in the covered wagon. Mother kept everything so clean and shiny in the wagon. We received hay, milk, eggs, butter, and also vegetables and fruits from the farmers we worked for. When they got to the Salt Lake Valley there were fields of red tomatoes. Mary helped her father pick them. It was so much fun. Mary was always at her father's side.

It was the middle of October when they reached Brigham City. They camped but Sarah wasn't feeling well. It had been a long journey. They reached Pocatello, Idaho in the last part of October. Then they went past Fort Hall. Sarah was worried about the Indians. Little Catherine would sleep on the pillow. Sarah was really ill and George knelt down and had prayer and asked a blessing over his family and thanked our Father in Heaven for the safety of his family. They had a good night's sleep and the next morning they were on their way to Goshen. Dot and Mary were tired of riding so Dad let them walk from Fort Hall to Blackfoot. They were walking behind the wagon. They heard noises behind them. Mary looked around and saw two of the biggest Indians on Pinto ponies. They began to run for the wagon. They had been told Indians would carry little children away. By that time the horses got frightened and began to run. They couldn't catch up with the wagon. Poor Sarah was looking out the back of the window in the wagon and she was screaming with horror as she saw they had scooped them up. The Indians raced to catch them. The closer they got the faster the horses ran, until they dropped their harness and got all tangled up. Mary was frightened for she thought for sure the Indians were going to steal her and Dot away. They pulled up to the wagon and handed the children to their frightened parents. All the Indians said was "you forgotten papooses." Later they had a good laugh about all the excitement. Mary slept and when she awoke they were in Firth, Idaho. It was really a happy journey ending with all safe and well. They arrived about the last part of October or the first part of November 1907.

Responsibilities came early in this large family, and Mary learned to work at a young age. She was a sweet and obedient girl. Many times in her lifetime she lamented the fact that she was only able to finish three formal grades in school (receiving straight A's), yet in spite of this she educated herself and grew to a woman with commanding stature and wisdom to counsel others. She was very well versed in the scriptures and could write a clear and legible handwriting. Mary developed talents early as she cooked, cleaned, sewed, and cared for her younger brothers and sisters, as her mother was ill for many years.

Mary had a serious operation in Pocatello and her heart stopped beating. The doctors tried to get it to beat but couldn't. Mary was pronounced dead. Mary remembers feeling like she was going up an escalator into the clouds and looking down seeing herself on the operating table. She remembers Zonda and Emerson, Uteave and Frank crying. She said she came to a gate and they wouldn't let her enter. She was told her work on earth was not yet complete and she was to return. She was badly needed by her family. Mary could never tell anymore for she would lose her voice. She always said it was God's will that she say no more. Mary's heart started beating . She rose from the table. The doctors said it was a miracle.

Mary was a midwife for many years while living at Woodville. She helped deliver many of her grandchildren. Mary was always there to help any friend or child while they were enduring any hardship or sickness. If not for Mary's loving care many of her grandchildren would not have survived to live full lives. She loved to be needed and she always was. Whenever sickness struck, Mary would move in and take the house over; doing the housework, laundry, waiting on the patient hand and foot. She would stay until she was sure that all was well.

Even though Mary didn't have an abundance of worldly wealth, she would give all she had for those she loved. She loved to make things for her children and grandchildren. She loved the outdoors.

She enjoyed camping with her family. She loved to go for rides through the countryside looking at nature's wonders. A cruel blow was a sudden heart attack that slowed her down considerably. But this iron-willed spirit, determined to go on, regained her physical strength and active mind.

Mary was active in her church. She enjoyed doing temple and genealogy work, and loved helping her children and grandchildren become involved. She taught them the importance of record keeping, and made it meaningful to them. Through her strength and great example she kept her family close to the church, and took over 1000 names to the temple.

Mary Ann Colby Quinton history written by Carry Cook (great grand-daughter)

Idella Wilson, daughter of Albert and Mary Quinton, relates that after the divorce they both were living in Idaho Falls, Idaho. Neither ever learned to drive, but walked every where. Albert always loved his children and grandchildren and visited them often. He liked to fish in the Snake River and would take them with him to fish. Albert worked around at various places and for some time in Pocatello. He got active in the church and was active in attending the Temple. Both found it in their hearts to forgive each other and they remained friends in spite of his dumb mistake.

Albert died 5 August 1975 in Idaho Falls and is buried in Woodville by his 3 children. Mary Ann died 15 September 1981 and is buried in Woodville by their children and Albert.

Albert Henry Quinton history was compiled from excerpts from Zonda Mary Quinton Lees history, Mary Ann Colby history, Albert Henry Quinton history, Oliver Charles Quinton Life Story by Lynn A Blatter.

20 Charles Reynold Bland Silcock

Charles was born 29 April 1893 in Riverton, Salt Lake, Utah one of 10 children to Alma Demarquis and Marie Rishton Silcock. Little has been written about Charles, or "Ren" as he was known through life, so all we know of him is what is recorded about his parents and the family.

Alma Demarquis, Rens father, nearly lost his life when he was three months old. In May the summer of 1864, Alma Heath Silcock and his wife Mary Ann with a group of people from Grantsville, Utah went up to Kamas, Utah to file on some homestead land that had opened up for homesteading. One day the men decided to go jack rabbit hunting. They had camped near the creek for water for their horses, cooking and drinking water. In the evening they decided to clean their guns. Alma Demarquis was sitting on the lap of his father Alma Heath. He had just moved him from one knee over to the other knee when a gun went off and shot Alma Heath. The baby would have been killed too if he hadn't been moved to the other knee. It was August 29, 1864 and Alma Demarquis was three months old to the day. Alma Heath Silcock lived for twenty hours after the shooting then died. It was too hot to take the body back to Salt Lake and too hard of a road to travel so he was buried by the creek.

After her husband was killed, Mary Ann took her son Alma Demarquis back to Riverton and left him with Grandpa and Grandma Nicholas Thomas Silcock, while she went to find work so she could help support him. She worked about two years when she met a man, Charles McMurry, who had lost his wife, and had two or three children and married him. Alma Demarquis lived with Nicholas and Jane until he was married.

Alma met a fine young lady, Maria Rishton, who had moved from Huntsville, Utah to American Fork, then to Riverton with her parents. They were married May 1, 1884 in the Old Endowment House. One of the last couples to go through before they closed it after the Salt Lake Temple was built.

On September 9, 1887 Alma Demarquis became real sick with a high fever. Nicholas, his grandfather, took him to Cottonwood to a doctor who diagnosed him as having paralysis. The doctor said he must be put in sand baths until he could walk. The doctor said take him home, dig a hole in the yard large enough to put a galvanized horse watering trough over it, then go to the Jordan River and get sand and put in the tub. Set him in the tub with sand up under his arm pits; build a fire under the tub and heat the sand up. Keep him in this hot sand for at least 30 minutes each day until he is able to walk. When he was able to walk he would tack a small piece of leather on his shoe

to balance him properly. He walked many a mile after this, to and from church, a mile each way.

One morning Alma went for a load of coal and the depot agent was not in so he let his team stand while he went across the tracks to see if there was any coal. He heard the train coming by the click of the rails. He ran to the wagon and got on the break block of the wagon to keep the horses from moving. As the train got close it gave a sharp whistle which scared the horses. Alma could not hold them and they jumped toward the train. The train struck and killed the horses and broke the wagon almost injuring him.

Alma had a herd of sheep and there were too many to keep in his small place. A cousin, Alex Henderson and his wife talked to Alma and told him there was a lot of good feed up at Salem, Idaho, near Rexburg. Alma decided to take his sheep up there to go on the desert. Before doing that he wanted to take his family up to Oakley, Idaho to see his mother, Mary Ann and Charles McMurry. He fixed up the covered wagon and got a few groceries for the young ones on the trip. They went up through Pine Creek, visited with them a few days, then back home to get ready to take the two older boys Bert and Thomas and the sheep to Salem. Alex said they would watch over the boys.

Renal (Ren) came down with diphtheria, which at that time was almost a sure death. The doctor said if he lives till morning we have hopes. After the doctor left Maria knelt down and prayed. Then she took some clean white rags, put them in the oven to sterilize them, got a clean dish and poured some coal oil in it like was used in coal oil lamps and swabbed his throat with that. She did this 2 or 3 times during the night. By morning he seemed a little better or at least his throat was so he could swallow better. When the doctor came in the morning he said, "What have you done to him?" She said, "I prayed for him." She was afraid she had done something wrong. He said, "I think he will come along ok now," so she kept up the treatment until he was better.

Alma went to check on the boys with the sheep. Tom had Scarlet Fever so he sent him home and the family was quarantined. No one could come in or go out. The rest of the family slept under the buggy shed and ate their meals there. Aunt Annie Silcock would come to the fence and call to us to see if we needed any thing. Alma had to stay with Bert and the sheep. Aunt Polly Dansie would bring our washing and ironing leaving it on the front porch.

The year of 1902 a group of families had been asked to move to Idaho to build up some of the wards by Rigby Idaho. They wanted Alma and Maria to go with them. By the time the New Year came they decided to go. They thought it would get them closer to their sheep.

In January 1903 when Ren was 10 years old, Alma loaded up a freight train car with furniture, machinery, chickens and every thing needed for the move. We had a passenger car on back of a long freight train. Talk about slow; we thought we would never get there. Alex and Alice were there to meet us. It was 40 – 50 below zero with lots of snow. It looked like our breath would turn to icicles. We had to ride back to Sugar City to stay with Alex and Alice for a few days.

Alma had lost a lot of lambs and ewes from the hard winter and his Suffolk bucks were stolen, so he sold the rest of his sheep and we moved to Rigby. He almost went broke. Alma rented a place from Bill Olsen just a little way from Rigby. When we got there Roy and May Bills occupied 2 rooms of the house so we had to occupy the other 2 rooms. That winter Alma fed a herd of bulls for Joe Holland. Alma bought 80 acres from Mr. Hares.

Seth, Ella, Tom, and Burt would go up to work on the place. Tom and Burt would plow the ground and we would pile the sage brush to burn the tops. The larger trunks went to burn in our stoves for heating and cooking. There were snakes, horny toads and wood ticks to deal with. Bert and Tom wanted the 40 acres so father let them have it. After they were married it didn't pan out so they turned it back to Alma. He sold our 40 acres to Mr. Henry Staten, and he farmed the other 40 acres

raising hay, grain cows, chickens, ducks, and pigs. We always had some pigs to kill for table use. In the fall of the year, Alma worked on threshing machines for peas till they were gone then the grain. He would work in the beet harvest then go to the sugar factory to work.

When Alma was working at the sugar factory in Lincoln, Idaho about 1907, Maria had to go to Idaho Falls on business. Ella was in a play at school so she couldn't watch the two little ones, Chloey and Alton, so she took them with her. On the way back they stopped to see Alma at the sugar factory and then left. They had gone about 3 miles when the road went around a large canal bank. Just as they reached this bank two little children came up out of the canal bringing their buckets of water for the house use. It frightened the horses and they ran away. Ren, who was 14 years old, was driving. Maria was thrown out onto the tongue of the buggy with her feet in the spokes of the wheel. Chloey was thrown onto the road and broke her back. The spokes of the wheel had beaten Maria's feet so bad they were like a piece of liver. The horses ran into Mr. Blocksom's field. Alton the baby and Ren who was driving never got hurt. Mr. Blocksom helped catch the horses and hook them back up.

Mark came to the school and got Ella. They went home and called Dr. Andersen. He looked at Maria's feet and said, "She will never walk again." Alma and a friend from the Grant Ward came and they administered to her. They promised her that she would walk again. We would wrap her feet in olive oil that had been consecrated for that purpose. She did walk many a mile after this. In the last 8 years she had creeping paralyses but could still walk with help. She would shuffle along slowly until she passed away April 10, 1937 age 73 at Burley, Idaho, where they had lived since 1920.

During the winter Alma would take two of his boys to help him haul ice from the Snake River. It would be 40 – 50 below zero before they could get on the river as the ice had to be thick enough so it would not break through with the weight of the horses and sleigh. They would take the blocks of ice to the ice house, covering it with saw dust so it would last until summer to be sold to people for home made ice cream. Also in the winter time, 5 or 6 teams and men would go to the cedars at the big butte between Idaho Falls and Arco, to get cedar wood for their stoves.

In 1919 Alma and Maria decided to move to Burley. Some of the family was already there; Seth, Myrtle, Chloey, Bert and Ren. They spent the winter there then in the spring of 1920 they went back to Garfield, Utah and farmed the home place. In October 1920 they sold the place and went back to Burley to live.

Renal (Ren) was single when he homesteaded at the Taylor Mountain area. In 1920 he was granted a Land Patent (deed) to 320 acres. The law required the person be 21 years of age to file, so he would have had to start in 1914. Nothing is recorded of his activities at Taylor Mountain except on August 12, 1917 his membership record was received in the Owendale branch and he attended meetings there.

On November 13, 1922 he was married to Emma Matilda Loy in Rigby, Idaho. Later on February 7, 1923 they were sealed in the Salt Lake Temple. They became parents of six children. He farmed for many years living in Burley, Buhl, and Wendell. In 1943 he and the family moved to a farm southwest of Jerome.

In 1951 he began working as a forklift driver for United Concrete Co. in Baldwin Park, California. Upon retirement he returned to Jerome, but ceasing to be idle he drove school busses for many years. As his age progressed he became unable to drive his car any longer. He could be seen around Jerome in his golf cart which he referred to as "Minnie Ha Ha." He loved to bowl and bowled on many competive leagues until he was 86 years old. Fishing was another great joy to him.

Ren served in many positions in the church as well as Branch President in Bruno, Idaho. He and his faithful wife served a successful Stake Mission while living in Baldwin Park, California. He also sang with the Mormon choir in the Los Angeles

area having earlier received vocal training in Salt Lake City.

His wife Emma died 10 January 1978 at age 79. Ren died April 6, 1986 at age 93 at Twin Falls, Idaho.

This history is taken from excerpts of the history of Alma Demarquis Silcock by Mary A. Silcock Billman and Ella M. Silcock Robinson. Compiled by Lynn A. Blatter.

Straw stack and thresher on Taylor Mountain

21 Abiah Wadsworth, Jr.

It was about the 20th of October, 1885, when Abiah Wadsworth, Jr. with his wife, Sarah Cornelia Robinson Wadsworth, and six children; the three Priest brothers; Smith Johnson, and their families arrived from Hooper, Utah to make their homes in Idaho. The men had gone to Idaho the previous year to scout for homestead land. They cast their lots on 320 acre plots of land 10 miles south of Eagle Rock, built small log cabins and made preparations to bring their families the next year to their new home. The party was about three weeks on the road. When they arrived they were the only families in that part of the valley. There was no fence between the mouth of Taylor Creek and the Blackfoot River. Bill Priest's wife was expecting a baby the next spring and her friends asked her if she was afraid to go so far from where there were doctors available. She said "No, the Lord will take care of me in Idaho as well as in Utah." The child, Sarah Priest, born April 1885, was the first baby born in this community. It was almost six years before they got water on the land. In the meantime they hauled water from Sand Creek and Taylor Creek in barrels and drove their stock to water. Bert Wadsworth, son of Abiah, Jr., remembers his father hauling straw and chaff from Market Lake, twenty miles to the north, to feed the stock.

The following spring of 1886 brought Abiah Wadsworth Sr., Charles Wadsworth, and Robert Hardy and families to settle near by. In the fall of that year William Arave and family joined the little group. Abiah Wadsworth Sr. had purchased and brought 40 head of young cattle here with him, where the range feed was good. That same fall they had a terrible blizzard, the worst in years was the report, and the cattle scattered and were driven before the storm. Some were frozen to death. General belief was that cattle thieves rounded up the herd with some other cattle and shipped them out from Blackfoot. The men spent many days looking for the cattle but one cow was all they ever found. This was a severe blow for Abiah Sr., as he was too old to start over again at 76 or 77 years old.

Abiah Wadsworth, Jr. built a two-room house and it was there the people all gathered for their church services, celebrations, etc. It was in this home that Apostle John W. Taylor came from Salt Lake City, Utah, to organize a Branch on 25 May 1886. John Priest was chosen to be the Branch President or Presiding Elder, and Abiah Wadsworth Jr. was appointed Sunday School Superintendent. He later became Presiding Elder in 1887, when John Priest moved to Pocatello.

Bertie Wadsworth wrote the following account of his life:

I, Bertie Wadsworth, was born January 11, 1882, at Hooper, Weber County, Utah, in a little concrete house to Abiah Wadsworth and Sarah Cornilia Robinson. I was the fifth child. Soon after I developed pneumonia and lay at the point of death in a convulsion for an hour at a time. My parents called in Thomas Smith Johnson who administered to me and I was practically healed. Elder Johnson had accompanied the Prophet Joseph Smith at Nauvoo Illinois on similar occasions and had the gift of healing. I was promised I should recover and go to the north countries as a missionary. In 1905 I was called on a mission to the Central States. I still felt I had this north mission to fill. In 1915 I received my patriarchal blessing. I was promised I would yet be called to fill a mission. I have filled two stake missions but still feel I have the first promised one to fill. My parents sold their home to Eli Arave for so much down and some later, and bring to bring some cattle out to Idaho the next summer where father had homesteaded. That was the deal in selling a small farm. No writing or lawyer, just a verbal agreement, and he was paid in full.

I remember being in the covered wagon in Ogden while my parents went shopping and brought back some stick candy with pretty stripes around them. I was just 3 years old at this time. Dad drove one wagon and mother drove the other wagon. In crossing a creek with no bridge her wagon mired down. It had a chicken box on the end gate and the chickens were in the water. They had to pull the wagon out with all four horses. I remember coming through Blackfoot City, and the fear of us seeing the dreaded Indians. Also us kids traveling along the railroad picking up railroad spikes for dad to hang his harnesses on in the stable.

Our home in Taylor was a log house 16 x 24 feet; one room with no window or door, or floor that first winter. The first winter being mild, the stock wintered out but the next year was hard enough to make up for it. There were six children besides mother and father living in one room. In March 1887, Mother gave birth to a baby girl named Ellen who died 7 April 1887 from pneumonia. I well remember her sickness, death, and burial.

I was clinging to Mother's dress when they lowered the homemade coffin into the grave. Mother said "That is the last we will see of her."

I was up to the foothills in the big hollow, hunting bird's nests, having a glorious time when all of a sudden I spied a big band of Indians right near me. How I did run for home! They saw me running and how they did laugh. The thought struck me if they had had a gun they sure would have got me. I never stopped until I reached Hardy's stable. I hid in it until the scare left me. Some time later I had a dream of being chased by Indians, ran home and hid in a pig pen, not having time to reach the house. They shot me into two pieces. I was up in the air free from pain and fear, and could see my body in the pig pen in two pieces. This was my first testimony of man's eternity. Although this was only a dream it has proved true in all my study of the gospel. The real man never dies; the spirit leaves the body at death but lives on eternally.

In the fall of 1889, dad obtained a contract driving a ditcher pulled by 12 horses—eight in front driven by dad, and four behind on a pusher driven by Will Penrod. The ditcher had a plow which turned the soil on a rubber belt, which carried the dirt some 10 or 12 feet out to form a bank. As they plowed from the outside of the canal to the center and back, they made the ditch and the bank very well. The cuts and fills had to be finished next spring with slip scrapers. Jim Bailey ran the ditcher. I think they made the canal as much as could be this way from Idaho Falls to the Blackfoot River. Well I remember the spring of 1890, seeing the canal finished, and the cherished water come running and tumbling down with the dust rising in front. This was the first water we didn't have to haul in barrels summer or winter from Sand Creek or Taylor Creek, some 3 miles distant. There were five families living at Taylor the first winter: John, Edward, and William Priest, Dad, and Smith Johnson; with no other house between Taylor Creek, Taylor, and Blackfoot River.

Wadsworth House

In 1903 at age 21, Bertie married Eliza Stoddard whose parents arrived in Taylor in 1902. They had settled next to the Wadsworth Farm.

Percy Wadsworth, a son, writes the following account:

To my knowledge, Dad and Mother were both religious hard working farmers. Dad served a full time mission, several stake missions, and was a temple worker. He did not drink, smoke, gamble, or use profanity. He enjoyed good health, was honest in his dealings, and contributed generously to church and in-laws. His small valley farm became too small to support a growing family so he homesteaded a dry farm in 1910, five miles east of Taylor. It was then necessary to travel from one farm to the other each week, leading a milk cow behind the buggy. He had to care for farming operations and attend church services all day Sundays, then back to the dry farm after dark. Dad and Mother would sing such songs as "Trail of the Lonesome Pine," "Just Some One," and many church hymns, on your journey homeward.

In the valley, many nights were spent with invited friends playing cards, singing at the organ, quilting, or just telling stories. After harvest time was spent hauling fire wood, mending machinery and harnesses, and branding livestock. After several years we couldn't protect the dry farm from range cattle, sheep, and herders so Dad sold it and bought land in the valley for me, Dunkin, and Weldon to raise our families when we were married. We were many years paying Dad back, and then he purchased more land on the railroad right-of-way, and more on the hill.

Dad and his friends liked to wrestle or have horse pulling contests. One time two wagons were hooked back to back, and the rear wheels were chained together. Neither team could pull the other. Dad saw the impossibility so they took one team off to show that empty wagons couldn't be pulled hooked together that way.

Dad was small but powerful. One night at a dance, a pile of fighting men were on top of his friend. He tore that pile apart as though it were sticks. Two Spanish people started the fight and left several cut up with brass knuckles. Dad was not hurt but his brother got a knife in his chest. Another time, Dad drove his gray mare and hay rake into a canal upstream from the bridge for her to drink. The current was too great and she drifted under the bridge. Dad ripped those plank up like they were not even nailed down, and yelled for help while he held the horse's head above water. Neighbors brought a team, and with chains around her neck pulled her up stream and on to the bank. She turned white after that happened.

Mother's parents, the Stoddards, lived a quarter mile west of us. She often visited them because they were aged and needed help, but she would frequently stay too late. Dad would come home from work tired and hungry, Mother late again, so he cared for his chores then lay in the dirt road as if an accident had happened. As Mother and I walked home near dark and found Dad lying in the road, excitement took place. But mother got home earlier after that scare.

One cold night as Dad and I brought our sleigh loads of cedar wood from the lava beds, I got home first. As I was tending my horses, dad's load came in without him. I rushed down the road and found him out in a field too cold to get up. The roads were too rough for travel so the borrow pit was used. A timber dad sat on had struck a telephone pole and tossed him over the fence.

When Mother had her seven operations in one, she was nearing death so the doctor gave her

strychnine to ease her off. When he came back to examine her, she said "I'm not dead yet." It scared him badly so he nursed her back to health and delivered four more babies for her after that. Another day Mother had to drive a young team and buggy to the valley with two children. As the buggy made a noise crossing a bridge, the horses got scared and ran for a mile. She held onto the reins though she thought one of the children had been thrown out. When my cousin saw the event he raced his saddle horse, caught, and stopped the run-away. It was a grub box that fell out of the buggy.

A man I met in Blackfoot, Idaho related how he and Dad played with a magneto on the floor while the ladies prepared a Thanksgiving dinner. A curious cat got too close for comfort when they hooked the wires to it. The charge sent the cat at rapid speed around the room, up over the dinner table, up the wall, and out through the transom just as the ladies came in to see a mysterious excitement. I wonder if the cat really and truly appreciated that love tap.

The following excerpt was written by a daughter, either Doris or Verha:

Both Mother and Dad were born in Hooper, Utah. Incredible as it may seem, they were second cousins and didn't know it. They didn't know the exact relationship. After I became involved in genealogy I noticed they each had a Hardy line and asked Dad if they were related. He said, "I think so, but don't know how." Later research verified the fact that they had the same great-grandparents. Intermarriage with members of the same family was not uncommon in the frontier settlements as there weren't that many to choose from. Dad and two of his sisters married Mother and two of her brothers. Dad had no formal education beyond the eighth grade.

Both my parents had a good understanding of the gospel. I remember well the discussions they had following church meetings. Dad was well-versed in the gospel—an avid student of the scriptures. He is remembered as saying, "What I know I've had to learn several times." He was devoted to the church and contributed generously in both time and money. One comment in objection to a statement of one of his children that he was giving too much was, "You give and give 'till it hurts, and give some more."

Mother had many sterling qualities. I think charity was her crowning attribute. She was always taking something to somebody—food, groceries, etc, and she felt that flowers were meant to be picked and given away, rather than merely adorning the yard. Her lifetime was devoted to caring for the sick, sharing food with the needy, or performing other compassionate service in such a unique, loving way that even the proud and independent soul was comfortable in accepting graciously whatever she had to offer.

One particular occasion was typical of this. While we were living up on the dry farm, a young emigrant family from the old country moved in near by. They were destitute. Poor, but proud. They had less than nothing in the way of dishes and household goods, and after a little time and much loving persuasion, Mother was able to share half of everything she had with this little emigrant lady, who spoke broken English.

Mother had very little formal education; in fact she was a "dropout" from elementary school. Out of concern for her parents who had a very large family of eleven children, she willingly quit school and went to work about the age of twelve so they wouldn't have to support her. Three older brothers, ages 18, 21, and 23 would work summers and spend their money, then come home and live off their folks during the winter. She couldn't do this to her father, so she deprived herself of graduating from the 8th grade because she couldn't bear to see him work so hard.

In May 1906, when Percy, their second baby, was 5 months old, Dad was called on a full-time mission to the Central States. Church Authorities had considered calling them both on this mission, but it was decided best that Mother remain at home to run the farm and provide for their expenses. Dad's folks didn't want him to go on this

Haying on Taylor Mountain

mission and did everything they could to discourage him, but Mom and Dad were willing to make the sacrifice. That first summer was a dry one with very little rain, and irrigation water was scarce. Mom literally watered the grain with her tears and earnest heartfelt prayers as she coaxed the scant trickle out onto the parched field. But her efforts and faith paid off. That fall her grain was the best in the area and she recognized and acknowledged the blessings of the Lord in her behalf. The next year her father farmed the place for her.

There was a special bond between Mother and her father. She loved him dearly and they were a great help to each other in times of need. When he died 16 years later it nearly broke her heart. He was her confidant, adviser, and friend. For years she couldn't bear to go the cemetery. On one such visit she threw herself prostrate across his grave and sobbed her heart out. She never went back after that, but always on Memorial Day she supplied us with flowers galore to take to the graves.

During the summer months the family spent the time up on the dry farm. Mother had not fully recovered from her seven-in-one surgery when her condition was complicated by pregnancy and morning sickness. With all her pregnancies she was sick in bed about 7 months of the time, unable to hold anything in her stomach. The summer was hot and dry, and she being too weak to walk, would crawl down to the creek and lay in the cool mud. Preparing food for a hungry family was next to impossible in her weakened condition. Unable to stand by herself, Dad would hold her up to the table while she made biscuits. Later Dad learned to make biscuits himself when up in the hills with other men rounding up cattle. He was very proud of his ability to make better biscuits with water than they did with milk.

The following information provided by Lynn A. Blatter. Bertie Wadsworth built a one room two window and one door home on Taylor Creek with a nice spring about 5 steps from the door. This house was lived in by hired men or the cook at harvest time after the land was sold to John Blatter,

my Grandfather, on October 24, 1929, for $3,000. My father Reed Blatter was farming with his dad John and we lived in the house at harvest time with my brother Glenn and me sleeping across the creek on a bed frame and mattress. We did this until Dad built a cinder block house a quarter mile east on the creek also with a spring 20 steps from the door in 1941. Glenn had the old Wadsworth house torn down about 1999.

On October 23, 1917 Bertie Wadsworth was granted a Land Patent (homestead deed) to 320 acres. His wife Eliza died August 18, 1955. Bertie married Ila Martin in 1957. Bertie Wadsworth died at the Idaho Falls Hospital 28 May 1964, from a pulmonary embolism. The day of his death he was to have been released from the hospital where he had been confined nearly three weeks due to burns he received while burning weeds on his farm. He was 82 years old.

22 *John Wadsworth*

Author's Note — *Nothing has been written about John homesteading in the Taylor Mountain area. All we know is that he was granted a Land Patent (homestead deed) on 320 acres on January 16, 1922. It takes 5 years to prove up on a claim so he would have started about 1917.*

History of John Wadsworth

January 31, 1880 to March 28, 1972

John Wadsworth was born January 31, 1880 in Hooper, Utah. He was the fourth of thirteen children born to Abiah Wadsworth Jr. and Sarah Cornelia Robinson Wadsworth.

When John was five years of age, his father had learned of land to homestead in the Snake River Valley of south eastern Idaho. In the spring of 1884, Abiah Jr. along with John Priest, Edward Priest, William Priest, Smith Johnson and Edward Wadsworth left Hooper in wagons drawn by teams of horses.

Upon reaching south eastern Idaho they found only barren desert and the two small settlements of Blackfoot and Eagle Rock which is now known as Idaho Falls. There was also a trading post at the Fort Hall Indian reservation south of Blackfoot.

The Union Pacific railroad had built a rail line north to eagle rock about seven years prior to1885. Since the rail line ended in Eagle Rock there was a round house and repair shops for the trains located there.

At the time of the arrival of Abiah Jr. and the others there were scarcely 50 families in the area most of whom were railroad employees.

Abiah Jr. along with the other five men decided to homestead on land ten miles south of Eagle rock in an area which is known as Taylor. They cast their lots on 320 acre plots of land, built small log cabins and made preparations to bring their families to their new homes.

Abiah Jr. returned to Hooper, Utah and on October 7, 1885 left there with his family for their new home in Idaho. Abiah, Sarah and their six children left Hooper with two horse drawn wagons loaded with furniture, household items and food. They also had two cows, a small pony and 18 chickens.

They were two weeks on the rail and had a very difficult time especially while traveling through the Fort Hall Indian Reservation. The sand was very coarse and deep and they would have to hook four horses to each wagon in order to pull them thru to more firm ground. As this was very time consuming they had to spend the night camping

near the Indians. John recalled how the Indians beat their drums and chanted most of the night and how he and the rest of the families were very frightened. The men kept their loaded guns close at their sides in case of trouble.

After a very hard trip the pioneers arrived at their new home in Taylor around October 20, 1885.

The cabin that John's father had built wasn't much of a home for the family, just logs laid up with a roof over them. The family got busy and plastered the logs on the inside with thick mud. Abiah cut-out windows and a door and laid down a rough pine floor. The roof was covered with dirt. The inside walls were later covered with unbleached muslin and were later calcimined when they became dirty. This original cabin still stands and is now used as a tool shed and work shop.

During their first year in Taylor the families experienced a very hard winter. However, the women had brought a good supply of dried fruit with them from Utah and wild game was plentiful. In order to earn money to purchase other food and supplies in Eagle Rock they would gather cedar from the lava beds and foothills and would sell it to the people in town.

Even though the snow was deep and covered the grass, the livestock fared quite well by feeding on the abundant scrub cedar and sagebrush which grew on the hills nearby the cabin.

The only water supply at the time was at Taylor Creek which was two and one-half miles north of the cabins. Water for household use was hauled in barrels on the wagons. The livestock had to be driven to water twice each day.

Each fall the Indians traveled by Taylor and would camp along the foothills. There they would catch squirrels, grasshoppers and hut deer for their winter supply of food. They soon learned that they could stop at the settlers' homes to demand and get food and other items. Sometimes they would leave with the Wadsworth's supply of flour, salt, milk and butter and would help themselves to water in the barrels. The families were frightened of the Indians and were greatly outnumbered by them.

While growing up and also as an adult, John always had a great love for horses and when he was eleven years old his father gave him his first pony to train and ride. His pony won first prize at a fair in Eagle Rock.

John and his brothers herded cattle and rode the range for their fathers and others. One day while herding cattle, John and another boy sighted a jack rabbit and decided to give chase on their horses. John was going full speed on his pony when he came to a large cow standing in the middle of the road. His horse had in mind to pass her on one side and John had decided to pass her on the other and pulled the reins in that directions. As a result the pony ran into the cow's rump and John went flying over the animal and into the snow drift. After picking himself up he discovered that the pony had died from a broken neck. He said that was a very sad experience in his young life.

In the years that followed, John owned and trained many good Belgian draft horses. He took great pleasure in them along with his farming of sugar beets, hay, grain and potatoes. He always had a large garden along with fruit trees and berry bushes.

When John was a young boy his father had contracted to build an irrigation canal. The canal would divert water from the Snake River and was to be about 20 miles long running between Eagle Rock and Blackfoot. This canal was later named as the Idaho Canal. This was one of the several canals dug in the valley, the first one being branched off from Sand Creek.

In order to dig the canals the earth was moved by a large plow like piece of equipment called a ditcher. The ditcher was drawn by 12 horses and guided by three men. Work on the canals could only be done when there was enough natural moisture in the soil to allow it to be moved easily.

John at the age of ten and his brother Francis Abiah, age 12, helped dig the canals by operating a slip scraper made of iron. One boy would drive a team of horses and the other would guide the scraper thru the dirt. When the scrapers

were used to make levees and cuts on the canal banks.

It took about five years of hard work to dig the canals and the first irrigation water was turned onto farm land in 1890. Abiah Jr. and his sons worked hard on the canals for a number of years as they were always having to make repairs and improvements on the canal systems.

As a young man, John was always busy along with the other men clearing, burning and plowing an estimated 1,000 or more acres of land in preparation for planting of their crops. The first irrigation water from the canals was turned to the cropland in the spring of 1890.

John's father raised the first grand and hay in the Taylor area. The grain had to be taken to St. Anthony which is over 50 miles north of Taylor in order to be milled into flour. The nearest grist mill was located there.

At the age of seventeen John became an engineer on a steam thresher which was used around the valley to harvest the grain. He worked on the thresher for the following 12 years.

Since working was of greater importance than going to school, John only received about 12 months of formal schooling. However, his family said he was very good at math and could figure the tonnage of a stack of hay faster than most men.

In later years, Grandfather Abiah and Grandmother Sarah Cornelia were able to build a beautiful two story, white brick home. The new home was located just east of the original log cabin. Their family and friends gathered there often. Grandfather had a large pool table in the basement which he and the boys enjoyed using. They also had a large red barn and a carriage shed.

Behind their house and across the road from the Taylor Cemetery stood a large grove of trees (approximately ten acres). The trees were planted as a requirement to homestead the land. The grove of trees was often used as a gathering place for picnics and reunions of the families in the community.

Abiah deeded 40 acres each to his six sons. At one time all of the sons lived on the original homestead except for the song named Bertie. He and his wife Eliza Stoddard had a farm across the road on the south side of the farm. The 40 acres that the original cabin stood on was deeded the youngest son Glen.

In 1900 while attending a local dance, John met a lovely young woman named Camillie Christensen who was from Hyrum, Utah and was visiting relatives in Goshen, Idaho which is located a few miles southeast of Taylor. After a two year courtship they were married in 1902 at the Logan, Utah L.D.S. Temple.

In 1906 Abiah Jr. had contracted to build railroad beds between Ashton, Idaho and Yellowstone, Montana. John Camillie and their young son Carrol along with other family members spent two summers in what is called Island Park north of Ashton working on the railroad beds. John enjoyed working in that area as he was an avid sportsman and could go fishing after a hard days work.

John and his wife shared many good times and bad times. One Christmas when Carrol and Kenneth were small boys money was very scarce. John and Camillie were very sand that they could not afford to buy anything for their Christmas. Early one snowy morning John went out to feed the lvstock and found a $5.00 bill wrapped around the tine of his pitchfork and was flapping in the wind. He ran to the house to show Camillie what he had found. They couldn't believe their good fortune and both thought the money was truly a gift from heaven. Needless to say they had a very merry Christmas after all.

John always had a wonderful sense of humor and loved to play tricks on others. He especially loved April Fools Day and also loved to dress up on Halloween and enjoyed giving out treats to the children who came to the house.

John's parents were very good to all of their children and taught them to be prayerful and to talk an active interest in their church and community. John served as a Sunday School Superintendent, a Presiding Elder, M.I.A. Superintendent

and a counselor along with Earl Arave to Bishop John Cook in the Taylor Ward. He was a constable in Taylor and also a deputy sheriff in both Bingham and Bonneville Counties.

John was also noted for his strength. A pioneer friend named Jim Empey was known to say that there were very few if any men that could beat John at arm wrestling or in a good old wrestling match.

Grandmother Sarah Cornelia passed away on August 27, 1918 at the age of 62. Her death was the result of a horse and buggy accident. She and grandfather had always loved to raise beautiful, spirited horses and on the day of her death she was driving a buggy drawn by one of their horses. At that time she was president of the Taylor ward Relief Society. She and her counselor, Elizabeth (Mrs. Edward) Wadsworth, were out visiting some of the ladies of the ward when a dog ran barking after the horse. Even though Cornelia was an accomplished horse woman, she lost control of the horse which ran way and pulled the buggy over a ditch. Elizabeth was thrown clear of the buggy but Cornelia's long skirt became tangled in the wheel. She was dragged quite a distance and died from her injuries shortly thereafter.

Grandfather Abiah was very lonesome after the loss of his lovely wife. Due to his poor health his daughter took him to San Diego, California to spend the next few winters. Abiah passed away on January 1, 1922 at the age of 73.

John's wife Camillie passed on May 14, 194. in Taylor at the age of 63. John lived in Taylor until the following year when he married Maude Johnson bates, the daughter of Smith and Eliza Johnson, on May 17, 1944. They made their home in Shelley, Idaho which is located five miles west of Taylor.

As the years passed by, Maude's health became quite poor and although John suffered greatly from old knee injuries and arthritis he managed to take good care of her. He kept the house up, cooked, did the laundry and always had a big garden.

Due to their advanced age and Maude's poor health, she and John moved to the L.D.S. Nursing Home in Idaho Falls in 1965. Maude passed away there on September 10, 1968. John continued to live at the rest home and enjoyed his stay there and made many good friends. He passed away there on March 28, 1972 at the age of 92.

Both of John and Camillie's sons moved to California when they were fairly young and made their homes there. Carrol lived in Hayward until his retirement and then moved to Modesto. He passed away on June 6, 1984 and is buried in Modesto. Kenneth made his home in Hemet. He passed away on January 17, 1986 and is buried in Hemet. John and Camillie's daughters made their homes in Taylor and are still living here.

Echo and her husband Ferra Young purchased the farm where Abiah's original homestead cabin still stands. They bought the farm from John's brother Glen in December of 1943 and are presently living in the home that Glen and his wife Lula Starkie built. Ferra still uses the old cabin as a work shop.

Lila and her husband and Vance Barnett are living in the house that her parents built and where she and the other children were born. Vance started farming for his father-in-law in 1938 and later purchased the farm from him in the spring of 1958. Lila has lived in the same house all of her life. The house has been remodeled over the years and most of the old buildings such as the barn and sheds have been torn down.

We as a Wadsworth family are grateful for our pioneer heritage. Our parents and their parents endured many hardships in order to travel to the Snake River Valley of Idaho to make a new home for their families and we are very proud of them and all that they accomplished.

by Echo Wadsworth Young &
Lila Wadsworth Barnett
May 1989

23 Gilbert Oscar Weaver

Author's Note — *Gilbert served a mission to the Eastern States in 1916 – 1917. Upon returning home he started farming in the Taylor Mountain area. He was purchasing 337 acres of land from William Zimmerman for $8500 in 1917. He had a crop mortgage with Zimmerman in 1917 but evidently could not make the payments some time later so the land reverted back to Zimmerman. He was still there on September 22, 1918 as this was the last entry of the church minutes where it was recorded he administered to the Sacrament. The church minutes ended on that date and if there were later minutes they have been lost. The family enjoyed Christmas at Owendale in 1918 as his wife, Hannah Irena Steers Weaver, wrote the poem "CHRISTMAS AT OWENSDALE" 1918 which is included in the history.*

Life History of Gilert Oscar & Hannah Irena Steers Weaver

Hannah Irena Steers, daughter of Mary Ann Allen and Elijah Minerly Steers, was born 19 April 1873 , in Franklin, Idaho. (the oldest town in Idaho.) She was born in a log cabin. It was raining and the mud leaked from the dirt roof over the bed. Milk pans were placed around the bed to keep it dry during the event. She was from pioneer stock. Her father's people came from New York State. They came West with the pioneers. Her mother was a plural wife. In her adult years, Hannah was described as a "spare" person, not appearing robust but belying this by being extremely strong and capable. She wore her hair neatly and plainly drawn back from a face deeply etched. For Sunday and special occasion, she would soften the front of her hair by curling it with rag curlers or a curling iron heated on the stove. She had direct, penetrating light gray-blue eyes.

She writes, "As a child, I attended the Baptist Sunday School (the first one to be established in Eagle Rock by Mrs. Rebecca Mitchell.) We attended there about six months to a year. When the LDS Church organized a Sunday School, I attended them both, one at 10 a.m. and one at 1:00 p.m. I was taught many Bible verses. My grandmother taught me to read the New Testament, and also to sing many LDS hymns, for she was a devout Latter-Day-Saint.

"Having been born in Franklin Idaho, I lived with my parents for the first four years of my life. In the winter, my mother would bind our feet with burlap because we youngest ones didn't have shoes. My father (Elijah M. Steers) was called to work on the temple in St. George, UT> Later, he sent for Mother (Mary Ann Allen) to come, too.

She traded our little home in Franklin for a team of buckskin horses, a wagon, and provisions and started out with our family. Her 10-year old son was the teamster. We finally reached our destinations and moved into a one-room log house in ST. George. We found the climate very hot with sand, burrs and tortoises, which frightened us very much.

"While we were there, the temple was completed and dedicated in 1877 by President Brigham Young. I, with my oldest sister Belle, attended the dedication at the age of 4 years.

"Grapes grew in abundance at that time of year. There was no sale for them and wagons were the only means of transportation, so some people made a great deal of wine.

"Indians stole or horses, and although we did not like the climate and the conditions we were met with, we were forced to stay 'til the following spring. Many suffered with chills and fevers, and nearly all had sore eyes caused by wind that blew a great deal of the time. Many of the children worked in the woolen and cotton mills."

Verbal family history tells of Mary Ann Allen's disenchantment with St. George and the church. The final straw was the episode of finding another plural wife lying on a bed, drunk from "Dixie Wine." Mary Ann picked up her six children and went back to Salt Lake on a buffalo hide wagon; a smelly conveyance at best. En-route, they lost a flour sack with many of their clothes in it. She sought counsel from Brigham Young who was old and ill at the time. He told her to put the children to work in the mills. She lost her testimony with this final rejection.

It was very difficult for a women alone to make a living for her family. She lived for a time with her brothers and then eventually made her way to old Eagle Rock (later to become Idaho Falls) in 1880 to make a living by running a boarding house and cooking for the men working in the railroad shops at that time.

When she was eight years old, Hannah went to stay with her grandmother Allen in Square Town, a little town not far from Malad, Idaho. She was there for about a year. This little English grandmother Allen was nearly blind and Hannah threaded needles, ran errands, fed the chickens and learned to sing hymns in the evening. When her oldest sister, Mary Belle, came to get her, little Hannah was overjoyed to see one of her loved ones. A whole year is a long time for one so young. She gathered up her belongings in a flour sack and followed sis every step as close as she could for fear of being left behind. When Mary Belle's boyfriend called in the evening, Hannah sat on the doorstep with her bag of clothes clutched tightly and fell asleep with her head in Belle's lap. Finally, they arrived in Eagle Rock on the narrow gauge railroad to join the family.

The early Eagle Rock home was situated right near where the old bishop's store house stood in Idaho Falls, and there the little family struggled to help their mother provide a living for them. With her quick mind, Hannah soon caught on to card playing as she moved around the table serving the men and seeing what cards they held in their hands! In Eagle Rock, the children went to Rebecca Mitchell's day school, where they sat on dry goods boxes while obtaining their education.

At the age of 14, Hannah again returned to live with and help her grandmother. She attended an Episcopal school there. She took elocution lessons and memorized many classical readings. She adored the 18-year-old-teacher, Miss Jones. She records that when she got homesick, she would climb up into the apple tree and weep.

At age 17, Hannah went to Logan to nurse her mother in her last illness. She records that her mother died of heart trouble and a 'torpid liver" at the age of 46.

Hannah returned to Pocatello after her mother's death and there she and her youngest sister, Maud, earned a living "working out" at housework and taking in washing. She was baptized into the LDS Church in the Portneuf River in Pocatello, Idaho, when she was 19 years old. They very much enjoyed attending church and social functions at

the Pocatello First Ward during those years. She records that when she was 19 she became very ill with typhoid fever, diphtheria and rheumatic fever. Any one of those diseases could have taken her life but she says she was healed by faith, Priesthood blessings and the good care of her sisters and friends.

A newspaper clipping from 1893 records gives Hannah a rave review in her acting debut when she was 20 years old:

It Was a Rare Treat

The production of "Damon and Pythias" by local players at the Opera House is to be repeated June 12, 1893.

It was the best performance given at the Opera House this season.

It was really a finished and artistic production and for amateurs (sic) a remarkable exhibition of histrionic talent and ability. There were no weak points; the actors had intelligent and appreciative conceptions of their parts and rendered them with true artistic force.

(The cast was listed including:)

Calanthe..... Miss H. Stears (sic)

Miss Stears (sic) as "Calanthe" played her part with genuine feeling and artistic finish, No one would have imagined that it was her first appearance before the footlights. Nothing could have been finer than the magnificent scene in the last act where she pleads with her lover not to send her away...

The play was given under the auspices of Fort Hall Lodge NO. 6, knights of Pythias, and the theatre goers of Pocatello owe the lodge a vote of thanks for an evening of rare entertainment.

About this time, Hannah met Gilbert Oscar Weaver in Pocatello, Idaho. He was born, a child of polygamy, in Millville, Cache. Co., Utah, 11 October 1860, in a log house with a dirt roof. His parents were Franklin Weaver and Sara Elizabeth Holmes. They were pioneers who joined the Church and came across the plains. His father was a member of the Mormon Battalion. He was the fifth child in a family of eight children. He received an elementary school education in Millville, where he lived until the age of 21. His history, recorded by Hannah, says that his mother was ill and could not nurse him so he was fed by other neighborhood mothers, which left him rather undernourished! But he grew to manhood.

He is described by Beth and Walden as having dark hair, deep-set brown eyes, and a handsome manly face. He was strong and husky and had a merry sense of humor. As an adult he wore a full mustache, which he always explained, he needed to cover his "long upper lip." He loved to dandle his children and grandchildren on his knee and give them horsie-back rides.

As a boy he helped to sustain the family by going with his older brother, John, to the mountains for wood for fuel. At this time the Indians were rather troublesome. In order to keep peace, the Church gave them beef cattle for food through his father, Franklin Weaver, who kept the church cattle for a living. Oscar (he was called by his middle name) recalls the Indians camped in the Weaver dooryard and remaining there as long as the meat lasted. He also recalls the older Indian bucks egging on the Indian boys to challenge the Weaver boys to "mud-daub" fights, which consisted of throwing pieces of shingles and mud. The little Indians were naked, so they nearly always got the worst of it!

His early home contained homemade furniture and a "step" stove – one of the first to come to Cache Valley. The three boys slept up in the loft and the trundle bed was used for the small children.

When he was twenty-one, Oscar went to live with his oldest sister, Marietta Hargraves in Pocatello. He got work there at the railroad shops. This was where he met Hannah. After a brief courtship, they were married on 24 December 1894 by a Justice of the Peace at his sister's home. They were sealed in the Logan LDS Temple the next year. Hannah, who was pregnant with her first child, Luie, tells the story of seeing very plainly a beautiful brown-eyed, dark-haired young woman in the Temple mirror. After Luie was born, she knew that

it was Luie she had seen there. Their first three children were born while in Pocatello, Idaho.

They moved to Idaho Falls about1901. Gilbert and Hannah eventually had eight children: Phoebe Lucina, Oscar Rene, Mary Elizabeth, Paul holmes, Sarah, Elijah Allen, Ishmael Minelry and Hannah Esther. Elijah Allen died in infancy and one daughter, Mary, died at age 30.

Oscar had a gift with horses. He was probably what would be called a "horse whisperer" in these days. He could love and handle a horse like no one else. He would talk gently to them while he petted and calmed them down and with a gentle encouragement get them to work. He could often handle some that had been cursed and abused by other men. His son, Ishmael, also had this talent.

Occasionally, a batch of homemade bread would get overdone. With economy an ever-present necessity, Gilbert Oscar had a way of getting his daughters to eat the burned crusts from the bread. He promised them that burned bread crusts would make their hair beautiful and curly. It must have worked because they all had beautiful hair and the bread was seldom wasted.

Gilbert Oscar and Hannah farmed at Eagle Rock, Owensdale and Dubois but suffered financial reverses in those enterprises. Oscar worked at various jobs, including one as a night watchman. Grandma Weaver told about a hard-sell door-to-door salesman who came while Grandpa was trying to get some sleep during the day. Grandma didn't want his wares and because of the man's brashness and persistence, the exchange became heated. Grandpa Weaver appeared at the door and handed over some money for the item saying it was worth it just to get some peace and quite so he could sleep. "I could have crowned him over the head" was grandma's remark afterward!

Oscar and Hannah always showed true devotion to the LDS Church. Hannah served in the Relief Society Presidency, as Secretary, and as a teacher. She also was a Primary Counselor, Sunday School teacher and Religion Class teacher. She would often walk to the meetinghouse with her babies in the baby buggy and would start the fire to make the church ready for meetings.

Many of her grandchildren mention what a special experience it was to pray with Grandma Weaver. Her prayers were actual conversations with the Lord.

In March 1900, Hannah writes of "her babe (Mary) being very ill with bronchitis and inflammation of the bowels. The doctor had given her up. My husband went to the home of Bishop Thomas to get someone to help administer to Mary. Apostle John W. Taylor was there, and come to our home to help administer to our baby girl. He gave the blessing, and promised her she would live. She began to get better from that time on. We had many healings at the hands of the elders."

Gilbert Oscar served in Eastern States Mission for two years in 1916-1917. He was supported partially by the Seventies Quorum of their ward. His sister and Hannah sent money when they could. With all the children at home, it was definitely a tim eof financial hardhship for the family. Luie and Rene, who were working then, also helped their family financially. (Luie said as an adult, "I should have given my mother my whole check.") In all of Hannah's letters to Oscar, she always spoke encouragement and said that everything was fine at home.

Lin tells the story of Grandpa Weaver's devotion to his church assignments. Grandpa had the assignment of being the one to do the baptizing for the Stake on a regular basis. Because he lived in Dubois, it was necessary for him to travel to Idaho Falls at the appointed time. On one occasion, the transportation he had arranged failed to show up. He walked the distance of approximately 40 miles, arriving footsore and weary but too late to perform the baptisms. He had been unfairly reprimanded in absentia by the presiding authority who had not yet learned of his circumstances. It took several days of treatment to heal his blistered feet. Hannah, of course, had just the remedy for that.

Gilbert Oscar died at the age of 55 from what is now believed to be complications of a ruptured

appendix. At the time, Hannah called it "lumbago." He said not long before he died, "The pain is gone, Wife." Probably the appendix had ruptured at that point, relieving the pressure. This left Hannah a widow at the age of 52.

Luie tells of how thrilled she was when her mother (Hannah) would show them things from the old trunk, especially her wedding dress, made and fashioned by her own hands. It was a of cream-colored cashmere with a tight fitting basque bodice, leg-o-mutton sleeves, and a finely tucked silk vestee with wide silk lace ruffles on each side with a billowy skirt. The skirt eventually was made into lovely baby skirts and jackets. Luie made her own wedding dress from material as nearly like it as she could find, and her first baby boy, Walden, had a little cashmere jacket from it.

Hannah was the best "doctor" in the neighborhood. Tonsillitis was treated with an egg and salt poultice on your throat and breathing steam from the teakettle spout. If you had a fever, you got into the tin wash boiler for a sagebrush steam bath. You would then have a blanket pinned close around your need and be piled into bed after drinking some sage tea. The smell of Analgesic Balm permeated the area when she suffered from a "sick headache." (We know this malady as a migraine.) Mentholatum was generously used to aid symptoms of colds. Peppermint tea and ginger were used to soothe upset stomachs. Bag Balm was used for nearly everything. Aunt Sarah said it would probably help your car if something went wrong with it.

Hannah was creative and resourceful. She had a capacity to innovate and create that was phenomenal. To waste anything was unthinkable. Clothing was refurbished. Mad-over and over and then finally made into rugs and quilts. The clothing was always fashionable and fit the wearer. Every scrap of food was utilized with bits of jam, fruit, etc. added to cookies or other eatables. She made her own patterns to copy the clothing seen in store windows.

Her children loved it when she would take out a piece of white oilcloth and her little tin box of oil paints. She would mix the paints and they would see cattails and dragonflies grow under her brush. This would be hung behind the washbasin to add beauty to their home. Hannah also wrote poetry.

She was a wizard at making rag dolls. They were fashioned from flour sacks and unbleached muslin. The feat were angled properly; the hands were stitched so that fingers and thumbs were very evident. The limbs were proportioned perfectly. From the same oil paint box the head and limbs were painted flesh color, and then the features were added with care. She would often add hair she had kept that had been shorn from her own head as a child. Little dresses, shoes, undies and sunbonnets adorned them.

Hannah loved nature. She would pick sprigs of mint for mint tea and catnip for her cat. She showed her grandchildren how to fish by bending straight pins for hooks. She would go through the garden teaching them the names of all the flowers and plants. Tiny huckle berries and Oregon grapes were picked for beautiful juices and jams. Dandelions, harvested from overturned boards, cow chips and other shaded nooks where they were pale and tender and only faintly bitter, made up the first green salad. They were served with a sprinkling of vinegar and salt with hard-boiled egg halves.

Tragedy struck when Oscar and Hannah's daughter, Mary, died at age 30, soon after the birth of her fourth child. Her son-in-law, Oscar Johnson, went with her to Montana. He describes Hannah as she saw her daughter in the coffin. She gazed through her tears at her daughter and then dropped to her knees for a few minutes by the casket. Then she rolled up her sleeves and brought the four motherless children (one of whom was severely handicapped and required constant care), their father, and their mother's body back to Idaho Falls. The children were left with Hannah. It was in the depths of the depression and it was very difficult financially. She managed through faith, determination, and her indomitable spirit. Groceries were charged at the small grocery store with the prom-

ise of their father to pay for them. When this was not forthcoming, the gentle old milk cow, Pheobe Ann, was led away to the butcher to pay for them. Eventually, when the children's father remarried, he came and claimed three of the children, taking them to Utah. They were raised in an offshoot polygamous sect. It broke Hannah's heart, but she had no legal claim or recourse but to give them up. She cared for the handicapped grandchild, Dorothy, until her death around age 13.

After this, Hannah got a job at a WPA sewing center in town and walked to work. They made and refurbished clothing for "poor" people. She sold her place on Holmes Ave. and bought a small piece of ground on 2nd Street. She was turned down in her request to build a house (her plan was too small for the zoning regulations). Not to be denied, she reapplied for permission to build a garage on the back of the property. Salvaging lumber from an old barn, she and her son, Paul, began to build People in her ward also helped. She spent a little extra money for some long beams for overhanging eaves. She became the "victim" of a service project when a helpful brother in her ward came to help and industriously sawed her long beams all off! She soon moved into the "garage." For the first time in her life she had indoor plumbing. She continued to work on this house all the rest of her mortal days. She always said when she had accomplished something that she did it by "presume, main strength and awkwardness!" She would trudge home from work carrying cardboard boxes, which provided insulation. She dug a fruit cellar under one end of the kitchen and eventually made an upstairs and a front stoop. When Paul reminded her of building codes, she looked at him and 'lowed as how she'd grown up when there weren't any buildings, so what was all the fuss about building codes!

Hannah worked hard at genealogy and felt strong ties with her kinfolk both living and dead. Beth remembers her sitting at her old LC Smith typewriter as she typed with the hunt and peck system. She had some glasses from the five and dime store. She belonged to the Genealogical Society of Utah and some from back East. She would obtain books from these organizations and hunt up her ancestry. With her eight-grade education and limited means, she did a tremendous amount of genealogy and temple work.

Another service she did, in her last years, was to carefully wash and dry the little glass sacrament cups each week so they would be ready for the next sacrament meeting.

Hannah Irena died of a ruptured aorta on a bitterly cold day, 31 December 1949, in the LDS hospital after being ill for eight days. She was 76. She spoke with many of her children and grandchildren from her hospital bed, calling them by name, bidding them farewell and reaching out with her love.

Her son-in-law, Oscar Johnson, wrote this tribute, which he gave before playing an organ medley at her funeral:

A Queen in Disguise

Unpretentious, unassuming, in simple attire, modest, humble and frugal, only a few knew the fires of ambition of faith, and of high ideals that burned in her breast. A fiery temper, schooled and tempered by adversity and suffering, an unquenchable desire for learning, ceaseless activity, an abiding testimony of the gospel – these things drove a frail body far beyond the years when a lesser one would have given up.

Her modest home across the way was ever a haven and a sanctuary to me. Time and again I have been refreshed and comforted when tired by the endless duties and meetings involved in church service.

This humble tribute in the form of an organ medley is the offering of a grateful son-in-law. The songs have been suggested by members of the family and are most appropriate.

"I have worked enough to do 'ere the sun goes down; for myself and kindred too..."

This kept her here for many years. "Somewhere a Voice is Calling." Yes many voices: Mother, Father, Husband, Son, Daughter, Brother and a host of others. Now their call is answered.

"Abide With Me"- Though she lived alone, she

was never alone. In trust she could always pray
– "Help of the helpless, Oh abide with me."

Grandma Weaver made this rag doll [not pictured] and many others like her. Oscar Johnson wrote this poem to accompany the doll.

I'm only a doll made of rags
My insides are stuffed with cotton
But there's lots more important about me
Than any doll that is boughten

I was once a sack full of sugar
The stuff that's so nice and sweet -
Let me tell you of something else
Far sweeter than what we eat -

It's the love of Grandmother Weaver
For her children and grandchildren all -
Of all this love I'm a symbol
If only a little rag doll

Recollections of Gilbert O. Weaver

(my maternal grandfather) and miscellaneous memories prompted by this effort.
- by Walden W. Johnson

I was 6 and 1/2 years of age when Grandpa Weaver died (15 Feb 1925) from a ruptured appendix. Modern techniques probably would have saved his live and he would have lived a number of years longer. It would have been great to have known him better and associated with him more.

When I knew him he wore a mustache. Mom said one reason he did that was to cover his long upper lip. I recollect seeing a picture or two of him when he didn't have a mustache.

Shortly before his death I remember going over to his home which was about a half mile distant from our New Sweden farm. He played with us and got down on all fours to give us "horsey-back" rides. It may have been that exertion that aggravated his condition. I don't really know but vaguely remember someone in the family mentioning something to that effect. I know we have him quite a workout. I knew he loved us from his attitude and manner. I think Beth and Lin were with me that day. It was winter because I remember pulling our little sleigh. Can't remember whether he pulled us back home but I do remember pulling the sleigh over to their place.

If I've pieced together correctly what I remember hearing and reading Grandpa and Grandma first lived in Pocatello, Idaho, then in Idaho Falls first on "D" street and then on the five acres of what now is First Street. At the time they lived there it was outside the city limits. Also the town in those days was known as Eagle Rock so named because some eagles nested on an island in Snake River near the location of town. Some of he leading citizens (self-proclaimed) thought that name too plebian and so it changed. Dad always maintained that "Eagle Rock" had more originality and I tend to agree. Now back to where they lived. Next was on the dry farm and Owensdale then back to Idaho Falls again.

Grandpa and Grandma homesteaded a dry farm at the foot of Taylor Mountain at a place called Owensdale where they had a schoolhouse and a small branch of the church established. After they had moved away we used to go up Taylor canyon of occasion for an outing and hike up to the spring where Taylor Creek started. Grandma would show us the foundation where the school stood. There would be some reminiscing of community activities and one notable Christmas party when Uncle Ishmael was the Santa Claus and caused a lot of amusement when the pillow under his costume slipped out and he lost his "bay window." Some poor crop years partly because they couldn't keep ahead of the weeds on the summer fallow ground by using horsepower which was the only power available at that time caused them to lose the property. In doing what needed to be done when it needed to doing such as keeping the weeds controlled on the summer fallow ground so the moisture could be conserved for next year's crop. With this equipment available a man bought this property and some surrounding property which had also been abandoned for back taxes.

Mom tells of driving in the single buggy (to all

you who might not know, a single buddy was a four wheeled buggy drawn by one horse) from the New Sweden farm to the family home in Owensdale. She felt the need of a visit with her Mother. I was just a babe in arms and she took me a long partly because I guess she was my sole source of nourishment. On the trip (I believe it was on the return trip) a part of the harness came unhooked and it became necessary to get out of the buggy to fix it. As Mom relates it she climbed out of the buggy and was starting toward the horse when the thought came to her—what if the horse became startled and started running down the canyon with me in the buggy and her standing helpless in the road. So she took me out and put me on a big rock while she fixed what needed fixing. When things were in order she put me back in the buggy and proceeded on.

If I remember correctly Grandpa and Grandma Weaver and those of the family still living at home spent one winter living in some temporary quarters in the corner of the machine shed on the New Sweden farm. This was after they moved from Owensdale. The next move was I think to Dubois, Idaho. I remember at least two occasions of visiting there. We traveled in our model T touring car. It was quite an expedition. We visited once when they were living in the Laird home in Dubois and later out on the farm they were buying south of Dubois. I remember a partly finished house and what great fun we had sleeping in the upstairs in one big unfinished room—at least it seemed bit to me. By today's standards it was probably small. The home was reached by a long land from the main highway. I remember Uncle Ish (Ishmael) driving out through the sagebrush with a mower to mow some hay. I asked him why he was carrying the shotgun ad he told me in case he saw some sage hens he could bring home to supper.

Two incidents I remember at the Laird house. Beth or Lin had found a broken-handled hoe with which they were playing. Well I wanted a hoe too. Grandma Weaver found me one with a complete handle. Well that wasn't good enough 'cause I wanted one just like the short handled one. So she found a saw and cut off the handle to my specifications much to Mom's chagrin and my embarrassment then and even more so now when I think about it. It's a good thing to recall when some of my own grandchildren exhibit similar behavior.

The other was about a package of gum which I found in a drawer. I think it belonged to Aunt Esther. Anyway I appropriated it and chewed up all five sticks. You know the flavor doesn't last very lock so one has to use a new stick for renewal. The mystery of the missing gum was brought up while we were sitting at the supper table. The discussion began as to who might be the guilty party. I remember not saying a word. I just started sliding lower and lower in my chair until I slid clear off and disappeared under the table. I don't remember what happened after that. Obviously I survived although at the time I didn't care whether I did or not. There was no doubt as to who the guilty part was and the laughter that ensued was far more punishment than any spanking that could have been administered.

Some problems which I don't recall at this writing caused the farming venture at Dubois fail and Grandpa and Grandma Weaver moved back to Idaho Falls where they were living at the time of Grandpa's death.

Grandpa worked at various jobs including one as a night watchman. I remember Grandma Weaver telling about a time when a hard-sell door to door salesman came during the day while Grandpa was sleeping after having been on a shift. Grandma was somewhat disturbed at the salesman's brashness and persistence because she didn't want and didn't need what the man had to sell. The exchange of words was loud enough to wake up Grandpa who appeared at the door and handed over some money for the object saying it was worth is just to get some peace and quiet so he could sleep. "I could have crowned him over the head" was Grandma's remark or words to that effect. I presume she meant both of them because they had each in turn contributed to her exaspera-

tion. Grandpa's action being the last straw.

I mention the above incident only to show that our forebears were human with some faults and weaknesses combined with some enduring strengths and remarkable abilities. They had problems to face and difficulties to overcome. I'm sure their financial reverses were a discouragement to them but they carrid on and did the best they could with what they had. I can appreciate that much more now that I've had a family and struggled to provide for them. Grandma Weaver remarked on several occasions that they would probably have prospered better if they had gone into livestock raising because Grandpa had a good hand with animals. He was especially good at training horses as attested by mention of it in Uncle Rene's letter of October 19, 1979 about some of the early history of the family when they were living on "D" street and then on what is now First Street in Idaho Falls.

Perhaps I could insert a related observation at this point. Grandpa's sons Paul and Ishmael were both good at handling horses. Uncle Rene didn't take to that. He had other talents. I remember Uncle Paul like to come out and help train ("break") the work colts. I remember one occasion when Uncle Paul was running a colt around the corral at the end of a long lead rope. I asked what he was doing (I think I was about 5 years old at the time). I replied that he was breaking the horse. I remember standing back of the barn and peeking cautiously out just once in a while to see if the horse was lying there in fragments. I couldn't bear to see the disintegration take place. Another occasion I recall was with Uncle Ishmael. It was during grain harvest and a heavily loaded bundle wagon had mired down in a soft spot in the field Some of the men were shouting and whipping the team to get some extra effort out of them all to no avail. Uncle Ish was called over to see what he could do. He went around to their heads, talked to them and petted them until they were calmed down. He then took the driving lines in his hands and quietly told them to "gidap" (get-up) which was the go signal. With some more quiet encouragement they dug in together as a good team should and pulled the wagon out to firm ground.

My brother Lin mentioned an item to me which shows Grandpa's devotion to his church assignments. Grandpa had the assignment of being the one to do the baptizing for the Stake on a regular basis. When he was living in Dubois it was necessary for him to travel to Idaho Falls at the appointed time. On one occasion the transportation he had arranged for failed to show up so he began walking the fifty or so miles to Idaho Falls. He arrived in the wee hours of the morning footsore and weary too late to perform the baptisms yet he did arrive and was unfairly reprimanded by the presiding authority at the meeting without knowing the circumstances which prevented him from arriving as scheduled. It took several days of treatment to heal his blistered feet. Grandma Weaver of course had some remedies to hasten that.

Grandpa served as a missionary while they were living in Idaho Falls and their family was partly grown. He was supported by or at least partially supported by the Seventies quorum of the ward. It was definitely a financial sacrifice to the family at the time to have him go.

According to my Mother (Grandpa's oldest daughter) Grandpa had a system for keeping the burned breadcrusts from accumulating and going to waste. Occasionally a batch of homemade bread would get overdone. The middle was still good but the outside was not quite so desirable. So the crust was often trimmed off so the better part could be eaten. Now you real young ones might not know much about that because you have mostly eaten bread already baked bought at the grocery store and never with any burned crusts. He told his daughters that they would have beautiful, curly hair if they ate burned bread crusts. It must have worked because they all had beautiful hair and the crusts were seldom wasted. Economy was an ever present necessity in those days. I have some grandchildren who won't even eat the crusts on the baker's bread. Please take note. To me that's

the best part of the loaf.

This is an initial draft and will no doubt need some corrections and additions. Please feel free to provide them so we can have an accurate and interesting history as possible. It does take effort to write. Even with the word processor it takes determination and effort to get the job done. It does make corrections and editing much easier and the finished project legible but it just won't put it together without some human input. Hopefully I can be more diligent in these matters in the days ahead. Appreciation is extended to all who have provided information and written things down thus far. As someone has remarked—the dimmest writing is better that the brightest recollection. And I might add it is important to get recollections recorded so they won't be lost or get too vague. For example I had in my mind that I was about 8 or 9 years old when Grandpa Weaver died. Upon looking up the actual recorded dates of my birth and his death I found I was only 6 and 1/2. That's one reason I'm away that my recollections may not be too accurate in all cases. It's a struggle and a challenge albeit quite satisfying.

Prepared at Pleasant Grove, UT 1 Aug 1989. We (my wife and I) were just sorting out some old letters. We find some with no indication as to the date or place where they were written. It would give them more meaning if that information were there.

Christmas at Owensdale - 1918

Christmas time has come once more
It reminds me of a time that's gone before
Good will was in every heart, bubbling 'ore
Each day brought it nearer and our wants were a score.

Our coins were so few our wants to meet,
For all our friends we wished to treat
Such a puzzle as this is hard to beat,
And time was flying on wings so fleet.

We had racked our brain from day to day
To think of a fitting way to pay
For kindness we owed on Christmas day,
To those who were home, and far away.

Well, when everything looked most black
Mother brings out the old "rag sack",
And makes up something with a whack,
And needle and thread began to crack.

A snip of scissors here and there,
And lo, Rene's mittens looked most fair
And from the old coat (unfit for wear)
Of house-slippers she makes a stunning pair.

The facing in the over coat
Makes three collar bags, over witch we gloat;
Two crochet bags 'tho at first remote
Were also made from the same old coat.

The facings just inside the front—
Was what she used to do the stunt.
By now the boys began to hunt—
And worked quite hard without a grunt.

For things that they could find and use,
Some shingle-straps, (if you'll excuse)
Made doll bed by magic ruse;
Two boxes formed a cupboard from the old refuse.

Profuse were the praises lavished here,
Especially when rag dolls so queer
Made of paste and paint and flour –sheer
And when finished the dolls looked very dear.

The lining used from this wonderful coat
Became a utility bag while an old waist-coat
Lined the same 'tho its age we'll not quote,
And of coarse it cost us never a groat.

Now a dry-goods box with hinges and paint
Made a shoe box fine but altho very quaint
Twas handy indeed and if it viewed very faint
T'would bear favorable inspection from sinner or Saint.

Papa found in this box a pair of slippers so new,
(They were also made from the overcoat too.)
And if they didn't fit, (well no one e're knew)
For he said they're the best that any can sew.

At last the day came with Louie and Oss with the bobs,
With good things to eat, aye, oodles and gobs;
The chickens were roasted and fine as fat squabs,
And the puddings and pies could be smelled for rods.

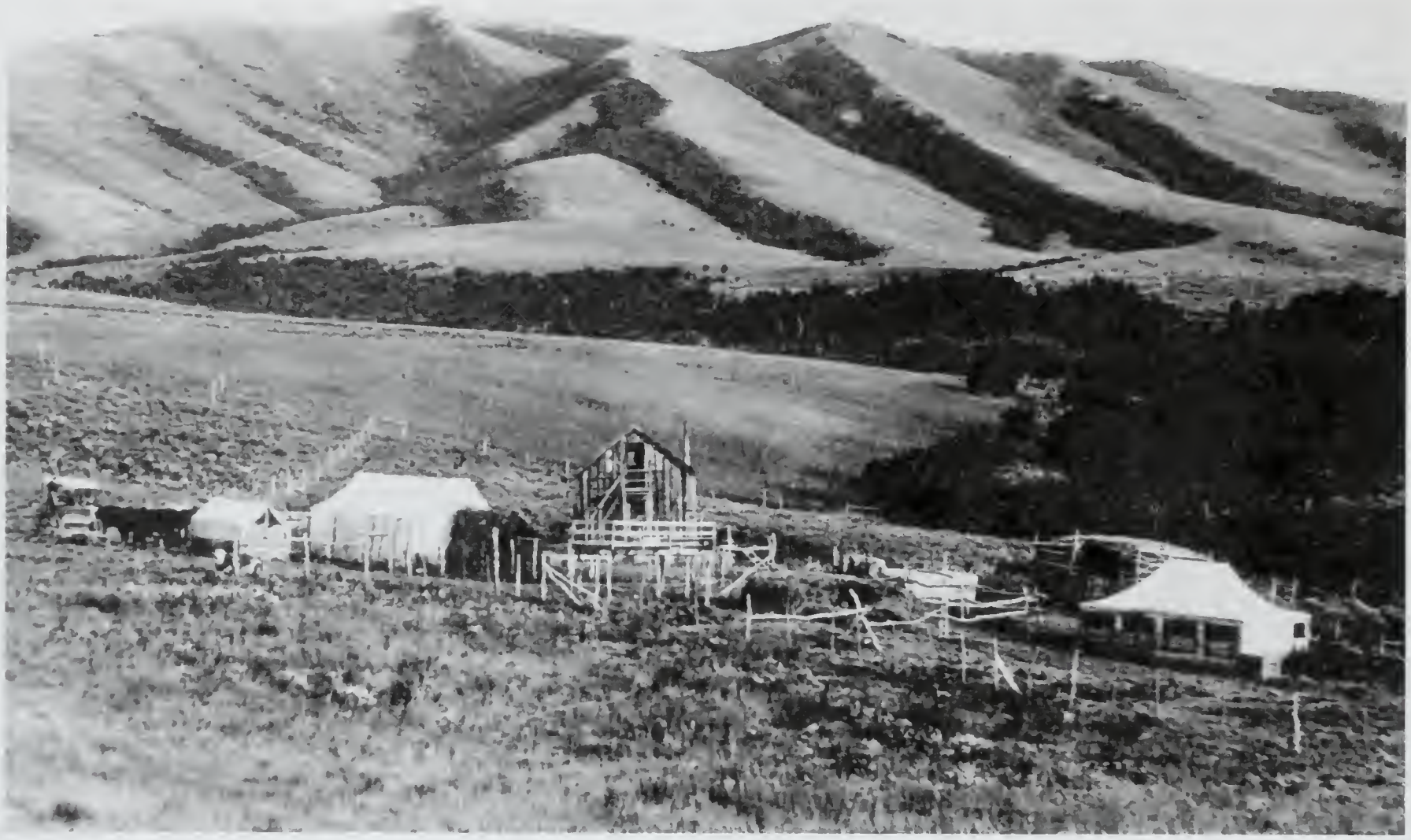
Mother was beaming in a dress so new,
Made from a suit of years not so few
Trimmed with the lining of satin so blue,
Altho very quaint it suited her too.

Mr. And Mrs. Santa came for a call
Very small of stature and faces so droll,
And we couldn't help laughing to save our soul,
When Santa lost the pillow from his stomach,
(a little round knoll.)

When he spied some skis just back of the tree,
And cried out lustily, "O, those are for me!"
And a happier boy you never did see;
So twas plain ever after who Santa could be.

So with much joyous emotion and laughter and glee
The presents were stripped from the bright Christmas tree
And everyone said—aye, even the wee—
Twas the jolliest Christmas we ever did see!

H.I.S.W.



Zimmerman Ranch, Taylor Mountain, 1912

24 William David Zimmerman

William Zimmerman was born 6 June 1879 at Dayton, Ohio. He was the seventh of twelve children. He married Olive Rosamond Hatton, born 6 January 1884, on 28 September 1904. They had one child, Vera Mae Zimmerman born May 15, 1907. Mr. Zimmerman started the "Zimmerman View Company," in 1896; this company consisted of three to twenty persons, cameramen, and caller-out's. They used the medium of glass plate photography. The group traveled all over Southern California, Mexico, Oregon, Washington, and Wyoming taking pictures and selling them. One of the other photographers was from Powell, Wyoming and that is what brought them to that area.

The group broke up around 1911 or 1912 – this is when Mr. Zimmerman took possession of the Taylor Mountain Ranch, Idaho. He was issued a Land Patent on the original claim he jumped of 160 acres February 26, 1915. They lived there until the ranch was sold in 1917 to G. Oscar Weaver, 337 acres for $8500. Mr. Weaver could not make the payments and the land reverted back to Zimmerman John Blatter bought the land from Zimmerman 11 January 1936. The school teacher – Miss Kolstad- came from Minneapolis, Minnesota. Neighbors – John Trimble's. Names found of children at Taylor Creek School – Harold Anderson – Asia Wilcox – Joyce Humphrey. Mr. Zimmerman was a trustee of the Board of Education. When leaving the Idaho area the Zimmerman family moved to the Los Angeles area. William Zimmerman died 27 December 1944.

Submitted by Barbara Jones –
Great Niece of William Zimmerman

We Jumped a Claim

Vera Zimmerman

My parents, William D. and Olive R. Zimmerman, and I, Vera, their daughter, jumped about four sections of land, fourteen miles from Idaho Falls, Idaho, and eleven miles from Shelley, Idaho, in Bingham County. The young man who had the claim told my father to go ahead and jump the claim. He said he was not married and did not want to keep the ranch land nor spend the money required by the government to improve it. The farmer who told us about this claim warned us that we had better take possession of the ranch land soon as there were others who knew about it and might beat us to it.

My father still had his two-seater, white-top wagon and a team or horses that had been our means transportation through Yellowstone National Park during the summer of 1911. We had been living in Idaho Falls, where my father had

been working has a glass-place photographer during the fall and winter months of 1911 and 1912. Sometime in February, 1912, my parents decided to jump the claim.

After bidding our farmer friends "goodbye," we started our adventure, leaving the valley near Idaho Falls on a dirt road to what was called the bench land. This road traversed the high, bench land ridges of hills across wheat and cattle land.

As we traveled along at a slow pace across frozen stubble land, it began to snow. The farther we went, the harder the snow fell, coming down in big flakes making it harder to keep on the road tracks and finding our direction. But we kept on, finally reaching the top of the bench land overlooking the ranch land we were about to jump and claim. Dimly, through the falling snow, we caught glimpses of a ranch house about two miles below the ridge from where we stood.

My father headed the horses down the long hill to the ranch house area, but the horses floundered in the deep snow that was up to their bellies. The horses were urged to go on, but they only could leap with their front feet pawing the air. The wagon did not move. We were snowbound in a freezing snowstorm, two miles from shelter, and it was late in the afternoon. Were we doomed to freeze to death in the night on this high hill?

My father knew that the only thing to do was to unhitch the horses, take them down to the ranch house area, tie them to a fence or trees, or see if there might be a small barn in which he could shelter the horses. He said he would come back for my mother and me, and get the tent, blankets, food and other supplies that were necessary for the night.

My mother was told to wrap me in coats and blankets and lay me down on the snow. Then she was to get things ready in the wagon to carry down the hill, when my father returned. I remember how I felt wrapped in coats in blankets lying there on the snow unable to move from the tightness of the wrappings. But I lay there hoping to be released from this confinement when my daddy came back. And, back he came to tell us he had found a small barn, with stalls in it for the horses and bales of hay and bales of straw in one corner. The barn was made of quaking asp limbs, set about eighteen inches apart, forming a double wall, with straw thrown between the two walls. The roof of the barn was constructed of limbs, straw and boards, to keep out the rain and snow.

My mother unbundled me from the heavy coats and blankets, and we got things ready to take from the wagon to the ranch house area. My father carried the heavy crew tent, tent stakes, an axe, hammer, and a small sheet-iron stove. My mother carried blankets, a coffee pot and coffee, and some food. As a little four-year-old, I carried what I could. I remember stumbling and falling in the deep snow, my mother coming to my rescue, more than once.

By the time my mother and I arrived at the ranch house area, my father was already driving the last stakes to put up the tent. This tent was called the crew tent, about ten by twenty feet, in which our photographic crew worked when we were on the road. On the road means the photographic crew, numbering from two to twenty that my father hired, traveled by train from town to town in the midwestern and western states. The crew's work was as camera men, caller-outs, taking picture orders, and darkroom developing.

After the tent was up, the sheet-iron stove was set up near the front of the tent, with the stove pipe stuck through the tent roof. Dry firewood was found in a nearby woodshed and a fire was started. We gathered around the stove, took our mittens off and warmed our hands. We took the chill off our bodies by turning front and back to the warmth of the fire. My mother melted snow water in the coffee and made warm coffee. We all ate biscuits and cold meat. My father was in a hurry to bring more things needed for the night before darkness came.

On the last trips up the hill to the wagon, my father brought a luggage box of food, a shovel, more blankets, clothes, and cooking utensils. Both

my parents carried bales of hay and bales of straw from the barn, and by placing these bales close together, we had a place to spread the blankets and made a bed on top of the bales. A think piece of canvas was placed over the blankets on the bed to keep out the cold.

The first night on our jumped claim this is how it was. The horses were in their stalls in the barn, eating hay, with straw in their stalls for their beds. My father had brought in plenty of firewood from the shed for the night. We all three slept on our big bed of hay and straw bale, and forty-eight degrees below zero, believe it or not! And, we kept war, had plenty of food, and slept through four nights of snowstorms, the temperature of forty-eight degrees below zero wavering little. This was one of the coldest months in Idaho weather history, and we had jumped a claim during this cold period. And here we three were on a most unique and exciting adventure of our lives.

The exposure to the cold brought on one of my childhood bilious spells, and illness that lasted four days. I would vomit green and yellow bile, about every fifteen minutes, night and day. My parents thought they would lose me each time I had this illness. The bilious spells started at about the age of three and lasted until I was ten years when we came to California to live. I had this illness regularly every spring and fall. I learned later that I had a slight case of malaria from camping in mosquito areas in Michigan and Indiana.

As I was convalescing from this illness, my father asked me if I would like to have the horses brought into the tent and watch them eat hay off the foot of my bed. Also, the horses' manes and tails had icicles frozen on them and my father wanted to ring them into the tent where it was warm. Lying in our bed, propped up by pillows, I was overjoyed to watch the horses. I noticed that two stray dogs were in the tent, lying on gunny sacks by the sheet-iron stove. My dad loved dogs and horses; hence, his kindness to these animals.

On the fifth day of our survival in the tent, my father was given the key to the ranch house by the young man who had owned the claim, after a $200 settlement was made on the sale of the house. The ranch house was a wooden, two-story frame building of just one big room, with a pot-bellied stove at one end of the room, and a table and some chairs. We moved the bales of hay and straw for our bed and all the other things from the tent. My parents walked up the two-mile hill to the wagon and carried our cameras, photo equipment, suitcases and other items down the hill, bringing these into the security of the ranch house. My parents' clothes were frozen stiff from the trips to the wagon. They thawed their clothes by the warm fire of the stove, made themselves hot cups of coffee and ate some biscuits, bacon and canned beans.

The first night we slept in the house, we thought we were secure from the snowstorm, but in the morning we awakened to find that snow had fallen on our blankets on our bed from the apex of the roof, where shingles had blown off in the storm. But we were still so thankful to be in the ranch house rather than in just a canvas tent, flapping and shaking in the wind of the storms. Our tent, however had not blown down due to the face that it was still half-covered with snow and ice.

The days and nights in the house were eerie, with the wind creating a most mournful sound as it whistled and moaned blowing around the corners of the house. Snow would be blown against the house making a loud flapping sound, piling up snow-drifts so high outside that our stray dogs could look down into our room from the tops of the windows about nine feet from the ground.

We managed to keep warm and eat through the wintry months of February and March. Cottontail rabbits and grouse could be killed for meat. We bout such things as Idaho russet potatoes, onions and other produce stored in a dugout potato cellar belonging to the Anderson family, our neighbors, living about a half-mile down the road. A sheepherder gave us mutton and lamb meat for letting him keep his sheepherder wagon on our land for the winter months. A sheepherder's wagon is a covered wagon of canvas, with a

stove pipe sticking up through a hole made in the canvas wagon top.

The jumped claim belonged to us now. We had settled in with the unknown future before us.

A Covered Wagon Trip

Vera Zimmerman

In the summer of 1913, we had a wagon on the ranch, with the larger wheels in the rear of the wagon and the small wheels in front. My father said, "Let's put a covered canvas on top of our wagon, take Johnny Trimble along, and just for a lark, take a trip to the Salmon River Country and have some salmon and rainbow trout dinners." Johnny lived with his parents in Idaho Falls, Idaho, was nineteen years of age, and my dad liked him. Johnny said he would go with us as far was Challis, Idaho, where he had to take care of some business dealings.

My father put wooden, curved bows on the wagon covered by the white canvas top, built a full-size bed in the front of the wagon bed, leaving room under the bed for cameras and photo equipment, suitcases and other items. In the back of the wagon bed we had our grub box of food, coking utensils, shovel, axe, and a grate to put over a campfire for cooking purposes. A barrel of water and fishing poles were carried on the sides of the wagon. Also, we carried a canvas tent in a buggy hitched behind the wagon for photographic purposes, the tent to be used as a photographic darkroom and buggy used to take trips from our camp to photograph people and scenes for business. This business helped to earn our trip money. The team that pulled the wagon and buggy were the same horses, Bonny and Blaze, that had taken us through Yellowstone National Park, summer 1911. My dog, Snow, went along, riding in the buggy seat some of the time; otherwise, romping and running beside the wagon through this purple sage country. Like Zane Grey's book, Riders of the Purple Sage, we were not on horseback, but riding in a covered wagon through the beautiful purple sage.

We left the ranch in charge of my grandparents, who had come from Kokomo, Indiana, to live with us. We three and Johnny Trimble started out to cross the sagebrush plain to Arco, Idaho, and on to Mackay, Challis, and the Salmon River Country.

After giving the horses a good drink on the morning of the trip, at noon we could only wet their lips with water poured on a cloth, as we had to save the water in case of a broken wheel axle, or some other problem that might happen. My breakfast was Sego canned milk and Force (like cornflakes, called Force on the package), drinking the canned milk to save water, too.

The land lying between Blackfoot and Arco was called the Arco desert, but was really a high, purple sagebrush plain. The twenty miles we traveled on dirt road was slow, but we finally arrived at an oasis, not too far south of Arco, where a French family lived on their farm. We camped there for a night. Our horses were given a good drink and we filled our water barrel from a well. We visited in the home of this foreign, French family, and I thought it was strange to step down a few steps from their kitchen into their barn. This was the way farm houses were built in France, with the house and barn joined together, separated only by one wall, and this family followed this custom from the Old Country of Europe.

We went on to Mackay, Dickey, and Challis, Idaho, viewing the scenery of the snow-covered Lost River Range to the east of us. Johnny left us at Challis on business to return to his parents' home in Idaho Falls.

We camped near Gilmor, Idaho, at the foot of mountains where there were big rocks near the camp. The tent was put up and a sheet-iron stove installed with the stove pipe sticking through the roof of the tent. This tent was used to as a darkroom to develop glass-plate pictures of some of the people of Gilmor, as well as pictures of a mining ore train from one of the nearby mines. The train had an old smoke stack on top of the engine. My mother and I were allowed to ride on the last ore car with my father, who took pictures of the

Zimmerman covered wagon trip

ore train crossing over a trestle on the narrow gauge track. This was photographic business, as well as fun for us as a unique adventure.

We went on to Salmon City, Idaho, having many salmon and rainbow trout fish fries over our campfire in many camps. We came back the same route via Challis, Arco and to the ranch to find my grandparents had done a good job in taking care of the ranch and animals. We settled down to get ready for the fall harvest of wheat, barley, rye and alfalfa. We butchered hogs for bacon and ham for the winter months, and canned many jars of pickled pigs feet. Russet potatoes, apples, and onions were stored. Cherries from Johnny Trimble's parents' farm were picked and canned and other fruits from local markets in Idaho Falls in the valley. We were glad to be home from the long Salmon River Trip and to be busy preparing for the winter months.

Grain Harvest showing thresher on Taylor Mountain

Appendix A
Owendale Branch Minutes

Owendale Branch, Shelley Stake. General Minutes, 1917-1918.

(LDS Archives: LR 12157 11)

July 1st, 1917

Organization of the Owendale Branch Of the Church of Jesus Christ Of Latter Day Saints.

The Shelley Stake Presidency and Stake clerk visited the Saints living on their dry farms on Taylor Creek about 9 miles south east of Taylor, this day and meet with the Saints in the school house, there were present at 2:00 P.M. 61 souls. The meeting was called to order by Stake President Joseph H. Bye.

Singing "Love at Home."

Prayer Offered by Elder Axel E. Andersen.

Singing "In our Lovely Deseret."

Stake Clerk Fred C. Mickelsen addressed the saints, was much surprised to find so many present and considered it an injustice for so many to be deprived of the oppertunity of having a sunday school where their children could be taught and having meetings where the sacrament Could be enjoyed.

Elder Mickelson urged the Saints to work together in unity and love and if a branch should be perfected, to support those who might be choosen as leaders and there would be no question but what success would crown their efforts.

The sacrament was administered by Elder John Wadsworth and F.A. Rainsdon of the Taylor [Ward] under the direction of the Stake Presidency.

President Wilford M. Christensen spoke of the early rise of the church that it was organized with only 6 members but had grown through trials and tribulations untill today it numbered many hundreds of thousands

He explained the many advantages and blessings a branch organization would bring to the Saints and thought that an organization should be effected at once.

President Warren J. Mallory spoke upon the importance of ~~the~~ a branch organization, that it meant work and responsibility to many and while all could not be Presiding Elder, there would be places for all who desired to work, was gratified to see so many present and prayed the Lord to bless their efforts.

Stake President Joseph H. Dye addressed the meeting, taking for his text, "In our Lovely Deseret," and encouraging all to be faithful and work in love and harmony.

A vote was taken each adult being asked to write the names of three men upon a slip of paper which was done and the count showed that Elder Axel E. Anderson received the most votes. Elder Axel E.

Anderson was sustained as presiding Elder by unanimous vote. He chose as his assistance Elder Clare Furgesen and brother George A. Millard, these brethren were sustained by the unanimous vote of the Saints and all expressed their willingness to do their best in filling the positions they had been called to fill.

Elder Axel E. Anderson felt that a great blessing had been granted the saints and that by united efforts a good sunday school and meetings could be carried on.

Prest. Dye explained some of the duties and workings of a branch organization and instructed the Stake Clerk to provide Elder Anderson as soon as possible with a complete set of books and necessary blanks for use of the branch, and asked Elder Anderson to select a good clerk as soon as he could and send for the recommends of all his people and have them properly recorded in the Geneological record that would be provided.

Meeting Closed after singing "We thank thee O God for a Prophet."

Benediction pronounced by Elder Stoddard.

The following blessing took place.

Jennie Irine Anderson, child of Axel E. Andersen and wife, born at Owendale, Bingham Co., Idaho June 19th, 1917, was blessed by Prest. Joseph H. Dye

by Fred C. Mickelson
Stake Clerk.

July 8, 1917

The meeting was Called to order by Presiding Elder Andersen.

Singing "Zion is rowing."

Prayer by Elder Furgesen.

Singing "Catch the Sunshine"

The sacrement was administered by Elders Hardy & Furgesen.

Elder Andersen then appointed H.E. Owen as Clerk of the War, his app. was sustained

Bros. Hardy, Condie, & Owen were Elected ward teachers.

~~Elder Hardy addressed the Saints~~

Elders Hardy & Furgesen and Bro. Condie each addressed the saints for a few minutes, hey expressed their gratitude that we would have a sunday school and meetings, and that it would not only be a blessing for the children, but would be a pleasure for ever[y]body to meet on sunday and learn the Gospel

Elder Andersen stated that, as the Sunday school superintendent could not come, that the sunday school would not be organized until next sunday July 15, 1917.

Singing "Put Your shoulders to the Wheels"

Prayer by Bro Condie.

H.E. Owen, Clerk.

July 15, 1917

Meeting was Called to order by Elder Furgesen.

Singing "Praise to the man who communes with Jehova[h]"

Prayer by Bro. Condie.

Singing "Count your many Blessings"

The sacrement was administered by Elders Hardy & Andersen.

Elder Furgesen then announced that as the take supt. did not come up it would nto be posseble to take up class work this sunday, and that he hoped that they would be here next sunday, he said that he was glad to see so many present and he hoped that they would continue to come like this every sunday

Elder Hardy then spoke for a few minutes about his own mission in the southern & Eastern states.

He said that some times when he went to other churches, that he wat [wanted?] to get up before them and preach the gospel so bad the [that] he didn't know what to do with him self.

Sister Owen spoke for a few minutes about the power of faith and prayer in healing the sick, she gave an account of several instences when her own son was healed.

Elder Anderson said that he did not believe that he ever prayed for any thing that was not given to him he spoke about the decendents of jared, after the destruction of the tower of Babel, and of the people that

lived on this continent before the birth of Christ.
Singing "We thank the[e] O God for a Prophet."
Benediction by Elder Furgesen.

July 22, 1917

The Owendale br. fo the church of Jesus Christ of Lat[t]er day Saints meet at the Owendale school house
1st & 2nd Asst. supts. M^c^Bride & Hurst and Bro. David Cousin were here to day.
The meeting was Called to order by Elder Andersen.
singing "Sunshine in the soul."
Prayer by Elder M^c^Bride.
singing "Count your Blessing."
The sacrement was administered by Elders Hardy and Furgesen.
Elder Andersen then gave a list of names that he had selected for Deacons & Priests. they were
Eugene Owen ordained a deacon by H.S. McBride
George Condie [ordained a] deacon by Winfield Hurst
Oneral R. Hardy [ordained a deacon] by Axel Anderson
Lorenzo Hardy [ordained a deacon] by John Hardy
Andrew Millard [ordained a deacon] by C. Furgesen
Loren Owen [ordained a deacon] by H.S. M^c^Bride
Reginald Anderson ordained a deacon by W. Hurst
Paul Holms Weaver [ordained a] Preist by H.D. M^c^Bride
The following Saints were chosen ~~and~~ unanimously for sunday school officers and teachers:
Officers
Elder Hardy, Sunday school supt.
[Elder] Condie, 1st asst.
Eugene Owen, 2nd asst.
Violet Hardy, sec. & treas.
Loren Christensen, Organist
sister Condie Chourster
teachers
Parents Class, W.C. Christensen & J.S. Empy
Theological. Claire Furgesen & H.E. Owen
2nd Inter. O.E. Weaver & sister Weaver
Kinder. sisters Hardy & Owen
Elders M^c^Bride & Hurst each gave us a moust interesting talk and Bro. Cousin talked for a few minuets
The meeting was closed by singing "God be with you till we meet again"
Benediction by Elder Hurst.

Aug. 5, 1917

The meeting was Called to order by Elder Andersen.
Singing "The Day Dawn is Breaking"
Prayer by Elder Christensen
Singing "Put Your shoulder to the Wheel"
The sacrament was administered by Elders Hardy & Empey
Martin V. Andersen and Emma Eliza Adams, who was baptised on Aug 4, 1917 was Confirmed at this meeting conf. by Elder Christensen Andersen
The meeting was turned over to the saints for testimony
Elders Hardy, Furgesen, Christensen, Condie & Silcock and sisters Owen, Hardy & Condie each bore there testimony
Elder Andersen then said that it would be better to change the time for sunday school & meeting from 10:30

& 2:00 to 11:30 & 1:00.
the change was made unanimous
Elder Andersen said that the church wants] money to complet[e] the Rick[s] Acad[e]my and that any one who want[s] to donate to this fund should do so to day there was one dollar donated.
50¢ byW.C. Christensen
50¢ by J.O. Empy
The fast offering amounted to $3.05

sister Owen donated	.30
J. Condie	50
W.C. Christensen	25
C. Furgesen	25
J. Hardy	50
J.S. Empey	25
Axel E. Andersen	1.00
	3.05

There were present 57 souls.
Singing "Let us Rejoice"
Ben by O.E. Weaver.

Aug 12, 1917

meeting called to order Elder Andersen
Singing 'For the strength of the Hills"
Prayer by John Hardy
singing "Come, Come Ye Saints."
The Sacrement was administered by Elders Condie & Petersen.
We received two recom[m]ends, those of Bros. Condie & Silcoks, they were read to the saints and accepted unanimously
Elder M^c^bride was with us this after noon, he said it was not his intentions to stay to meeting, that his work was sunday school work but he was pleased to be able to talk to the saints again He advised the saints, when they came tog[ether] to offer up prayers for the speakers that they might have the spirit of God with them when they were speaking
Elder W.C. Christensen spoke on the story of Joseph for a few minuets
There were present 4 souls.
Elwin M. Petersen, son [of] Ray Petersen and Wife was blessed by Elder H.E M^c^Bride he was born at Owendale Idaho July 18, 17
The meting close[d] by singing "Hope of Israel"
Benedi[c]tion by Condie.

Owendale Sept. 2 – 1917

Sept. Fast Meeting.
Meeting was called to order by Secon counselor Wm C. Christensen
Meeting commenced after singing No 108
Opening prayer by John Hardy.
Second song No 124.
The Sacrament was administered by Bro's James Empy and Charles Silcox.
Sacrament song No 15.
Bro. Christensen made a few opening remarks and then turned the meeting over to the congregation of [for] Testimony b[e]aring. The following are those who bore testimony: 1 Sister Weaver E.C. Ferguson 2nd. J.I. Hardy 3d. Bishop Lenard Ball of the 4th Ammon ward was present and spoke a few words on Faith.
Bro T.E. M^c^Cowan was the 5th speaker related some of his experiences of joining the Church of Christ

Owendale Sept 9. – 1917

Meeting commenced after singing No 56. Opening prayer by first counselor E.C. Ferguson.
continued singing no 32.
Sacrament was administered by Elders John Hardy and Ray Petersen Brothers Loren Yorgeson and Hazen Jensen.
Bro Jensen being the first speaker. Bro Yorgeson second.
Meeting closed after singing no 37
Benediction by R.M. Petersen.
57 souls

Owendale Sept 23 – 1917

Meeting commenced by singing No 117 Opening prayer by Axel Anderson. Singing no 18.
Sacrament was administered by Elders E.C. Ferguson and Wm Christensen.
Bro. Christensen was the first speaker and his subject was "the Salvation of the Dead."
Bro A.E. Andersen was the second speaker and his subject was "The Salvation of the Dead."
E.C. Ferguson the third speaker and his subject was "The Salvation of the Dead."
The meeting was brought to a close after singing no 52.
Benediction by John Lords.
Souls present 52.

Owendale Nov. 4 – 1917

E.C. Ferguson conducting.
meeting commenced after singing no 78 "Marching Homeward." Prayer by A.E. Andersen.
Song no 138.
The sacrament was administered by Bro's H.E. Owen and O.R. Weaver.
Song "Today while the Sun Shines."
A bottle of Oil was consecrated by Elder Andersen with Elders Furgeson, Weaver & Owen.
The time was then turned over to the congregation for Testimony b[e]aring.
Sister Ferguson was the first speaker. Sister Weaver 2nd.
Song no. 47.
Bro Andersen 3d speaker.
souls present 23.
Closing song.
Benediction.

Nov. 25 – 1917

First counselor Ferguson conducting.
Meeting started after song no. 104
Opening prayer by E.C. Furgeson
Song no 34.
Sacrament was administered by Bro Eugene Owen and A.E. Andersen.
Elder H.S. M^c^Bride Stake Sunday school Supt. was present and occupied a short time. A.E. Andersen and E.C. Ferguson were also speakers of the day.
Singing no 133.
Benediction by A.E. Andersen.

Dec. 9 – 1917

E.C. Ferguson conducting.
Meeting commenced after singing No 108. Opening Prayer by E.C. Ferguson.
Song no 62.

Sacrament was administered by Elders Junius Condie and Axel Andersen.
Bro Joseph Holland of the High Counsel and Bro. Humphries were present as home Missionaries and occupied the time.
Bro. Humphries was the first speaker and his subject was "Keeping the commandments of God," The "Word of Wisdom," and the "Law of Tithing."
Bro. Joseph Holland was second speaker and encouraged the saints to keep the commandments of God.
Bro. Furguson made a few closing remarks.
The meeting closed af[ter] singing no 32.
Benediction by A.E. Andersen.

Dec. 16 – 1917.

Opening song no 140
Opening prayer by E.C. Ferguson.
Song, no 52.
Sacrament was administered by Eugene Owen and Ray Petersen. Assisted by Deacons Loren Owen and Lorenzo Hardy.
The first speaker was Bro. J.C. Condie and his subject was "Tithing." Bro. Ray Petersen was second and encouraged the people to join the Red Cross.
Bro. Ferguson was 3d speaker and his subject was Christmas.
4th speaker was Axel Anderson.
Meeting closed of [by] singing no 110.
Benediction by Eugene Owen.
souls present 33.

December 23 1917

First Counselor E.C. Ferguson Conducting.
Singing from no 81.
Prayer by Axel E. Anderson.
continued singing no 73.
The sacrement was administered by Eugene Owen and A.E. Andersen.
Bros John Cook and Sorenson were present as home missionaries, and occupied the time as follows. Bro. Sorenson was the first speaker and said were the best people on the face of the earth. Bro Cook was the second speaker and gave a ~~few~~ some reminis[c]ence of his mission travels. Bro. Ferguson made a few closing remarks.
Singing from No 38.
Benediction by Bro Ferguson
Souls p[resent] 24.

Jan 13 – 1918

Meeting commenced by singing No 108 "High on the Mountain Top."
Opening Prayer by A.E. Anderson
continued singing from No 115 "How Great the Wisdom and the Love."
Sacrement was administered by Eugene Owen and J.C. Condie. One Bottle of Oil was consecrated.
The speakers were as follows:
Sister Ferguson whose subject was Faith.
Sister John Hardy who spoke on the story of the Christ Child and the Blessed Man.
Sister J.C. Condie read the Story of "Last Years Birds Nests" in the "Juvenile Instructor."
Bro Ferguson made a few closing remarks.
Meeting closed after singing No 158.
Benediction by J.I. Hardy.
souls present 34

Jan 20 – 1918

Meeting commenced by singing from No 16.
Opening Prayer by Elder Ray Petersen.
con. singing from No 52.
Sacrament was administered by J.C. Condie and John Hardy assisted by Arvilla [Orville] Hardy and Reginald Andersen.
Home Missionaries were appointed by [but] did not appear
Bro J.C. Condie was the first speaker. br. John Hardy was the second speaker and his subject was Creation and its Adversity to the progress of Man Kind
Bro. Ferguson was the third speaker and spoke on "High Ideals and Beauty into our lives."
Axel Anderson fourth speaker.
Singing from no 216.
Benediction by Eugene Owen.
Present 31.

Feb. 5 1918.

February Fast Meeting.
Commenced by Singing No 205.
Opening prayer by A.E. Anderson.
Con. singing from No 158.
Sacrament was administered by J.I. Hardy and J.C. Condie.
The Meeting was then turned of [over] to the congregation for Testimony bareing.
Bro. Ferguson 1st speaker.
J.I. Hardy 2nd
Sister proposed singing No 14.
Sister Ferguson 3d speaker.
4th speaker A.E. Andersen.
Sister sang No 110.
5th speaker Sister Hardy
Sister Condie 6th speaker.
Bro Ferguson closed the meeting after no 148.
Benediction by J. Hardy.
Souls present 31.

Feb. 16 – 1918

Meeting commenced after singing No 104.
Opening Prayer by Eugene Owen.
Singing from No 138.
Sacrament was administered by Eugene Owen and A.E. Andersen.
Andrew Millard, Lorenzo Hardy and Loren Owen were recommended to be Ordained to the Office of Priest. A general vote was Unanimous.
Bro Ferguson was the first speaker and read a speech rom Apostle Orson F. Whittney.
A few remarks were made by Axel Andersen.
Singing from no 95.
Benediction by E.C. Ferguson.
Souls present 25

Feb. 17 – 1918

Bishop Andersen Presiding
Commencement after singing No 216.

Opening Prayer by Bro J.C. Condie.
Continued singing from No 217.
Sacrament was administered by J.C. Condie and A.E. Andersen assisted by Orville Hardy and Reginald Andersen.
Bro Condie being first speaker, spoke on "Faith."
Second speaker A.E.A.
Singing No 52
Benediction Axel Andersen.
Present 23.

March 3 – 1918

Fast Meeting.
commencement after singing no 102.
Opening Prayer by A.e. Andersen
Song No 15.
Sacrament administered by Lorenzo hardy and J.c. Condie
Bro Ferguson first speaker
Bro. Andersen second speaker.
Sister Ferguson 3d. speaker.
Sister Condie 4th speaker asked the Prayers of the Saints in behalf of her Son who [is] in the Army that he May be able to see the hard [?] dealing of God.
Meeting was brought [to] a close after song No 46.
Benediction by E.C. Ferguson.
Present 19.

March 10 – 1918

Bro Ferguson Conducting.
Song No 216.
Opening Prayer by J.C. Condie
Song No 140.
Sacrament was administered by bro's Eugene Owen and Lorenzo Hardy.
Bro. Ferguson 1st speaker His subject being "Faith."
Bro. Condie second speaker
Bro A.E. Andersen third speaker.
Singing No 24
Benediction by Bro. Ferguson.
Present 31.

March 17 – 1918

Song No 218.
Opening Prayer by Eugene Owen.
Song No 235.
Sacrament was administered by Bro's J.C. Condie and Lorenzo Hardy. Passed by Deacons Reginald Andersen and Orville Hardy.
Bro. E.C. Ferguson was the first speaker. his subject was the "Relief Society."
2nd speaker J.C. Condie.
3d Sister Ferguson.
4th Sister Hardy.
5th A.E. Andersen

Singing No 133
Prayer by J.C. Condie.
Souls 32.

Fast Day. April 7 – 1918.

Exercises conducted by E.C. Ferguson.
Meeting commenced after song No 218.
Opening prayer by Eugene Owen.
continued singing No 87.
Sacrament was administered by Elders John Hardy and J.E. Condie.
meeting was then turned over to the Saints for Testimony b[e]aring.
J.I. Hardy 1st speaker bore tes[timony].
Sister Jones 2nd speaker.
3d speaker Sister Ferguson.
Song No 208.
Sister Hardy 4th speaker.
5th speaker Bro. Ferguson.
6th Axel Andersen.
Bro Eugene Owen bore Testimony.
Sister Elizabeth Owen bore her testimony.
Meeting was brought [t] a close by song No 118.
Benediction by John Hardy.
Present 34.

April 21 – 1918

Meeting commenced after singing No 140.
Opening Prayer by A.E. Andersen. Song No 73.
Sacrament was administered by Andrew Millard and Lorenzo Hardy.
Bro's Risenmay and Goodges were present as Home Missionaries.
Bro Risenmay was the first speaker and his subject was "Getting the most out of Life." He admonished the parents to live Rightious lives that their conduct would be worthy of Emulition [emulation] by their children.
Bro Goodge was the second speaker and his subject was "Keeping Children from committing Sin." Much good counsel and advise was given and ap[p]reciated.
Closing Song No 104.
Benediction by [blank]

May 5 – 1918

Fast Meeting.
Meeting commenced by singing No 158.
Opening prayer by A.E. Andersen.
Song no 168.
Sacrament was administered by Elders O.G. Weaver and John Hardy.
The meeting was then turned over to the congregation for testimony b[e]aring.
Bro. Ferguson spoke first and asked the Saints to be free in b[e]aring the testimonies.
Sister Weaver bore testimony and gave much good advise.
Sister Ferguson bore testimony and also spoke in behalf of the conduct of the Mormon Soldier boys.
Bro. O.G. Weaver bore testimony and told one of his Missionary experiences. Admonished all the young to seek God.
Bro. A.E. Andersen was fourth speaker.
Bro. Paul Weaver fifth.

Eugene Owen sixth.
J.I. Hardy seventh.
Closing song No 102
Benediction by Eugene Owen.

May 12 – 1918

E.C. Ferguson conducting.
Song No 214.
Opening Prayer by Eugene Owen
Continued Singing No 198.
Sacrament was administered by Bro's Eugene Owen and Lorenzo Hardy.
The speakers were as follows:
Bro. E.C. Ferguson
Bro. A.E. Anderson
Sister Jones
The meeting [closed] after song No 218
Benediction by A.E. Anderson.

June 2 – 1918.

Fast Meeting.
Meeting was Opened by A.E. Andersen.
Opening song no 117.
Continued singing No. 115.
The Sacrament was administered by Bro's J.C. Condie and Eugene Owen. Assisted by Orville Hardy and Reginald Andersen.
Closing song No 20.
Benediction by J.c. Condie.

June 9 – 1918

Sacrament Meeting
Meeting commenced after song No 215.
Opening Prayer by Wm C. Christensen
Continued singing No 121.
The Sacrement was administered by J.C. Condie and John Lords.
The first speaker was J.C. Condie and the second was Wm Christensen. third speaker was 1st Counselor G.C. Ferguson.
The Meeting closed after song No 125.
Benediction by John Lords.
Souls 21

June 16 – 1918

Bishop Andersen in charge.
Singing No 108 "High On the Mountain Top."
Opening Prayer by Bro. O.R. Weaver and Lorenzo Hardy.
The first speaker was Bro. E.R. Stoddard of Burley Idaho. Second speaker Bro. Weaver
Closing song No 52.
Benediction by Eugene Owen.
No Present 38.

July 21 – 1918

Sacrament Meeting.
Opening Song No 217.
Prayer by Bro J. I. Hardy.
Continued singing No. 52.
The sacrament was administered by Lorenzo Hardy and Eugene Owen.
The first speaker was Bro. Kelsey. His subject was The Reserection.
Second speaker.
Closing song No 97.
Prayer by Eugene Owen.
Present 27.

Sacrament Meet. Held Aug. 11 – 1918

1st Counselor G.C. Ferguson conducting.
Opening Song No 81
Prayer by Wm C. Christensen
Singing No 75. "Earth With Her [te]n Thousand Flowers."
The sacrament was administered by Elders Axel Andersen and Wm C. Christensen.
Bro. Hyrum McBride was present at Sunday school and consented to stay at meeting and was the first speaker. Related some of his early experiences in life and bore his testimony of the truthfulness of the Gospel of Christ.
Bro. Wm Christensen was the second speaker. He encouraged the Saints to try and do their duties.
Bro. O.E. Weaver and Sister Julina Furgusen were sustained as Old Folks Committee.
Bro Paul Weaver was sustained to be Ordained a Priest.
Meeting after singing No 118 "do What is Right."
Prayer by O.G. Weaver. Present 15.

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School January 6th 118

Officers and Teachers' Meeting
Time of opening 11:35 a.m.
Sunday School
School opened at 11:35 a.m. E.C. Ferguson presided. E.C. Ferguson conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 84% present, 2 excused.
Song: "Verdant spring & Ros Summer." Prayer a.e. Anderson.
Song: "Our Mountain Home So Dear." (D.S.S. Songs No. 281)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Elder A.E. Anderson and Elder E.C. Ferguson assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson Deacons.
Sacrament thought by E.C. Ferguson
Concert recitation: Articles of Faith, conducted by E.C. Ferguson.
Separation for department work at 12:20 a.m.
Statistics.

Parents: Not held	Calendar Sub. Recreation in War Times					
Theological Second year	Fast Day Lesson/Advancements	12	2	16	16	96
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	14	4	8	28	100
First Intermediate:	Not held					
Primary Second Year	The Widow's Mite	24	8	33	56	90
Kindergarten	Not held					
Totals:		50	16	77	77	286

Total attendance including visitors: twenty three.
Sunday school reassembled at 12:50

Closing song "I'll Be a Sunbeam."
Benediction by Sister Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School January 13th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:45 a.m. Supt. John hardy presided, Supt John Hardy conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 61% present, 5 excused.
Song: Haste To the Sunday School. Prayer B[r]o. Eugene Owen.
Song: "We are Watchers Earnest Watchers." (DSS Songs No 281)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Elder Junius C. Condie and Elder John hardy assisted by Andrew Millard and Lorenzo Hardy Deacons.
Sacrament thought by Sup. John Hardy.
Concert recitation "Articles of Faith" – First nine, conducted by Supt. John Hardy.
Singing practice directed by Chorester Vinnie L. Condie for 15 minutes.
Song 243 practiced: "Dear to the Heart of the Shepherd"
Separation for department work at 12:15 a.m.
Statistics.

Parents:	Not Held					
Theological Second year	The Creation	12	2	11	11	100
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	14	6	3	43	100
First Intermediate	Not Held					
Primary Second year	The Bind Man	24	9	38	38	85
Kindergarten	Not Held					
TOTALS:		50	17	97	97	280

Total attendance including visitors twenty four.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:50 P.M.
Closing song "Hark Listen to the Trumpeters"
Benediction by E.C. Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School January 20th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:3 a.m. Supt. John Hardy presided, Supt. John Hardy conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 69% present, 4 excused.
Song: "Catch The Sunshine." Prayer Bro E.C. Ferguson.
Song: "Do What is right" (D.S.S. Songs No. 281)
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric by Supt. John Hardy and Eelder E.C. Ferguson, assisted by Reginald Anderson and Orvial Hardy Deacons.
Sacrament thought by supt. John Hardy.
Concert recitation "Articles of Faith." Conducted by E.C. Ferguson.
Separation for department work at 12:00 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological second year - The fall of Man		12	2	16	16	96
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	14	7	50	50	50
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary second	Healing the Centurion's Servant	24	9	38	38	103
TOTALS		50	18	104	104	246

Total attendance including visitors twenty three.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:30 P.M.
Closing song "In Our lovely Deser[e]t"
Benediction by bro. Eugene Owen.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School January 27th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:55 a.m. Supt. John Hardy presided, 2nd assist Eugene Owen conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 46% present, 7 excused.
Song: "Welcome Welcome Sabbath Morning." Prayer Sister J. Hardy.
Song: "Sunshine in the Sou." (D.S.S. Songs No. 281)
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Supt. John Hardy and Elder E.C. Ferguson, assisted by Loren Owen and Lorenzo Hardy Deacons.
Sacrament thought by Supt. John Hardy
Concert recitation Articles of Faith, Conducted by Supt. John Hardy.
Singing practice directed by Sister Julia Hardy for 5 minutes. Song 46 practiced: "Love at Home."
Separation for department work at 12:20 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological second	Adam to Noah	12	2	16	16	100
Second Intermediate	The story of the Book of Mormon	14	4	28	28	100
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary second	A Woman's Faith	24	4	16	16	85
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		50	10	60	60	285

Total attendance including visitors fourteen.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:07 P.M.
Closing song "We Are All Enlisted."
Benediction by E.C. Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School February 3rd 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 2:10 P.M., supt. John Hardy presided, Supt. John Hardy conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll all, 46% present, 7 excused.
Song: "Love at home" Prayer A.E. Anderson.
Song: "Did You think to Pray."
Sacrament Gem: In Memory of the broken Flesh.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by 1st asst Junius C. Condie and E.C. Ferguson, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by 1st. asst. Junius Condie.
Concert recitation For Feb.
Singing practice directed by chorister Vinnie L. Condie for 10 inutes. Song 64 practiced: "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."
Separation for department work at 12:00 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological Second	Uniform Fast Day Lesson	12	1	.08	.08	100
Second Intermediate	Uniform Fast Day Lesson	14	5	36	36	80

First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second	Jesus Raises the Daughter of Jairus	24	8	33	33	100
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTAL		50	14	77	77	280

Total attendance including visitors twenty one.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:50 P.M.
Closing song "Joseph Smith's First Prayer."
Benediction by Sister Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Feb. 17th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:25 P.M.
Officers and teachers roll call, 38% present, 8 excused.
Song: "In our Lovely Deseret." Prayer Sister Hardy.
Song: "Merry Merry Children Sweetly Sing"
Sacrament Gem: In Memory of the Broken Flesh.
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Supt. John Hardy and Asst Junius C. Condie.
Sacrament thought by Junius C. Condie.
Concert recitation For February.
Separation for department work at 12:40 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held				
Theological Second	Abraham	12	2	16	16
Secon Intermediate	The Story of Book of Mormon	14	5	36	36
First Intermediate	Not Held				
Primary second	The lost sheep	24	6	25	25
Kindergarten	Not held				
TOTALS		50	13	77	77

Total attendance including visitors seventeen.
Closing song "I"ll Be a Sunbeam."
Benediction by Sis. Violet Hardy.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Feb. 24th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:25 a.m. Supt. John Hardy presided. Junius C. Condie conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 30% present, 9 excused.
Song: "Welcome Welcome Sabbath Morning" Prayer Bro. Eugene Owen
Song: "Far Far Away on Judea's Plains"
Sacrement Gem: For February 1918.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Lorenzo Hardy and Elder E.C. Ferguson assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson Deacons.
Sacrament thought by Bro. Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation For February 1918. In Memory of the Broken Flesh We eat the Broken Bread; Conducted by Eugene Owen.
Singing practice directed by Elder E.C. Ferguson for 10 minutes. Song 88 practiced: "Nay, Speak No Ill."
Separation for department work at 11:45 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological Second	Abraham Continued	12	3	25	25	85
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	14	2	14	14	100
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second	The Sower	24	9	38	38	90
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		50	14	77	77	275

Total attendance including visitors Seventeen.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:15 P.M.
Closing song "What Prize Shall Be Your reward."
Benediction by Sister Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School March 3d 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:50 a.m. 1st asst. Junius C. Condie presided and conducted the exercises.
Song: "Haste to the Sunday School" Prayer Bro. Lorenzo Hardy.
Song: "We are all Enlisted." (D.S.S.U. Songs, No. 1887)
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Elders J.C. Condie and C.G. Ferguson, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson Deacons.
Concert recitation (Ex. 20:15, 16)
Singing practice directed by E.C. Ferguson. Song 215 practiced: "America"
Separation for department work at 11:45 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held	
Theological Second	Honesty	[numbers not recorded]
Second Intermediate	Honesty	
First Intermediate	Not held	
Primary second	Honesty	
Kindergarten	Not held	

Total attendance including visitors fifeteen [sic]
Sunday School reassembled at 12:30 P.M.
Closing song "Did You Think To Pray."
Benediction by E.C. Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Mar. 10th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:40 a.m. 1sst [sic] asst J.C. Condie presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 69% present, 4 excused.
Song: "Never be Late." Prayer sister Ferguson.
Song: "I'll be a sunbeam." (D.S.S.U. Songs No. 187)
Sacrament administered, under th direction of the Bishopric, by Bro Lorenzo Hardy and Eugene Owen assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation (Ex. 20: 15, 16)
Singing practice directed by Choruster sister Condie for four minutes. Song 212 practiced: "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart."
Separation for department work at 12:00 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological Second	Abraham and Isac	12	7	58	58	1002
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	14	6	43	43	80
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second	Feeding the five thousand	24	9	37	37	65
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		50	22	138	138	2652

Total attendance including visitors twenty three.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:20 P.M.
The Bishop appointed Sister Ferguson a permanent teacher for the Second Intermediate.
Closing song "Parting Hymn."
Benediction by Sister Owen.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Mar. 17th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11 a.m. Supt. John Hardy presided, 2nd asst Eugene Owen conducted the exercises.
Song: "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel." Prayer Bro E.C. Ferkguson
Song: "Sunshine in the Soul" (D.S.S.U. Songs, No. 1887)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Loren Owen and Junius C. Condie, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Concert recitation (Ex. 20:15, 16)
Singing practice directed by Choruster Vinsnie L. Condie for five minutes. Song 212 practiced: "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones of the Heart."
Separation for department work at 11:25 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological Second		12	7	58	58	100
Second Intermediate	The Story of Book of Mormon	14	6	43	43	85
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second	Christ Walking on the Water	24	7	29	29	90
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		50	20	130	130	275

Total attendance including visitors twenty three.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:30 P..
Closing song 'Joseph Smith's First Prayer."
Benediction by Bro. A.E. Anderson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School March 24th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:35 a.m. Supt John Hardy presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 54% present, 6 excused.
Song: "Sweet Hour Of Prayer," (D.S.S.U. Songs No 187)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Elder E.C. Ferguson and Eugene Owen, assisted by Lorenzo Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Supt. John Hardy.
Concert recitation (Ex. 20: 15,16) conducted by Bro. J.I. Hardy.
Singing practice directed by Sister Furguson for ten minutes. Song 84 practiced: What Prize Shall Be Your reward.

Separation for department work at 12:00 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological second	Jacob and Esau	13	11	85	85	50 2
Second Intermediate	The Book of Mormon	15	7	47	47	150
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second	Stilling the tempest	24	9	37	37	90
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		52	27	169	169	240 2

Total attendance including visitors thirty one.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:00 P.M.
Bro Cutler Superintendant of Shelley Ward was up and gave a ver interesting talk.
Closing song "Catch the Sunshine."
Benediction by A.E. Anderson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School March 31st 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:50 a.m., 1st asst. Supt. Julius C. Condie presided and 2nd asst Eugene Owen conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 61% present, 5 excused.
Song: "America." Prayer Bro Condie.
Song: "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel" (D.S.S.U. Songs No. 187)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bros. Loren Owen and E.C. Ferguson assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation (Ex. 20: 15, 16) conducted by Bro. E.C. Ferguson.
Singing practice directed by Choruster V.L. Condie for six minutes. Song 47 practiced: "Jesus Once Of Humble Birth."
Separation for department work at 12:17 P.M.
Total attendance including visitors twenty eight.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:00 P.M.
Closing song "Sunshine in the Soul."
Benediction by Sister Furguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Remarks (1st quarter 1918)

Parents class not held because so many people moved away for the Winter that We never had many teachers and let the Parents take their place until they came back in the Spring.
Sunday School not held on Feb. 10th 1918 on account of Convention in Idaho Falls.
The Bishop and 1st asst. Supt. J.C. Condie appointed Sister Ferguson a second teacher of Second Intermediate department.
Bro. Cutler and Sister Cutler from Shelley visited the Owendale Sunday School March 24th 1918. Bro. Cutler gave a very interesting talk about what a faithful man Nephi was and also was very please[d] with the Sunday School and glad so many were present.

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School April 7th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:30 a.m., Supt. John Hardy presided, 1st asst Junius Condie conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 76% present, 3 excused.
Song: The Star Spangled Banner, Prayer Sister Jones.

Song: I'll be a Sunbeam (D.S.S. Songs No. 187)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Lorenzo Hardy and Bro. Lords, assisted by Milton Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Supt. John Hardy.
Concert recitation (Matt. 5: 3, 2) conducted by Supt. John Hardy.
Singing practice directed by Choruster Vinnie L. Condie for four minutes. Song 47 practiced: "Jesus, Once of Humble Birth."
Separation for department work at 12:15 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held	
Theological Second	The Horse	13
Second Intermediate	The Horse	15
First Intermediate	Not held	
Primary Second	The Horse	24
Kindergarten	Not held	
TOTALS		

Total attendance including visitors thirty nine.
Sunday School reassembled at 1 oclock P.M.
All classes joined because they had the same subject about the "Horse," except the Primary department.
Closing song "Never Be Late."
Benediction by Sister Hardy.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School April 14th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:50 a.m. Supt. John Hardy presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 43% present, 8 excused.
Song: "Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel." Prayer Sister Ferguson.
Song: "Dear to the heart of the Shepherd." (D.S.S. Songs No. 187)
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Lorenzo Hardy and Andrew Millard, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Supt. John Hardy.
Concert recitation (Matt 5:3, 12) conducted by Sister Ferguson.
Singing practice directed by Sister Ferguson. Song 84 practiced: "What Prize Shall Be Your Reward."
Separation for department work at 12:20 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held					
Theological Second		13	5			
Second Intermediate		15	6	40	40	100
First Intermediate	Not held					
Primary Second		24	11			
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS						

Total attendance including visitors twenty five.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:20 P.M.
Closing song "We Are Watchers Earnest Watchers."
Benediction by Bro. Anderson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School May 5th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:45 a.m., Supt. John Hardy presided, Eugene Owen conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 61% present, 5 excused.
Song: "Joseph Smith's first Prayer." Prayer Supt. John Hardy.
Song: "Hope of Israel." (D.S.S. Songs, No. 115)
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. E.C. Ferguson and Loren Owen, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson.
Sacrament thought by Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation (Exodus 20:12) conducted by Eugene Owen.
Singing practice directed by Sister Ferguson, for five minutes. Song 84 practiced: "What Prize Shall Be Your Reward."
Separation for department work at 12:15 P.M.
Statistics

Parents	Not held
Theological Second	
Second Intermediate	
First Intermediate	
Primary Second	
Kindergarten	Not held
TOTALS	

Sister Furguson gave a talk about a social the supt. should give.
Closing song "Love At Home"
Benediction by Bro. Weaver.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School May ____ 1918

Sunday School
2nd Asst. Eugene Owen presided and conducted the exercises.
Song: "Love at Home" Prayer Sister Ferguson.
Song: "The Day Dawn is Breaking."
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bros. Lorenzo Hardy and Loren Owen.
Sacrament thought by Bro. Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation conducted by Eugene Owen.
Singing practice directed by Choruster for 18 minutes. Song 403 practiced: "Oh My Father."
Bros Paul Weaver, Eugene Owen, & E.C. Ferguson also Sister Owen Sister Condie, Sister Ferguson & sister Mary Weaver spoke on Mother's Day.
Closing song Kind Words Are sweet tones of the heart.
Benediction by Paul Weaver
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School June 9th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:30 a.m. 1st asst. Junius C. Condie presided, Bro. Junius C. Condie conducted the exercises.
Song: Haste to the Sunday School. Prayer Sister Violet Hardy.
Song: "Did You Think to Pray" (D.S.S. Songs, No. 115)
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Andrew Millard and Bro. Lords, assisted by Orvial Hardy and Reginald Anderson, Deacons.
Sacrament thought by Bro. Condie.

Concert recitation (First Article of Faith) conducted by Bro. Condie.
Singing practice directed by Choruster Sister Condie for 10 minutes. Song 2 practiced: "The Lord is My Shepherd."
Separation for department work at 12:00 a.m.
Statistics

Parents	Not held	
Theological Second	Worship in Ancient Israel	16
Second Intermediate	The Story of Book of Mormon	15
First Intermediate	Not held	
Primary Second	Review	24
Kindergarten	Not held	
TOTALS		

Total attendance including visitors thirty two.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:30 P.M.
Closing song "We Are All Enlisted"
Benediction by Sister Condie.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owen Dale Branch Sunday School June 16th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:45 am. 1st Asst Junius Condie presided, 2nd Asst Eugene Owens conducted the exercises.
Abstract of Minutes read by Sister Julina Ferguson.
Song: No. 215: My Country Tis of Thee. Prayer Bro. Paul Weaver.
Song: No. 110, Guide Me to Thee D.S.S. Songs. No. 115, conducted by Bro. Eugene Owen.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Oscar Weaver and Bro. Lorenzo Hardy assisted by Bro. Paul Weaver and Orvial Hardy.
Concert recitation 1st Article of Faith conducted by Bro. Eugene Owen.
Singing practice directed by Sister Condie for 10 minutes. Song practiced: Galilee No. 210.
Separation for department work at 12:10 a.m.
Statistics

Parents		14	7	50	100	25
Theological Second	Worship in Ancient Israel	3	5	100		
Second Intermediate	Story of the Book of Mormon	15	12	80	100	1
Chapters 21 & 22						
First Intermediate						
Primary Second	Pioneers of Utah	24	13	100	2	
Kindergarten	Not held					
TOTALS		80	44	100	5	

Total attendance including visitors 59.
Sunday School reassembled at 12-55 M.
Closing song No. 240 Truth Reflects Upon Our Senses
Benediction by Bro Lorenzo Hardy
Julina Ferguson, acting Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School June 23rd 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12 a.m. 2nd asst Eugene Owen presided and conducted the exercises.
Abstract of Minutes read, by sec.
Officers and teachers roll call, 64% present, 5 excused.

Song: Did You think to Pray. Prayer, A.E. Anderson.
Song: Love at Home D.S.S. Songs No. 115 conducted by Eugene Owens.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Weaver and Bro. Lorenzo Hardy, assisted by Loren Owen and Paul Weaver Deacons.
Concert recitation 1st Article of Faith conducted by Eugene Owens.
Singing practice directed by Sister Hardy. Song 130 practiced: We Are all Enlisted.
Separation for department work at 12:25 P.M.
Statistics

Parents Second	Home Intertainment	21	11	52	52	100	2
Theological Second	Worship in Ancient Israel	13	5	38	38		
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	15	11	73	73	100	2
Chapters 22 & 23							
First Intermediate							
Primary Second	review Articles faith and Memory Game	24	12	50	50	100	
Kindergarten	Not held						
TOTALS		97	48	277	277	308	4

Total attendance including visitors 46.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:30 P.M.
Closing song "Never Be Late." (79)
Benediction by Bro. E.C. Ferguson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School June 30th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:25 a.m. 2nd Asst. Eugene Owens presided and conducted th exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 21% present, 11 excused.
Song: Put Your Shoulder to the Wheel. Prayer Bro. Gilberts.
Song: "Jesus Once Of Humble Birth" (D.S.S. Songs No. 115) Conducted by Eugene Owens.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Br Weaver and Eugene Owen.
Sacrament thought by Eugene Owen, 1st Article of Faith.
Statistics

Parents Second	28	
Theological Second	13	
Second Intermediate	The Story of the Book of Mormon	15
Chapter 24 & 25		
First Intermediate		
Primary Second	24	
Kindergarten	Not held	
TOTALS		

Total attendance including visitors 23.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:15 P.M.
Class work not held on a count of being so few for Priest Hood was held at Shelley.
Closing song "I'll Be a Sun Beam."
Benediction by Sister Weaver.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School July 7th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:25 P.M. Supt John Hardy presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 35% present, 9 excused.

Song: "America.' Prayer Sister Ferguson.
Song: Onward Christian Soldiers
Sacrament Gem for July 1918.
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Oscar Weaver and Lorenzo Hardy.
Sacrament thought by Bro. Weaver.
Concert recitation, Book of Mormon, Alma, forty-sixth chapter, twelfth verse.
Singing practice directed by Sister Ferguson for 5 minutes. Song 139 practiced: "Our Mountain Home so Dear."
Separation for department work at 12:50 P.M.
Total attendance including visitors 23.
Sunday School reassembled at 1:25 P.M.
Being so few present all joined in one class, Bro. Oscar Weaver was teacher. Subject is "Liberty." Flag Salute was given.
Closing song Hope of Israel.
Benediction by Sister Hardy.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School July 21, 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:30 P.M., Supt John Hardy presided and conducted the exercises.
Song: 226 Battle Hymn f Republic. Prayer Br. Anderson.
Song: "Kind Words Are Sweet Tones Of the Heart."
Sacrament Gem for July 1918.
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro Lorenzo Hardy and Bro. Eugene Owen.
Concert recitation Book of Mormon 46:36 verses., conducted by Bro. Anderson.
Singing practice directed by Choruster. Song 210 practiced: Memories of Galilee.
Separation for department work at 12 A.M.
Total attendance including visitors 23.
Closing song O Ye Mountains High.
Benediction by Bro Loren Owen.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Aug 24 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:30 a.m. Bro. Ferguson presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 35% present, 9 excused.
Song: "Welcome Welcome Sabbath Morning." Prayer Sister Mary Weaver.
Song: We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Oscar Weaver and Bro. E.C. Ferguson.
Concert recitation, Fourth Article of Faith, conducted by Bro. Ferguson.
Total attendance including visitors 25.
Sunday School reassembled at 1 P.M.
Class work discussed.
Closing song Scatter Sunshine, Page 47.
Benediction by Sister Weaver.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Sept. 1 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:30 a.m. Bro. Ferguson presided and conducted the exercises.

Officers and teachers roll call 35% present, 9 excused.
Song: "Welcome Welcome Sabbath Morning"
Prayer Sister Mary Weaver
Song" "We Thank Thee O God for a Prophet"
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Oscar Weaver and Bro E.C. Ferguson.
Concert recitation Fourth Article of Faith, conducted by Bro. Ferguson.
Total attendance including visitors: 21
Sunday School held in one class on account of not very many persons out.
Bro. Ferguson is acting as teacher. "Faith" is the subject for Sunday School.
Closing song: "Thanks or the Sabbath School"
Benediction by Bro O.R. Weaver
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Aug 4th 1918

Sunday School
Total attendance including visitors 26.
All join[ed] in one class uniform fast day lesson.
Closing song "sweet Hour of Prayer."
Benediction by Bro. Anderson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Sunday School Aug 11 1918

Sunday School
Total attendance including visitors 27.
Closing song No 37 "sowing."
Benediction by Bro Kroner.

Record of Owendale Branch Sept. 8th 1918

Sunday School
Total attendance including visitors 32. The Stake Officers were present. 8 Visitors.
Closing song "Did You think to Pray"
Benediction by bro Oscar Weaver.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Sept. 15th 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 11:30 a.m. Secretary presided and conducted the exercises.
Officers and teachers roll call, 28% present, 10 excused.
Song: (18) "Do What is right"
Prayer Sister Ferguson
Song: (110) "Guide Me to Thee."
Sacrament Gem: For Sept. Conducted by Bro. Ferguson.
Sacrament administered, under the direction of the Bishopric, by Bro. Oscar Weaver and Bro. Anderson, assisted by Paul Weaver and Orvial Hardy.
Sacrament thought by Bro. Ferguson.
Concert recitation (4) "Fourth Article of Faith." conducted by Bro Oscar Weaver.
Singing practice directed by Sunday School for 10 minutes. Song 130 practiced: "We Are all Enlisted."
Separation for department work at 12 a.m.
Total attendance including visitors 19.
Sunday School reassembled at 12:45 P.M.
Being so few present Sunday School joined in one class, Bro. Ferguson teacher.

Closing song 250 "Put Y Shoulder to the Wheel."
Benediction by bro Anderson.
Violet Hardy, Secretary

Record of Owendale Branch Sunday School Sept. 22nd 1918

Sunday School
School opened at 12:04 P.M., Supt John Hardy presided and conducted the exercises.
Song: "Never Be late"
Song (65) "Did You think to Pray"
Sacrament Gem: for Sept 1918 Conducted [by] Bro. Oscar Weaver.
Sacrament administered under the direction of the Bishopric, by Supt. John Hardy and Bro. Oscar R. Weaver.
Concert recitation (4) Fourth Article of Faith, conducted by Supt. John Hardy
Singing practice directed by Sister Hardy
Song 114 practiced: In Our Lovely Deseret.
Separation for department work at 12 P.M.
Total attendance including visitors: 13.
Bro. Oscar Weaver gave a very interesting talk on "The Word Of Wisdom"
Being so few present never had class work.
Closing song (37) Sowing"
Benediction by Sister Hardy
Violet Hardy, Secretary.

*** Columns indicate:
Enrolled
Present
Per Cent Attend.
Per Cent Punctual
Per Cent prepared
Visitors
% Attend. Same Sund. Last Year.

Appendix B
Blatter History

History of John Rudolph Blatter and Elizabeth Weber and John Blatter and Bertha Hoffmann

John Rudolph Blatter was the thirteenth child of Johannes Blatter and Anna Barbara Blapp. He was born May 22, 1836 in the little village of Tenniken, Kanton Basel-Landschaft, Switzerland. Tenniken is near the city of Basel. He emigrated from Switzerland to avoid the compulsory military training of six years. This seems very ironic (as Cheryl mentioned) considering what later ensued in his military career.

Little is known of his life in Illinois until he enlisted in the 7th Illinois Cavalry as a private on August 27, 1861 - shortly after the Battle of First Manassas (sometimes referred to as the First Battle of Bull Run). Most units that fought for the Union were mustered locally and the 7th Illinois Cavalry was mustered at Red Budd, IL. John was a resident of Pinckneyville, Illinois, which was about 40 miles away. Several other men from Pinckneyville also enlisted at the same time.

In the Union Army, the cavalry were used for scouting actions and guarding the long supply lines from the union supply depots and the location of the armies. The 7th Illinois Cavalry was often assigned to guarding the Mississippi River and other strategic points in the Western Theatre which was west of the Appalachians and east of the Mississippi River. On October 11, 1863 the 7th Illinois Cavalry was engaged in guarding Collierville, TN which was an important rail junction about 25 miles east of Memphis when they were attacked by Chalmers Confederate Calvary. During this battle, General W. T. Sherman, who was visiting Collierville, was nearly captured. However, about 15 men were captured and among them was Pvt. Blatter.

Pvt. Blatter was sent to Libby Prison, which was a converted warehouse in Richmond, VA and was a temporary holding center for enlisted prisoners. Recognizing a need for permanent holding facilities away from the war zone where liberation might be possible, the Confederacy constructed the Andersonville prison during the winter of 1864. The first prisoners transferred to Andersonville came from Libby prison and the official war records show that Pvt. Blatter arrived on March 14, 1964, after having spent close to 4 months at Libby Prison.

Conditions in both prisons were intolerable and as the heavy fighting of 1864 piled up captives in jerry-built prisons, grim stories of disease, starvation and brutality began to filter northward. The camp at Andersonville in southwest Georgia became representative in northern eyes of southern barbarity. A stockade camp of sixteen acres designed for 10,000 prisoners, Andersonville soon became overcrowded with captives from Sherman's army as well as from the eastern theater. It was enlarged to twenty-six acres, in which 33,000 men were packed by August 1864-an average of thirty-four square feet per man - without shade in the Deep South summer and no shelter except what they could rig from sticks, tent flies, blankets and odd bits of cloth. During some weeks in the summer of 1864, more than a hundred prisoners died every day in Andersonville. On one day more than three hundred men died! Altogether, 13,000 of the 45,000 men imprisoned there died of disease, exposure and malnutrition. (above paragraph excerpt from McPherson, James, Battle Cry of Freedom, Oxford University Press, 1988, p 796)

The same wagons that hauled in the daily rations were used to haul out the prisoners that had died in the afternoon. Some died in the stockade, but more commonly the men became too sick to eat and were sent to the hospital. A large majority of the prisoners that went to the hospital never came out. However, Pvt. Blatter's official war record indicates he spent time in the hospital at Andersonville where he recovered from his ailments and was returned to the stockade.

One of his war buddies, Mienrad Von Euw, who was also from Switzerland, was not as fortunate. Pvt. Von Euw had also enlisted In the 7th Illinois Cavalry and was captured during a separate engagement. Whether Pvt's Blatter and Von Euw knew each other prior to the war they became close friends during their internment. Pvt. Von Euw died at Andersonville on November 1, 1864, a few days before he would have been released.

By the close of 1864 the prospects of a Union victory looked bright and widespread paroling of healthy prisoners began. It was during this time that Pvt. Blatter was shipped to Savannah, Georgia where another new stockade had been constructed. He spent a short time in Savannah and was paroled on November 18, 1864 and sent to Camp Parole, Maryland. It was here that he was mustered out of the Army with an honorable discharge. He had been interred for more than a year and had survived horrible conditions in three different Confederate prisons.

Following his discharge he returned to Illinois and re-enlisted in the 149th Illinois Infantry; this time as a Sergeant. He spent his second tour of duty as a part of an occupying force in the former Confederacy. He remained in the Army until 1866 when he left the Army for good. (Information on John Rudolph's military career was taken from a paper written by Kevin L. Blatter).

John Rudolph learned the blacksmith trade in the army so when the war ended he returned to Monroe County in Illinois and worked his trade and farmed a little.

On March 30, 1867 he married Elizabeth Von Euw, the widow of his fellow war comrad, Joseph Corolus Meinard Von Euw. Elizabeth had a daughter, Josephine, when she married John Rudolph. She also had a son Alexander that was born in 1860 and died in 1861; another son, Meinard died soon after birth and a daughter Emma, born in 1864 and died in 1865. Thus, she lost a husband and three children within a five-year period. Elizabeth was born March 15, 1844 at Red Bud, Monroe County, Illinois.

John and Elizabeth were married March 30, 1867 at Freeburg, St. Clair, Illinois, five days after Elizabeth's 23rd birthday. A few years later they moved to Duquoin, Illinois, then moved again to Perry County, Illinois where they engaged in farming and stock raising. The couple were very poor, even though John Rudolph was a good farmer.

They bought 160 acres of timberland in Round Prairie, Perry County, Illinois. This land was covered with big, heavy timber. Everyone worked hard to clear a patch large enough to build a

house, barn and other buildings. They sawed lumber, split rails, split fence posts and made railroad ties. Eventually the last acre was cleared and under cultivation. Times were hard and prices low. Fifty cents a day was the going wage for a good farm hand. They sold railroad ties for twenty cents each and hardwood lumber sold for $5 or $6 per thousand feet.

By this time the family had grown to 12 children, including Josephine. They were: Rosine Catherine born 1867; John, born 1868; Andors Casper born 1870; Frank Bernhart born 1871; Elizabeth Mary born 1873; Lillie LaFlora born 1875; Threcie born 1877; twin boys born June 1879 and died 3 days later; Gottlieb born 1881 and William Lincoln born 1883.

The only chance the children had to go to school was in the winter when it was too cold and stormy to clear land. John Rudolph then said, "Well, we cannot work today so you had better go to school."

John Rudolph and Elizabeth belonged to the Lutheran Church and all the children were "sprinkled" in that church. During the spring, summer and fall of the year there were preachers and ministers going about holding revival meetings trying to make converts. The family would go just for the fun of it. The preachers and converts would shout, holler, yell, jump around and throw themselves on the floor and moan and groan. It was this excitement that large crowds went to see.

The first Mormon elders came to the Blatter home in the early spring of 1888. Elder Charles A. Terry and Elder Ernest Penrose came and asked for food and a night's lodging. After this they came many times, holding meetings in the home and in the homes of their neighbors. They would also hold meetings in the school house when they could get permission to do so. The people in the town were very prejudiced against the Mormons. John Rudolph, Elizabeth and some of the neighbors were baptized April 1, 1888 in a stock pond which belonged to Thomas Rice. This man was very bitter toward the Mormons and when he found out that the Mormons had been baptized in his stock pond he filled it up declaring the water would poison his stock. This man was director of the Round Prairie School and he saw to it that the Mormons were not allowed to hold any more meetings in the school house.

At this time there were four Elders laboring in Perry County. John Rudolph and the other members held a council meeting and decided to build a Mormon Church on one corner of John's farm which was at an intersection of two county roads. John donated the building lot, Frank and a brother-in-law owned a sawmill and they sawed all the lumber free of charge. Logs were hauled to the mill, then lumber hauled to the building site were it was piled up to dry. When it was dry the four Elders and members started to build the church and in a few weeks the little church was completed. The Elders organized a Sunday School. The Elders held a meeting each Wednesday night. On Sunday morning Sunday School was held at 10 o'clock, a meeting at 2 p.m. and another meeting at 8 p.m. This was the first Mormon meeting house built in all the southern part of Illinois.

At the time they were converted there was still much persecution of the Saints in Illinois and Missouri. They were threatened and harassed by neighbors and townspeople so much so that they sold their means of lively-hood, the saw mill and what property they could and the rest they gave away and so in the fall of 1898 (10 years after becoming members of the church) John Rudolph and family and the family of John Krupp, who had married Elizabeth Mary, boarded a train to come west and start a new life. John, Andors and Frank and their families were already in Idaho having arrived several months earlier . All of the children, with the exception of Rosine and Threcie, joined the church and Threcie, who had married Joseph Waisath, stayed behind when the other family members moved to Idaho. She died when she was 33.

Elder Joseph Empey, one of the missionaries who served in Perry County, encouraged John Rudolph to emigrate to Idaho. There was 160 acres

of virgin land covered with sage brush adjoining Elder Empey's land and he told John Rudolph he could buy this tract of land very cheap and promised he would help him purchase this property. He indicated he would like to have them as neighbors. When they arrived in Idaho, however, Elder Joseph Empey had already purchased the 160 acres for himself and had several teams plowing it to plant the next spring.

This caused John Rudolph to become discouraged and dissatisfied. These Elders whom he had fed and housed and many times had given them clothing and money were now swearing, smoking, chewing tobacco and seldom attending church. He said, "If this is the fruits of Mormonism, then I want nothing more to do with it". John Rudolph and Elizabeth moved back to Illinois but later returned to Idaho and became active in the church. He purchased 80 acres of land that bordered the farm owned by his son, John. John Rudolph died Dec. 29, 1917 at the age of 81, in Ammon, Idaho. Elizabeth died Jan 26, 1922 in Ammon.

When John Rudolph arrived in Idaho he had enough money to purchase a farm but John and Bertha had nothing. When John Rudolph returned to New Athens, John started farming his father's land and they moved into the cabin that was there. John worked for Brother Empey and they lived with him until John Rudolph left.

In Gottlieb's history he states "Before he left, he (John Rudolph) gave me and my brother Bill each a dollar and told us from now on we would have to make our own way. I was eighteen and my brother was sixteen". This would indicate John Rudolph returned to Illinois around 1899, having been in Idaho just over a year as Gottlieb was born in 1881, so would have been 18 in 1899.

Bertha Hoffmann was born July 9, 1876 at New Athens, Illinois. She was the oldest of three children. She had a brother Henry and a sister Anna. Her father died when she was 8 years old. After that her mother remarried and from then on life became very difficult for Bertha. She was taken out of school when she was in the third grade and made to work. First for her room and board and, as she grew older, for 50 cents a week. She tells about washing for a family of 12, scrubbing on the board, using home-made soap with a lye base to help clean the clothes and carrying the water. She washed several days a week. It would take one day just to wash white shirts and blouses, pillow shams, doilies and table linen. The shirts all had tucks down the front so they had to be starched and ironed without a wrinkle. Imagine ironing 10-12 shirts, heavily starched, with irons that had to be heated on a cook stove in the summer time. After working for a month and earning $2.00, which she wanted to use to buy herself a pair of shoes, she said her step-father came and collected her wages and bought booze with it. She had an unhappy childhood and perhaps that was the reason she married at 16.

John & Bertha were married Jan 31, 1893. A daughter Clara was born July 5, 1894 in Illinois. They were baptized March 6, 1897 by Elder D. W Guest (in Edna Goodliffe's history she said they baptized by Elders Joseph Empey, Charles Dinwoodey and Melvin J. Ballard). Shortly after their baptism they left for Idaho and arrived in Idaho on April 16, 1897 and rented a farm from Sam Taylor (now the Hoff farm) on April 20 and moved on the 21 into the shack.

The first year they were in Ammon they lived on Sam Taylor's place and farmed it for one year. This is now known as the Mark Hoff place. It was near the mouth of Henry Creek and this whole area was part of the Iona branch of the church. She has told of riding in a wagon to church, holding her small daughter on her lap. The next year they lived by the John Empey family on the place Dean and Reed Elkington have at the present time (1959). Tillie was born in a little log house that was built just across the road from the old Joseph Lee place, one mile south of Ammon. They were very poor these first years and would have returned to Illinois if they would have had the money for transportation.

John bought from the government 80 acres of land one mile west and C2BD mile south of Am-

mon. He cleared the land and then built a two-room log hut in which 3 other children were born. One was a baby girl born on Dec. 25, 1901, whom they named Grace. She contracted measles from her mother and died Jan 8, 1902. Next was a son, Henry Reed; then Edna. Arzula, the youngest, was born in the new white brick house John had built in 1910. Water had to be carried from Sand Creek before their well was dug, and on cold winter days Bertha would drive the stock to water while John was at the Lava's getting firewood.

Because the family was very poor they were taught to be saving in all things and to make the most of things as they were. Tillie said her mother told her the first summer they were in Idaho they lived on jack rabbits and pig weeds (which I think are dandelions), both of which were plentiful.

In January of 1914 John took his family, by train, to Salt Lake where they had their temple work done and the family was sealed.

John was a strict disciplinarian. He never raised his voice, he didn't need to. If a child misbehaved, he only had to look at them (a characteristic his son Reed inherited from him!). He had very blue eyes. He had no formal education, he could only write his name, but he had a brilliant mind and an uncanny ability to estimate the tons of hay in a stack or the amount of bushels of wheat in a granary. He would sell hay and the buyer would figure the cost with pencil and paper but John would figure in his head and have the answer first. He read the newspaper and church books. The only writing he did was to sign his name to checks and legal papers. He practiced many evenings during the winter months trying to improve his writing. He regretted his lack of education but to talk to him you would never realize he did not have a formal education.

He didn't have a hobby, he loved work. His children remember him with a shovel and canvas dam across his shoulder irrigating his crops. The only time he was incapacitated was when he had his appendix removed and he also had a severe case of small pox in the winter of 1908. Bertha was a good nurse because he never had one scar from it.

His children always called him by his given name, "John". He wanted it that way and his reason was that at one time, when he was a young man in a city in Illinois, a little child was lost and crying. The police were trying to find out the child's name and all the child could answer was "daddy". So John decided then that when he had children he wanted them to call him by his name "John".

Bertha mentioned that they lived in the west several years and never saw a dime. Every transaction was barter. So many dozen eggs bought so many yards of fabric. They swapped wheat for flour and sugar an they bought a cow and 2 pigs. Somehow Bertha got a few chickens. She really treasured her chickens, they were hers and she could trade the eggs and have a few niceties for her babies.

The hardships Bertha went through took its toll on her health. When she was pregnant with Reed she put on a lot of weight, which she carried for the rest of her life. She was only 5 feet 2 inches tall and weighed close to 200 hundred pounds. She developed high blood pressure, shortness of breath and had respiratory problems. She contacted a disease called Air-Sipulus, a skin infection. It spread over her entire body. To keep it from getting in her scalp they used an ointment that was black as tar and it was used all around her hairline, on her face and neck. It stained everything it touched. She was very sick and it took all summer for her to get well.

The reason they had to keep the infection out of Bertha's scalp was that she had a beautiful head of hair. It had never been cut and when she combed it she would bend her head forward to comb her hair at the back of her neck and the hair would more than touch the floor. She wore it in a bun on top of her head. At night she'd take it down and braid it into two braids. Her hair was her crowning glory.

In 1910 the family moved into an 8 room white brick house that had been built just a few yards south of the log cabin. At that time it was the nicest

home in Ammon. It had running water, a kitchen sink and toilet and bath. The water was pumped into a huge galvanized tank in one of the rooms upstairs, first by a windmill which pumped water only when the wind blew. Late John ran the windmill using a tractor with a belt hooked to it someway. That was a red letter day when they didn't have to wait for the wind to blow to get water. There was no electricity available. Coal oil lamps and candles were used to find the way upstairs to bed. Many years later gas lights were installed in the kitchen and dining room only. They were expensive and not very dependable. They cooked and heated the kitchen with a Home Comfort coal range and had a big belly'd heater in the dining room.

Bertha was a wonderful cook and a spotless housekeeper. Her baking powder biscuits, coffee cake and loaves of bread were something to be remembered. They always had coffee cake for Sunday morning breakfast. She did all her baking on Saturday, very little cooking was done on Sunday. It was a day of rest and the family kept the Sabbath Day holy. Bertha loved her garden and she would prepare the entire dinner, except for the meat, from the garden. One specialty of hers was her wilted leaf lettuce salad.

Bertha was always working, never idle. She darned beautifully, she could crochet, make hooked rugs and pillow tops, patch, cook, wash, iron and sew. Her family was her life. She had beautiful handwriting in spite of not being able to attend school.

Because of her lack of education she felt inferior and never held positions in the church with the exception of being a Relief Society Visiting Teacher. Bertha was a Primary teacher for awhile until some of the children misbehaved and called her bad names so she quit.

In 1912 Bertha returned to New Athens. She hadn't seen her folks for 19 years as they had disowned her when she got married, joined the church and moved west. Edna said the first time she ever saw her mother cry was when she finally received a letter from her brother Henry telling her that her sister Annie had died several years before. John had felt so sorry for her he gave her the money to take a trip home. She took Arzula with her as she was just over a year old.

In 1919 there was a severe epidemic of flu and many people lost their lives. Bertha got the flu but the rest of the family did not. She was very ill for a long time and John, Edna, Reed and Arzula took care of her at home. John and the elders administered to her and with faith and prayers in her behalf she recovered slowly. She was weak and rundown so John took the family to Long Beach, California for the winter months, hoping the mild climate would be beneficial for her health. Reed didn't care for it in California so within a month he left for home. Later Edna and John returned but Bertha and Arzula stayed until spring. Arzula mentions they had a wonderful time together. Bertha enjoyed her rest and regained her strength and health. It was her first real vacation.

When John first bought a piece of property on Taylor Mountain, just south of Ammon, Bertha and all the family thought he was out of his mind but he insisted. He raised fall and spring wheat and did very well on it and expanded. Reed also bought some property bordering his dads and they went into partnership with machinery. It was a successful venture and in his later years they were very financially secure.

The first three dry farms purchased by John Blatter were from the original homesteaders: Bill Bingham, 7 March 1925; Bertie Wadsworth, 24 October 1929; William Zimmerman, 11 January 1936. All other land at the Taylor Mountain dry farm was purchased by John and Reed Blatter as they had funds available from secondary owners who had purchased it from the original homesteaders or got it for unpaid taxes as the homesteaders abandoned it because of the severe drought years of 1918 and 1919, flu epidemic and low prices for crops.

In the fall of 1937 Leonard and Tillie moved to the white brick home, which adjoined their 80 acre farm, and rented the farm and John and Ber-

tha moved to Ammon where they lived the rest of their lives. It was a traumatic experience for Bertha when John decided he'd lived long enough in rubber boots, with a canvas dam thrown over his shoulder, and he rented the farm to Tillie and Leonard and bought a small home in Ammon. Giving up the big home was hard on Bertha even though she knew it was staying in the family.

John and Bertha spent the winters in Long Beach California and they enjoyed this very much. They attended lectures, concerts, took tours and took time just to relax and enjoy life. They were now finally able to enjoy some of the nicer things in life.

In the winter of 1941 John and Bertha had Tillie and Leonard drive them to Long Beach where they planned to spend the winter. They arrived in Long Beach on Dec. 7, 1941, the day Pearl Harbor was bombed and the United States plunged into war. Tillie and Leonard stayed a week and came home. Bertha and John went out for Christmas dinner and around 9:45 p.m. John had a heart attack and died. It was a shock to everyone as no one realized he had health problems. Bertha was alone in California and she never spoke about what happened. Reed was notified and he flew down and took care of all the details.

At his funeral his bishop of 20 years, Leonard Ball, paid this tribute to him: "I think of all the men I have ever known and associated with, and done business with, I know of no better ma n than John Blatter. He has been a good neighbor, he has been a good citizen. He has dealt honestly with his neighbors and has always been on hand whenever he was needed. He was a member of the School Board for several years and a member of the Building Committee when this church was built. He was always ready with both his money and his labor. He was not hypocritical in his religion or faith. He lived the gospel, that plan of life given by the Savior."

John had great faith in the Lord and was always very certain of His power in healing the sick. This was a special talent the Lord blessed him with. The Priesthood he held meant everything to him. He didn't like to appear before the public. He didn't seek public office. He just wanted to live a good, clean, wholesome life, which he did for 73 years.

Bertha came back to Ammon a weary and heartbroken woman. She tried staying at her home that winter. Her granddaughter, Beatrice Bingham, stayed with her and went to school part of the time but when spring came she moved back home. She then moved in with Tillie and Leonard and stayed with them during the summer. The lease Tillie and Leonard had on the farm was up so Bertha rented the farm to Art Suitter.

Bertha lived seven years as a widow, spending a lot of time with her married daughters. It was only the last two years of her life that she seemed contented to be at home.

On August 23, 1947 in the early afternoon, Bertha passed away very suddenly of a cerebral hemorrhage. Arzula was with her at the time.

Appendix C
Kidnapping Story of Ernest Empey

Author's Note — *In the late 1800's and early 1900's strangers who showed up at your door were not turned away but taken in and fed until they could get on their way. This was the custom of the west. Occasionally a desperado took advantage of this hospitality. When I was growing up it was common for parents to use the element of fear to promote a controlled behavior they wanted in their children. It was March 1, 1932 that Charles A. Lindberg's 20 month old son was kidnapped. This made national headlines for years. The Blackfoot Indian Reservation was a short distance from Ammon where I grew up. There was always talk of being kidnapped if we were in a dangerous place.*

My best friend was Homer Woolf who was a nephew of Ernest Empey who lived two blocks from our home. I went with Homer several times to Ernest's home and as I would look at him I would think, "He has been kidnapped and is alive". Kidnapped victims most always were found dead. This story is interesting as it occurred just 10 miles east of Taylor Mountain at the same period of time. The kidnappers in our young minds were either the Indians or some bad man or Gypsies who came through in bands.

Kidnapping Story of Alonzo Ernest Empey

1915
as told by him July 14, 1954

On July 17, 1915, to left to go up to where we had a ranch in Long Valley to take some feed up to a horse we had up there, and so get some logs out on a place I had filed on. This place is now owned by the Roy Robinson family. My brother, Bert, and his wife were staying on this place. As I was going up I met Bert and his wife coming down, and he asked me how long I would stay up there, I told it would be in the neighborhood of a week, he said, Well, he'd be back. My son, Worth, ten years old at the time, and Claude Carson, who was working for me who was about seventeen, were with me. We got to the ranch and turned our teams loose and went into the house. Then after we had been in the house a few minutes we went up the creek to look for a stake of this land I had filed on.

Next morning we got some horses and went to look to see where we could cut logs to start a house on this ground which I had filed on, as we went out of the gate this fellow, Dean, came up out of the willows down by the creek and asked me if my name was Empey. I told him it was and

he said, "You don't know where I could get a job herding sheep around here," and I said, "No I don't." I said "Our sheep are all on the reserve, and I don't know, but," I said, "I saw Mr. Stranger down at Pole Bridge and also Jack Whitehead who have sheep over the hill there." I said, "They might need a man." And he said, "Well, I will go on over and see." As we rode on, I said to Worth, "I don't like the looks of that guy. He'll just about get a horse or something before he gets out of here."

So we rode on and found where we could cut these logs that I wanted. So the next day we took two teams and went to cut the logs. We cut to loads and came back to the ranch and the next day we went out and cut two more loads and as we came to the ranch, I saw this same fellow right close to the gate through which we went to the ranch and I said to Worth, "There's that sheep herder. I guess he never got a job." As I got off of the wagon to open the gate, he came down off the hill and met me right at the gate and pulled two guns on me and told me to throw up my hands. I said, "What is the idea?" I said, "If here is anything you want around here, go take it." And he said, "That don't make any difference." Then he turned around and saw Worth sitting still on the wagon with his 22 rifle in his hands so he ordered the boy to drop the gun and get down. Then Carson, who was driving the other team, came up behind us but didn't see what was happening until he got up there and this fellow pulled the one gun on him and told him to put up his hands. Then I tried to ask him again what he wanted, but he told me to never mind, but go up on the creek. When we got up possibly a quarter of a mile up the creek, he said, "Go to the bridge." I said, "There is no bridge up here. The bridge is down by the teams." He said, "Well go to it." So we turned around and walked back and across the bridge and he said, "You fellows haven't got any shooting irons on you have you?" and I said, "We haven't got as much as the buttonhook, and you knew it." He said, "You can put your hands down and take straight across the valley over to the edge of the hills." When we got over there he said, "Put your hands up and turn around," which we did, and he had this letter that he had written to my folks and he dropped it on the ground and told the boys to take that and go back and that would tell them what to do but that they shouldn't move that night.

Worth ran up in front of him and started to cry, and I thought for a moment that he maybe was going to hit him on the head with a gun, so I spoke to him and told him to go on back that I would take care of myself.

Then we started up on what is known as Sheep Mountain and it was dark by that time. We put in until possibly midnight when we came to the top of the mountain, and he said, "Have you got any matches on you?" And I said, "I think I have got two or three," and he said, "You light a match and go down through kind of a dim trail that was there and keep those matches going or I'll blow your head off." So I said, "Well, I'll do the best I can, but I am not saying that I can keep them lit." But I did. When we got down he had fixed a camp and he had a pile of wood and stuff ready to start a fire, so he told me to drop a match in that wood and start a fire, which I did. We sat there a while and he said, "Are you hungry?" And I said, "Well I haven't had anything to eat since morning." "Well," he said, "if you will down over there, I will fix something to eat."

He leaned his gun on a log right to the side of the fire and started to cook what little he had there to eat. After he got it cooked, he set it out a ways and picked up his gun and told me to help myself. I ate a few bites and then kinda turned sick, and I thought maybe I was poisoned, but after I got what I wanted to eat, he ate the rest of it. So, I decided it wasn't poisoned.

During the rest of the night we just sat there, him with his gun and me sitting here. He had a chain and he had fastened it to a tree and after daylight, he said, "Pull your shoe off and put that chain around your leg and lock it and throw me the key." Which I did. I slept until about nine or there then I woke up. I asked him what the idea if I was being held for ransom and he said, "that's

it." "Well would you mind telling me how much of a ransom?" and he said, "$6,000 in gold." I said, "Well, there is not $6,000 in gold in Idaho Falls." He said, "Well they can get it in Ogden." I never said any more to him along that line until the afternoon, and I asked him if I couldn't square that some way with him so he'd turn me loose, and he said no, he had gone too far and for me to shut up and never mention it again.

In the meantime the boys had taken this letter and started for the valley, but were met on the road by my brother, Bert, and they went back down to the valley. In this letter he told them not to let the officers or anybody outside of my folks know about his. If they did, he would kill them. My Father wasn't there. Hw as on the way to Salt Lake, but they caught him on the road, and he immediately came back. So they went to the officers, and in a short time, afterwards, they had two detectives from Ogden, Utah. They went over the case and by that time there were several hundred men who were volunteering to go to help find me and the detectives said if they didn't go home and keep still they were going to get me killed. So they went home ready to wait and see what happened.

The detectives took this letter and disguised my brother, Bert, and they drove up over the road which he had directed them to take the money. In his letter he told them to take a wagon and two men would be in the wagon, one to drive and the other one holding a lantern and they were to drive along the road until they heard the word, "Hey." This money was supposed to be in a white sack and dropped in the middle of the road and then they were to turn around and drive back to the ranch. These two detectives and my brother, Bert, disguised themselves and drove up over this Long Valley road and the two detectives picked out three places where he would most likely to hold the wagon up. They planned to hide men the night before the money was to come. They were to leave the ranch at ten o'clock at night. They planned to have one man driving, one man holding the lantern in back of the wagon and one of the detectives was going to ride the reach under the wagon and when the wagon was turned around in the brush after the signal was given, was going to fall off. He had given the men orders to shoot, not to kill if I wasn't with him, but if I was there, I would let them know somehow.

They had already started these men from Idaho Falls under disguise. Also, they had sent to Montana and got bloodhounds which they had at the sheep camp to bring up there. However, it was found unnecessary to ever use these men, as I got away first. While this was going on, I was sitting up there with him sweating it out wondering what was going to become of me.

Sometime during the day, we would walk out on some point on the mountain where I could see the roads, and drive me ahead of him. He would always keep from 15 to 20 feet behind me and always on the upper hill side if possible. One day while we sat there he decided to take me up on top of a ridge and we just got up to the top of this ridge when he looked up and saw three horsemen coming down the ridge. He pulled the gun up on me and told me to get back down there in that brush as quick as possible. When we got back down in there, he sat there with both guns in his hands and he said, "If you guys come down in here, you will find out this is loaded with dynamite," but, they never saw us, and in a little bit passed by. So after a few minutes after that, I told him that I didn't think it was men we saw at all. It was a bunch of range horses but he said "No, it was deputy sheriffs," and I said, "No, I don't think so," but I said, "There were several cattle killed up here on this ridge last summer for beef and it might be that they are patrolling that ridge on that account."

So the next morning he got up at daylight while I was still chained and I don't know where he had gone. I looked up there an these three fellows were driving a bunch of horses ahead of them as a disguise. He came back and said, "Well, Empey, you were right. It was just a bunch of range horses." I knew different. In the five or six days that I was there with him, I made up my mind that I just was

well take it easy and watch for a chance to escape some way. So I got him to talk and this is the story he told me; He said he worked for a sheepman by the name of Jess Noble over at Boise and he knew that Noble had some ranges out north of Boise and he made a drip out there about a certain time of the year and that he had laid for ten days out there on this road to get Noble, but he finally found out that this mad had sold his ranches and didn't make that trip any more.

Then he went from there over to Hailey, Idaho and laid for a sheepman over at Hailey, but missed him and then came over here and said he knew that he would get some of us over here, He also had in mind Jack Edwards and Johnny Peterson and Jonny Chummerlli and I happened to be the one that he got. He also told me about stealing a while band of sheep down in Utah country, and driving them down to the Arizona line where he sold them. This man that owned the sheep had hired him to herd them and had a boy move camp and the man told him to go along if he wanted and soon as the man left he had the boy put the packs on the horses and he started trailing these sheep. In a week of such a matter this man went to see. How his sheep were getting along and couldn't find them and didn't know what had become of them until the boy got back and told him what had happened. He immediately put the officers on his trail, but didn't catch him. He said that a deputy sheriff hollered for him to stop and instead of him stopping he jumped over a fence and this deputy shot the pole into in front o him. He got away and went out into Oregon where he had another fellow went out to trap coyotes and couldn't get any bait so they shot a horse and they were caught and were given sixty days in jail in a little town in Oregon. The sheriff was pretty good to them and let them go out to get their meals. So they were going to play a joke on the sheriff. When they came back to the jail they hid behind the door and when the sheriff came int hey slipped out and locked the sheriff in jail and for that they got a year in the Oregon penitentiary, but made their escape and they never did hear of him until this came up. These stories were verified by officers in these particular territories later, and found to be true. While we sat there, I asked him if I hadn't seen him some place before, which I had done, because he worked for us five years prior to this. I said, "Well I guess I was mistaken then." He said, yes, he guessed I was.

The next day, he said to me, "Where is Tom Tice?" Tom Tice was our foreman and was the man who had hired him to work for us over in Herman. I said, "Did you know Tice," and he said, "Yes, I saw him over in Herman." I said, "Well I thought you had never been in this country before." "Well," he said, "I just happened to be there at Herman." He finally said, "I wish Tice would come in here." I said, "I wish he would too." I said, "I don't know of anybody I would rather see right now than Tice." Then he said to me, "Don't you remember a fellow whose dog you were going to kill over at the cutting out corral?" I said, "No, I don't remember at all." Of course, I did. Then he told me the story there again. We went up to cut the lambs out to ship them. Tice had come down to find out when we were going to ship them we went back together. As we went along the road where the sheep were, his camp was setting off the road, and I said to Tice, "Isn't that one of our camps?" He said, "Yes, but I don't like that fellow. Let's go on up and stay to the other camp." Which we did. The next morning I went over to him to take the sheep up to the coral, which was about a mile from where they were. As I rode up near him, I saw where the coyotes had killed thirteen head of sheep. But I rode on over to him and told him who I was and I wanted the sheep up to the corral. He said, "all right." We started to take the sheep to the corral, I said to him, "I looks like you had a little bad luck last night." He said, "Yes, the sheep ran off the bed ground and I got up and got them once they went again, and I let them go to hell." I said, "Well, that is pretty expensive work."

As we drove these sheep along I noticed four or five head of sheep that were limping because they had been bitten and I said to him, "Did the

coyotes to that?" He said, "No, this old black dog did." So I said, "Well, he would have to watch her." I never said any more. When we got up to the corral, I said, "If the rest of the men were here now we could cut the lambs out of this herd," and he said, "If you want them through the chute, I can put them through the chute for you." I said, "Alright, that is what we got them there for." After a little I heard this dog biting one and I hollered at him and told him to watch the dog and don't let her bite any. He said, "Well, she hasn't bit any yet." In a short time I heard her chewing on another one, so I stopped the sheep and told him we would wait until the other fellows came. After they got there, we finished with that herd and were sitting out in the shade and I said to Tom Tice, "After we get these sheep cut out I think you better execute some dogs or we won't have any sheep." And he spoke up and said, "If it is this black dog you are talking about, you don't need to execute her. I will quit and take her with me." I said, "Well, that suits me." After he got his dinner he took his sheep back out of the corral, and that is all I saw of him.

Well, he asked me if I didn't remember the fellow whose dog I was going to kill, and I said, no, that didn't. He said, "Well, it's a good thing that you didn't kill that dog, or I would have killed you." So the day that I got away, we were sitting there and he had the gun in his hand, and he said, "I am awful sleepy, you getter go put that chain on you, and I will go to sleep," and I said, "Oh, I don't want that chain on me. I feel like coyote chained up." So he said, "Well, I guess I can stay awake," and after a little, he went and laid down on his bed under the brush which hung right out over his bed. I sat there a while and then got up to get me a drink of water out of a water sack that we had. As I poured a drink of water out, I happened to turn my head and noticed him laying on his arm with the gun in his hand and his face toward me. I thought to myself, he is asleep. I didn't drink the water, but I threw it away and I watched him a minute or two and decided he was sound asleep. The brush was so thick that there were only one way for me to get out of there and that was to get down on my hands and knees and crawl through it for 50 yards so I just took it easy and got a little ways at a time. I knew that if he wasn't asleep he would get up and tell me to come back but as he never said anything I kept crawling until I got to where I could get up on my feet. Then I started to run but I didn't run very far until I decided I had better not run as I wasn't certain whether there were more than him implicated in this.

Mr. Spence Covert was running a sawmill I would judge about three miles from where we were. So I made for this sawmill. The reason was he asked me one day what I would do if he turned me loose or if I got away and I told him there were two or three saddle horses down in that field at the ranch and if I got either one f them I could be in Idaho Falls in an hour, so I think he decided that I had gone to the ranch but didn't undertake to follow me. Instead he went to Cummerlli ranch and there is where they captured him. As soon as I got to the mill, Mr. Covert blew the whistle on the engine and called the men and sent part of them to Herman to warn my folks that I had got away and that he was still at large.

He also send Dennis Covert to the Cummerlli ranch to tell them. So he told them the story about my getting away and that he was still at large. Mrs. Cummerlli listened to the story. Then she turned around and looked out of the window facing the west and he was just coming a cross a bridge so she said to her man, "John, here comes this fellow now." John said, "Oh, I guess not, you are always seeing things." She said, "Well, I'll tell you it is." Covert got up with his shot gun and met him right around the corner of the house and told him to stop where he was and Dean said, "What I the matter? I am only a working man looking for work," and Covert said "Then it won't hurt you to put up your hands." So he put his hands up a little ways and Covert saw a gun on him and he said, "Oh, you carry shootin' irons do you," and he said, "Well, you better throw it away." So, Dean threw this gun away and Covert said, "Is that all you got?" And Mrs. Cum-

merlli said, "No, you haven't. You got another one. Throw it away." He never paid attention to her but she had a 30-30 rifle in her hands and she short right by his hand. Then his hands shot straight up in the air and they saw this other gun on him and Covert told him to throw that away and then he acknowledged who he was and they held him there until they got help and then the sheriffs had got up to our ranch by that time and sent word up to have him brought down to our ranch.

These fellows, they took him along a different road and met the deputy sheriff at Pole Bridge and turned him over to the sheriff and they in turn brought him to Idaho Falls.

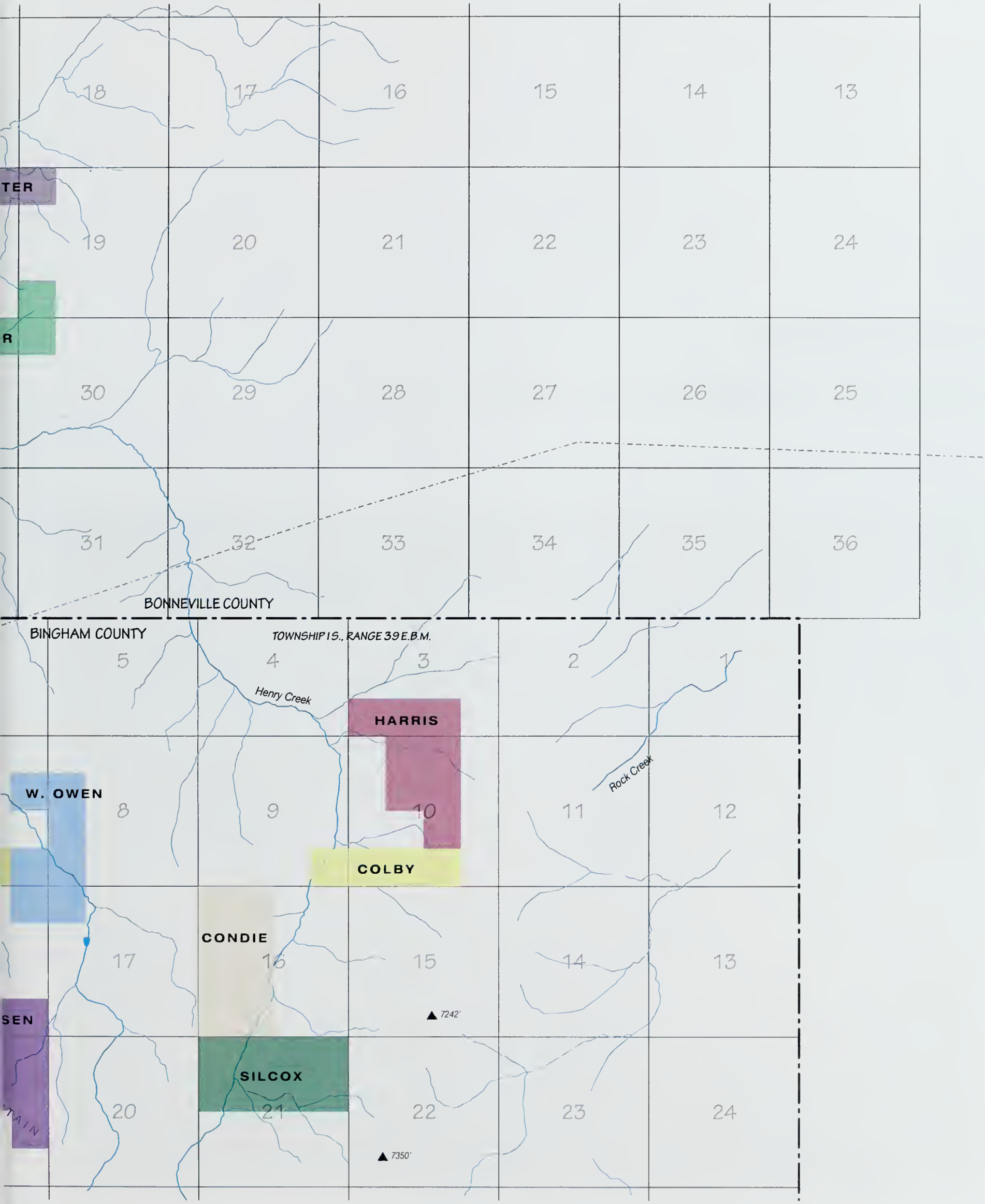
Well, I left the Covert's sawmill with a bunch of men—my uncle, Joe Empey, was included in the bunch—and we went to the ranch and sat up all night 40 of 50 men waiting until morning. The sheriff wanted me to take him back to this place where he had been camping to see if we could find the stuff but he had moved it and told where he had moved it but we never could find it. That same day Earl Wright came up with a ford car and got me and brought me down home on the 24th of July. As soon as I got home they took me right up to Lincoln where these detectives where. I told them the story and told them just what this Dean had told me and they listened to the story and when I got through, detective Edwards got up and came over and shook hands with me and said, "Mr. Empey, you are a mighty lucky man that you got away." He said, "That fellow intended to kill you whether he got the money or not." They traced him up and he was born and raised in Salem, Utah. He pleaded guilty and they gave him from one to ten years in the State Penitentiary. The judge told me that was all that he could give him under the law. When that law was made it was intended for people like man and wife who might separate and the court would see that the family went to the Mother and the man might in time kidnap the children and the law was strict enough for that but it didn't cover this case. He broke out down in Boise and went and held a widow woman and her boy in a ranch and tried to get $500 out of them, and they got him again and sent him back there and gave him two years extra for that.

He served them out and then went to Coleville where he kidnapped two other boys and they got him there and sent him to Utah State Penitentiary for life. While he was there in Salt Lake, he and another prisoner were boxing and the other fellow knocked him down and he hit his head on the cement floor and it killed him.

Appendix D
Taylor Mountain Area Map

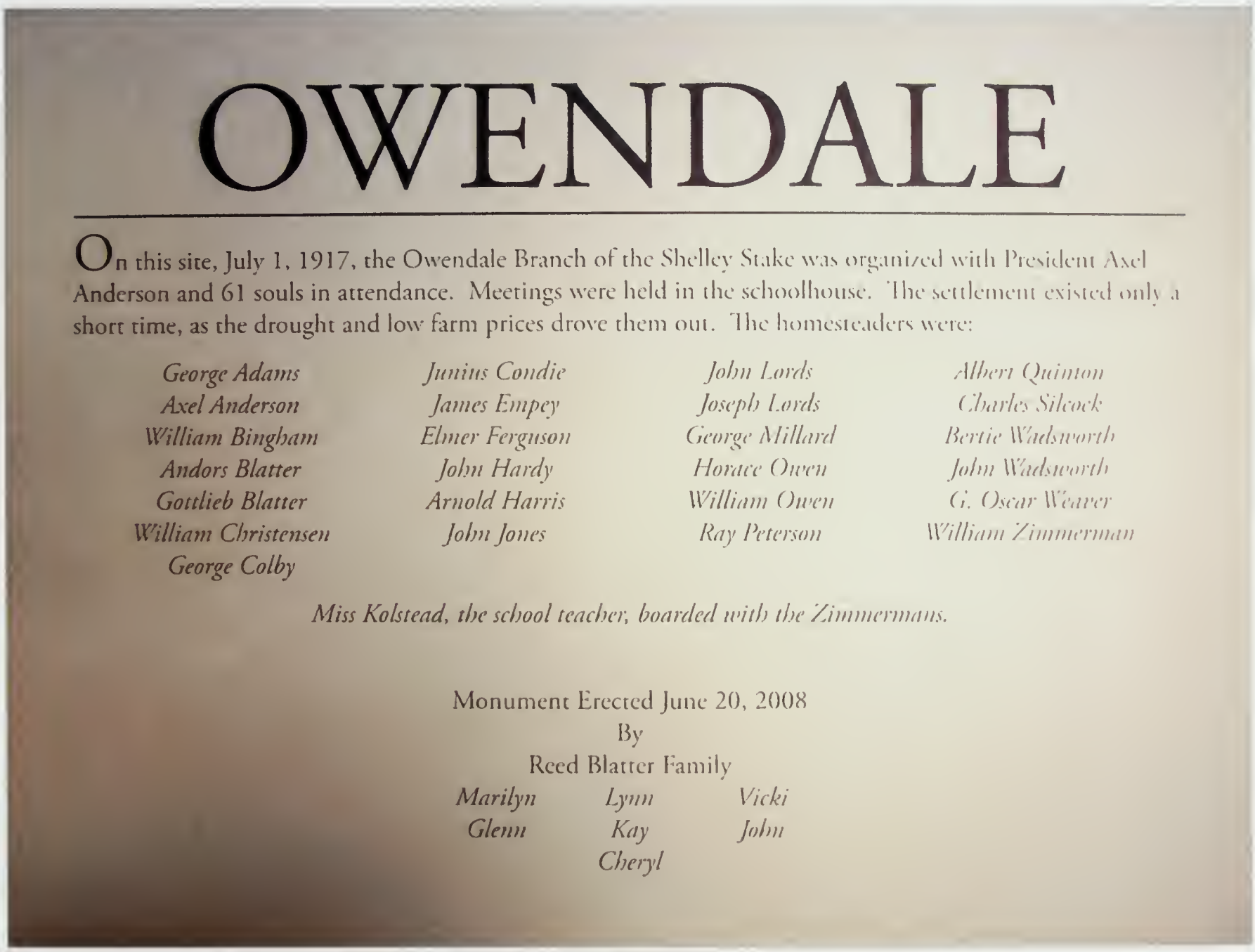
The following two pages contain a basic plat map of the Taylor Mountain homesteaders whose stories are told in this book. Information for the map was taken from plat descriptions taken from the land patents issued to these homesteaders.

18
17
16
15
14
13
Henry Creek
G. B
19
20
21
22
23
24
A. BLA
30
29
28
27
26
25
JOSEPH LORDS
Taylor Creek
PETERSON
ADAMS
31
32
33
EMPEY
34
35
36
QUINTON
ANDERSON
JOHN LORDS
TOWNSHIP 1 S., RANGE 38 E.B.M.
JONES
HATTON
6
5
4
3
2
1
J. WADSWORTH
ZIMMERMAN
Dry Fork
BINGHAM
B. WADSWORTH
7
8
9
10
11
12
HELLER
FERGUSON
H. OW
HARDY
Taylor Creek
18
17
16
15
14
13
CHRIS
MILLARD
19
20
21
22
23
24
Quail Creek


18
17
16
15
14
13
TER
19
20
21
22
23
24
R
30
29
28
27
26
25
31
32
33
34
35
36
BONNEVILLE COUNTY
BINGHAM COUNTY
TOWNSHIP 1 S., RANGE 39 E.B.M.
5
4
3
2
1
Henry Creek
HARRIS
Rock Creek
W. OWEN
8
9
10
11
12
COLBY
CONDIE
17
16
15
14
13
7242'
SEN
SILCOX
20
21
22
23
24
7350'

Appendix E
Owendale Monument Plaque

The plaque shown below was erected with the monument placed at Owendale on June 20, 2008.



OWENDALE

On this site, July 1, 1917, the Owendale Branch of the Shelley Stake was organized with President Axel Anderson and 61 souls in attendance. Meetings were held in the schoolhouse. The settlement existed only a short time, as the drought and low farm prices drove them out. The homesteaders were:

George Adams
Axel Anderson
William Bingham
Andors Blatter
Gottlieb Blatter
William Christensen
George Colby
Junius Condie
James Empey
Elmer Ferguson
John Hardy
Arnold Harris
John Jones
John Lords
Joseph Lords
George Millard
Horace Owen
William Owen
Ray Peterson
Albert Quinton
Charles Silcock
Bertie Wadsworth
John Wadsworth
G. Oscar Weaver
William Zimmerman

Miss Kolstead, the school teacher, boarded with the Zimmermans.

Monument Erected June 20, 2008
By
Reed Blatter Family
Marilyn *Lynn* *Vicki*
Glenn *Kay* *John*
Cheryl

PROPERTY OF:
DAVID O. McKAY LIBRARY
BYU-IDAHO
REXBURG ID 83460-0405

F
752 .B6 B58 2008
Taylor Mountain homesteaders
the compiled histories of the
settlers of Bingham & Bonneville
Blatter, Lynn.
31404008678705